THE LAST YEARS OF H. M. HYNDMAN

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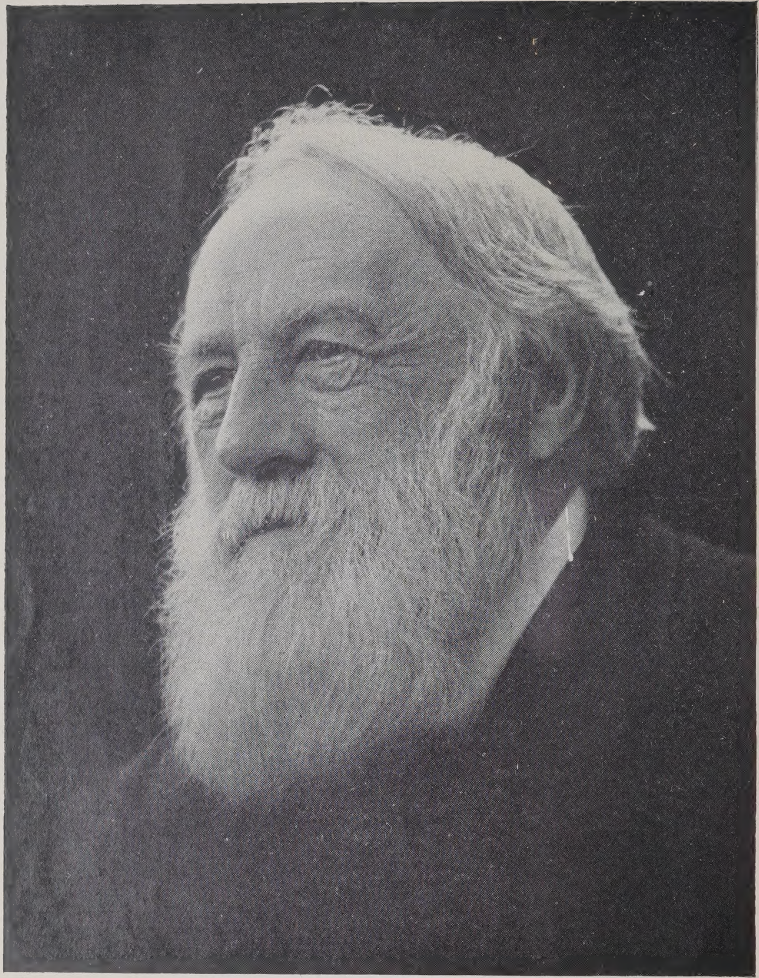

yours truly
H M Hyndman

THE LAST YEARS OF H. M. HYNDMAN

BY

ROSALIND TRAVERS HYNDMAN

1923

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NOTE BY THE LITERARY TRUSTEES OF ROSALIND TRAVERS HYNDMAN

The death of Rosalind Travers Hyndman took place, in tragic circumstances, on April 9, 1923, a few days after the despatch of this work to the publisher. To us, therefore, has fallen the correction of the proofs of the work, and the literary responsibility for the final shape in which it reaches the public.

This book is, in the strictest possible sense, a personal memoir of Henry Mayers Hyndman by his widow. In it will be found expressed many views with which we are not prepared to identify ourselves as individuals, and to which the Social Democratic Federation, the body which Hyndman founded, and of which Mrs Hyndman was until her death an active member, in no way stands committed. If we have allowed such views to remain uncensored, it is because we take a strict view of the limitations of the rights of literary executors. We should not, we feel, have been justified in suppressing any of Mrs Hyndman's opinions merely because they did not accord with our own—much less in altering their expression to a form which would have misrepresented them, and which she herself would have repudiated.

Having made this clear, we hope that readers will accept this memoir just for what it is—the tribute of a widow to her husband, not the pronouncement of a party. To the writer of this book, it may be said with truth, Socialism was Hyndman, and Hyndman was Socialism. Hence the personal angle of vision, which characterises it throughout; hence any unfairnesses and bitternesses which may seem to mar it, but which the judicious reader will forgive, quia multum amavit; *hence, on the other hand, its value as an intimate revelation of a great personality. We would not, even in the interests of fuller historical justice, have sacrificed that revelation; nor, we believe, on reflection, would any reader of the book.*

A. H. M. ROBERTSON.
THOMAS KENNEDY.

PREFACE

In "The Record of an Adventurous Life" and "Further Reminiscences," Henry Mayers Hyndman leaves us a fairly full account of his opinions and actions up to his seventieth birthday in March, 1912. He intended to complete this by a narrative of the period from 1912 to 1922, called "Ten Years More"; and he and I had already begun to discuss this book, and sketch it in outline. He would probably have put aside the "History of Ireland," of which some chapters had been written, for the lighter work of "Ten Years More." The loss of this third volume of his life-story is one that neither I nor anyone else can make good. All I can do is to give an account of his life during the seven and a half years that we spent together, and, within my powers, to supplement his Autobiography, as it appears in the "Record of an Adventurous Life" and "Further Reminiscences," by trying to describe his character.

I never read so remarkably impersonal an autobiography. In these two books my dear husband tells you freely about his adventures, his doings, his views, his prejudices, his friends, and his enemies; but all this, though it runs off with such extraordinary freshness and vigour, is the narrative of the reserved gentleman of the world, who does not, and perhaps cannot reveal his inner self. Indeed Hyndman's relation towards his own personality was singularly objective. He accepted himself without criticism or comment, or any analysis whatever. He simply had his work to do. But he knew, broadly speaking, the line I should probably take in this book, and was satisfied.

For it is just Hyndman's own personal character that has made such a mark on his day. No other man could have held up the principles of Social Democracy, clear and high, in the cloudy mental atmosphere of this island for forty years. (He could not have done this without his comrades, but they could have done nothing without him.) Also, thousands of people, formerly indifferent or hostile to our movement, who learned to know him in his private life, now look upon Hyndman's cause with puzzled respect, because it was his.

The work he has done for Social Democracy will stand so long as our civilization endures; yet, unless some record is now kept, his personality will become encrusted with legend, or else dim, enormous and unreal. And he would so greatly dislike to be deified!

It may be, artistically, a mistake to combine in one narrative political events, and homely domestic matters, high philosophy and fireside affection, tragedy and fun. But I am trying to make a portrait and a record, not a work of art to please myself. And, after all, this heterogeneous combination of possibilities is real life! We are all individuals as well as citizens; we go from the platform or the audience into our private existence, and sometimes, while still exalted by what we have said or heard, we must meet the critic on the hearth. Or again, after the most cruel public disappointment, failure, loss, or even treachery, we find more than consolation with friend or lover at home.

There is unavoidably a good deal about myself in this volume. Still, every biography is an account of one personality seen through the medium of another, as if through a pane of glass. It should help the reader to form a truer estimate of the author's record if he realizes that the pane of glass in question is such and such a colour, thus shaped, thus restricted, dulled, downright flawed, and so on.

That it is also a very intimate record of our life together may offend a few. But the majority of us are, or have been, lovers, husbands or wives, and these will understand.

ROSALIND TRAVERS HYNDMAN.

CHAPTER I

My First Meeting With Hyndman—English Socialism in 1909.

On the afternoon of Sunday, July 25, 1909, I was sitting in the library window of the old Lyceum Club. Two fat grey-haired members were dozing over their papers in the dim London sunshine, and I felt reflective too. I had just returned from a ten-months' stay in Finland, having been requested by my parents to leave home on account of my participation in a highly-respectable, orderly and dignified Woman's Suffrage procession the year before. My study of Finnish life and character had filled me with an untutored admiration for Social Democracy which largely prevailed there at the time.* I was anxious to get in touch with the English Social Democratic Party, but my ignorance of its principles, its publications and even its leaders was extreme. I had, however, been in correspondence with H. W. Lee, the Secretary, about the mass meeting to be held in Trafalgar Square, as a protest against the general iniquities of Russian policy abroad and at home, and most especially against the proposed visit of the Tsar. This seemed to me a fine opportunity to " make propaganda " for Finland, but in spite of my efforts, neither the well-known Aino Malmberg nor any other Finnish representative was likely to speak.

A cheerful gleam of blood-red banners against the dusty green trees opposite caught my eye. Some of them bore encouraging inscriptions, such as " Down with the Tsar " and

---

* Through the astuteness of the Russian Bolshevists, and their own fatuity, the Finnish Social Democrats have only just regained the position they held in 1908-1909. In 1917 the Government of Finland might have been kept securely and constitutionally in their hands. Adverse economic circumstances and Bolshevist influence led them to provoke a *coup d'état*, for which the reactionary party had made full military preparations, and they had not. Their Bolshevist friends deserted them, Germany hastened to the support of the reactionaries, and, for some months in 1918, Finland, red with Socialist blood and begging for a German prince to rule her, was the most tragic and ridiculous figure in Europe. The Social Democrats were largely killed out by ruthless slaughter and starvation: a good many are in prison still. Nevertheless the Social Democratic Party is to-day the largest group in the Finnish Representative House. And so it was in 1909.

"Welcome, Little Father! A Message from hell." The black procession of workers with their red flags streamed steadily up Piccadilly; it was a western contingent of Labour or Social Democracy going to Trafalgar Square! I ran to put on my hat and hasten after them.

I can see myself now as I hurried along Piccadilly—a dark-haired young woman, nearly thirty-five, with some small knowledge of the world, literary gifts, and a general desire "to leave things better than I found them," which had, so far, only found an outlet in organised philanthropy. It seems a long while ago! I reached Trafalgar Square, where a very large crowd was already assembled, and chance directed my steps to the Nelson plinth.

I knew that I was the only person there having any real knowledge of Finnish affairs, and, being a political speaker in a very small way, I wanted to put in a few words for Finland if I could. Needless to say, I had no chance, for the speakers were a most distinguished group, drawn from all the Social Democrat and semi-Socialist parties. There was Keir Hardie, George Bernard Shaw, James O'Grady, Harry Quelch, Adolphe Smith, J. F. Green, the Russian Aladin and many others, with, above all, Hyndman. Jack Jones was not present, I think, nor good old Will Thorne, whose wish concerning the Tsar, that "the inhuman brute might get his deserts" had caused quite a shocked hush in the House of Commons. Current copies of *Justice*, which contained a fine denunciatory article and caricature, were selling briskly in the crowd—and undergoing confiscation here and there in a very half-hearted manner by the police—but my defiantly-held copy, in the hands of a well-dressed bourgeoise, was of course overlooked.

I asked permission to mount the horrible little precipitous ladder to the plinth, and the policeman referred me to a short, stout, bearded gentleman in a frock-coat and top-hat, who looked to me about fifty, not more—and so for quite a long time I did not realise who he was. A pleasant-spoken gentleman, as country folk say! who allowed me the honour of half-an-hour's conversation, off and on. I "tumbled out upon him," to use his own phrase, nearly all I knew about Finland and the Social Democracy there. He was genuinely interested; and at last it occurred to me to ask the name of the kindly person whose time I was taking up. "Hyndman," said he. I can still hear the tone of simple dignity which implied " a citizen of no mean city," and a great deal more —I felt honoured, and showed it; then presently I had the further privilege of hearing him speak.

I have always found myself presenting a critical and rather hostile front to orators, as such, even when they voice my own convictions; but Hyndman's oratory was a thing apart. It varied, of course, according to subject and audience, yet the method was generally very much the same. He began in a genial, common-sense, " you and I know what's what " strain, passing on to some humorous point, which would be illustrated with face and gesture in a way to delight all. Then rapidly followed serious argument, exhortation, humour again, fact, reasoning, and then perhaps some unexpected and magnificent flight, which would lift the fascinated audience quite off their feet. " There is a point when they become all eyes," he used to say, " and then you can do what you like with them." Hyndman did not stint his eloquence; when it was necessary I have known him lift an audience to remarkable heights of enthusiasm and understanding three or four times in the course of a long speech.

Also he never failed to make fun of his hearers, to gird at their stupidity, or treat them to that frank, good-natured abuse for their shortcomings which they generally deserved. I do not know how continental listeners would stand it, nor even whether an upholder of the possessing classes could dare handle an English working-class audience so; but certainly proletarian crowds all over England take a positive delight in being pungently and sincerely railed at for their idiocy, if the abuse comes from a recognised friend. (I will not spoil Hyndman's own admirable and true story about the "idiots" and " lunatics " by re-telling it; my readers must go to Chapter 20 of the " Record of an Adventurous Life.") On this occasion he would not let his audience enjoy the orgy of moral reprobation over Russian misdeeds which they had come out for; he reminded them of their own responsibilities, as voters, for English tyranny in Ireland and India, and for the infamous Boer War; he did not let them forget the miserable conditions of life which they, the workers, were apathetically handing on to their children; he forced them to take in a little clear-cut Social Democracy, and wound up with an inspiring and superb peroration which left his hearers wiser and better men—for the next half-hour. Or did it make a lasting impression on *one?* In any case it marshalled me the way that I was going, and in a day or two I sent him a modest request that I might join the S.D.F. He told me to come and see him, so presently I went to call at 9 Queen Anne's Gate.

If I remember right, Hyndman and his elder wife were then living in the lower rooms of that fine but most inconvenient old house. The leader of the S.D.F. did not try to measure my understanding of the subject, but lent me a wise selection of pamphlets (among which I remember chiefly his own translation of Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young"), and told me that I must, sooner or later, get a "sound economic basis" for my adherence to Social Democracy, "since no political faith that springs from pity or even philanthropy, or mere discontent with the present horrible state of things, will stand the test of time." He instanced people who had "gone Liberal" or "Liberal-Anarchist"—they were hardly more than names to me, but this introduced a real difficulty. I told Hyndman that since my parents had requested me to come home again, I must live mainly in the country, where I had previously actively supported the Liberals, who indeed represented the only progressive influence in that part of Sussex. Might I, as a Social Democrat, continue to work with them? They were all poor folk, living on sufferance under the critical eyes of Tory landlords and a Tory-loving State Church. They had twice very pluckily contested the division; and, for one reason and another, I was literally their sole middle-class supporter in my own district. I could not desert my friends!

At this point Hyndman's elder wife came in, and, with one of those touches of intuition that visit us all, I saw at once that they were a most happy and united couple. She had a bright, *accueillante* manner and a little use of gesture which made me at first imagine her to be a Frenchwoman, but she really came of good old Sussex stock. She entered quickly into the subject under discussion, smiled a little, as Hyndman did, over this case of conscience, and quite agreed that I must do what I could with the materials that lay to my hand. Her parting words to me showed her native shrewdness: "Oh, yes, Miss Travers; certainly go on working with the Liberals, *as long as they will let you.*"

I only saw her two or three times again, for when I returned from the Balkans in 1912 she had fallen into sad ill-health. When we met we generally talked of the free feeding of school children, which she had done so much to bring about, the French *cantines scolaires*, child-welfare, and kindred matters. I had a great respect and liking for her, but little chance to show it—until long afterwards, when " the dear old lady " became a well-beloved and sacred personality to two people instead of to one.

So I returned to Sussex " under instruction," as the Churches say, and became a subscriber to *Justice*, the weekly journal of English Social Democracy, then in its twenty-sixth year. It was strong meat for a babe! but not so hard to assimilate as to-day's *Justice* would be. Recently I took down the 1909 volume to look at again, expecting almost to weep, as the Jews did when they had built their poor little Second Temple over the past splendours of the First. Not so: the iron limitations of poverty and paper-shortage have stood us in good stead. *Justice* of 1921 compares with the 1909 volume like a sharp and clear-cut crystal beside a large piece of quartz. And the same is true of the Party to-day. We have gone through terrible hours, in which all the weaker elements were driven out; we are few in number, and some of us are getting old. But, as our old chief would have said:

> " The fewer men, the greater share of honour;
> God's Will! I pray thee wish not one man more."

1909 was a very interesting time in English politics. It was the fourth year of the Government of Lost Opportunities, which came in, with 30 or so Labour members, in 1906. The Trade Union representatives—Gas Workers and General Labourers excepted—had " caught the tone of the House." The I.L.P. had spent their time in learning to be clever. They produced the impression that they were going to do great things one day; but meanwhile they hardly deserved to be called even " Socialistic " by their enemies. There was only one genuine Social Democrat in the House, Will Thorne; besides James O'Grady, who has always worked with us, and young Victor Grayson, a nominal " Revolutionary Socialist." But Thorne and O'Grady were returned as Trade Unionists, not as Socialists, and therefore they were obliged to give most of their time to Trade Union work, within the House and without. However, Will Thorne was hammering away, then as now, at the perennial abuses of our social system; ranging from the traffic in old horses and suicides in barracks to unemployment—the unemployed we have always with us in greater or less numbers while the capitalist system endures.

The Portsmouth Labour Conference was a poor affair, made noteworthy by two most unfortunate incidents—the ballot of textile workers and others in favour of the continuance of the half-time system, and the absence or abduction of Grayson. (See " Further Reminiscences.") Meantime the failure of the Labour Party to impress itself upon the House, or even upon public opinion, had the natural if illogical result—a number of the workers were growing distrustful of Parliamentarism, and beginning to talk in a hot and confused manner of " direct action." But the Social Democratic Party, which was making propaganda for the only thing which might have rendered direct action possible, a genuine Citizen Army to wit, found no support, neither among the extremists who leant towards Pacifism, nor among the moderates, who cast friendly glances towards Haldane's Territorial Force. *Justice* was enforcing the need for a Citizen Army by an outspoken narrative of life in barracks; on the " Woman's Page " adult suffrage in opposition to " fine-lady suffrage " was being intelligently and steadily taught, and there were some noisier articles for the groundlings on Anti-Puritanism. (We have neither space nor time to write for groundlings in *Justice* to-day !)

The paper had its weak points; there was a tendency to use the limited vocabulary and silly or unpleasant phrases of the man in the street; and often the contributors practised the journalist's vice of putting down ten words for one.

What mattered more is that *Justice* of 1909 seemed a little like " a racing-boat without a stroke." There were two ominous signs of the trouble which was shortly to come: Lady Warwick's wise advice to the Party to drop all other candidatures and devote their whole energies to getting Hyndman returned for Burnley was not well received. Also his quiet, continuous warnings about the growth of German militarism, about those strategic railways to which we were all so blind, about the German navy and Bebel's own advice, and finally about the admitted complete inability of the German Social Democrats to prevent their country from making war—all this, which five years later proved so profoundly true, was spaciously contradicted in *Justice* by persons whose pro-German sympathies made them recognisable, even to the police, for a danger to England, when war came. Already there was a kind of dry-rot in the Party; and the first stage in that singular sequence of transformation, Pacifist, Pro-German, Pro-Bolshevik, Communist, Anarchist, was for some persons fully begun.

When I remember what Hyndman had to endure, on account of his sheer foresight and patriotism, from members of his own Federation as well as from " Socialistic " bodies outside—when I recall the temporising, half-hearted support he obtained from most of the men who knew he was right—then I become a " propagandist of deed " in the most direct personal sense. How thin the veneer of civilisation is! but also, how safely all the little complex circumstances and hindrances of civilised life hold us in! Many of us could say, " There are people whom I would certainly kill if I got the chance "—but that chance is just what we shall never get!

At the end of October, 1909, all Europe was startled by the slaughter of the theoretical Anarchist and founder of secular schools in Spain, Francesco Ferrer. He was tried by court-martial and condemned upon most inadequate evidence, at the instigation, it is believed, of the Clerical party in Spain. The apparent complicity of the Catholic Church did that great body deplorable harm in the eyes of many. The fact that a Catholic, James O'Grady, M.P., moved the resolution in a large Trafalgar Square meeting denouncing the murder of Ferrer, was certainly more effective in clearing Catholicism from the responsibility for that crime and blunder than the line taken by other apologists. Cunninghame Graham, who had been brought up in Spain, spoke most strongly against Don Alfonso and the Spanish Government; while Hyndman once more stood on the Nelson plinth to address a great crowd. As he grimly said, England was unfortunate in her Allies that year!

The late autumn was lively with the discussion of " Mr Lloyd George's Democratic Budget." Hyndman exposed this for an amusing political fraud; and pointed out, at Birmingham and elsewhere, what the author owed to a cursory reading of his namesake Henry George. When, however, the House of Lords took the Budget seriously, and rejected it in a phrase whereby they claimed the right to dissolve the House of Commons, Social Democrats very promptly called attention to this breach of the Constitution. For once the sham-fight between the two parties might become a real one; and the Liberals had a magnificent chance of regaining credit by taking a courageous stand on a great constitutional issue. "It is for the Commons to answer this claim of the Peers to interfere with finance and to determine the life of Parliament, by refusing to recognise them at all in this matter." So said Hyndman; but the Government of Lost Opportunities remained true to their name.

CHAPTER II

Burnley Elections, 1910—National Defence and International Socialism.

1910 opened amid the storm and stress of a General Election. Disregarding Lady Warwick's sound suggestion, the S.D.F. put ten candidates in the field altogether, and gave support to three others. Of these ten, six had polled very fair Socialist votes in 1906, and two, Will Thorne and Dan Irving, are now Members of Parliament. I have their portraits as they were in 1910. What jolly figures of hope and fresh cheer they seem! Kennedy in particular looks the embodiment of well-intentioned youth. These last twelve years and the Great War have wrought the work of a generation upon us all.

Of all the candidates, Will Thorne alone was returned, but he made a truly magnificent poll for that year, drawing 42 per cent. of the electorate. Next came Burnley, where 30 per cent., or 4948 electors voted for Hyndman, but alas! he did not get in. It was a three-cornered contest, and the Tory Arbuthnot won over the Liberal by a mere 95. And, from the start almost to the finish, this election ran much the same course as the dozen or so of elections that I have seen. All the enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, and idealism, all the fine oratory, the good meetings, and the apparently well-justified hopes were on the losing side. From the moment when Hyndman and his elder wife arrived at Burnley, and found that some two thousand people had waited an hour, in snow and fog and frost, to welcome them at the station, and march with them to St. James's Hall, until the last crowded meeting at the Hippodrome on Friday night, the five or six thousand Social Democrats of Burnley had good reasons for believing that *this* time they would win. But money and influence were all against them. The other sides had comparatively few meetings, and worked very quietly and very thoroughly in the old time-honoured "hand-to-hand" method. Twelve thousand pounds, it is said, was spent on

Burnley alone; but why the two capitalist parties decided to split the vote is still a mystery.

"Of course," as an orthodox Party Agent once said to me in a moment of frankness, "Hyndman was an utterly impossible man to work for. People *knew* that he *meant* what he *said!*" (No arrangement of italics can render the combination of Northumbrian sing-song and genuine indignation that a man should so misunderstand the political game!) This was, unfortunately, quite true. He had worked so long in Burnley that, as all his hearers realised, if he were returned to Parliament he *would* most certainly press for abolition of half-time, free secular education, organization of unemployed labour, Citizen Army, and all the rest of it. Moreover, the man's oratory was so powerful, and his personal vigour so great, that it did really seem as if he might get some of these things *done!*

Now nobody in the world is so attached to old abuses as the Englishman. He listens to the strongest denunciation of them and applauds it; but in the very centre of his brain there sits a weary demon, weaving an endless thread of excuses, beginning with, "After all . . ." Individually adventurous, he is, communally, a coward, terribly afraid of quitting the frying-pan for the fire. Also, he had until lately no sense of reality about politics. (Municipal and borough government have shown him, now, that there is sometimes a direct connection between his vote and the health of his children or the emptying of his dust bins.) But, twelve years ago, the majority of the English electorate held their political convictions in just the same way as they did their religious faith; they accorded to them a wholly different quality of belief from that which they would give to a scientific proposition or a statement of fact. Thus, the old three-weeks' election was the next best thing to a National Religious Revival, an orgy of interesting phrases, excitement, crowd-emotion, and the finest moral reprobation of the other side. Enter to such an audience Hyndman, with his stirring oratory, sleepless enthusiasm, and burning wrath over cruelty and disorder. All this they enjoyed, and in a measure understood; but when he placed before them his clear-cut economic creed, claiming the same kind of belief as a scientific thesis, neither more nor less, and his revolutionary reforms—why, the marvel is that he ever polled nearly five thousand votes anywhere, at all!

What the English electorate—following one-half of a sound democratic principle—really likes and understands are *representatives*, good mediocre men such as themselves, who will do lip-service to reform certainly, but can be trusted "to go on whitewashing the old gaol." Only the severest economic pressure can (and perhaps will) bring about a love of clear thinking and definite policy in the average Englishman's mind.

And, as a truthful biographer, I must admit that there was a faculty in Hyndman which made a serious popular success almost impossible for him. He had a wilful strain, lightened, as it were, with downright "puckishness" and mischief, which made him so heartily appreciate the similar streak of *gaminerie* in M. Clemenceau. He would do a very risky thing out of sheer defiance or perversity; and many of us think that he once threw away a great deal for the sake of giving a quick answer in witty and brutal words. Well, every genius reveals himself at odd and disconcerting moments as a schoolboy; Hyndman's friends knew what he was, and they should have looked out for him! After all, this tendency very seldom had play. During the three or four years when he was doing most valuable constructive work, on the Workers' War Emergency Committee and on the Consumer's Council, he was wondrously, unexceptionably, entirely discreet.

A contested election for Parliament is one of the bitterest forms of personal rivalry. Until Proportional Representation is introduced it will remain a scuffle—something much uglier and less orderly than a duel—very like a hand-to-hand contest between two men who know little of wrestling, supported by two excited mobs who know less. Nothing but the barest selfishness is possible, since the victory of one must mean the humiliation of the other. Nevertheless Hyndman's personality brought so much light and force into this grimy business of an election that the successful candidate, Gerald Arbuthnot, wrote to him as follows:

"I ask you to believe that the one touch of sorrow I had was the thought that my success meant the defeat of a man who is a personal friend: . . . one whom I respect and revere . . .

"You and your followers fought a straight fight, a clean fight and an honourable fight: and I do not wonder that they love you as they do.

"I feel that I cannot close this contest without offering to you my tribute of respect."

Why, this is the very soul of heroic enmity!

> "No man alive can love, in such a sort,
> The thing he means to kill, more excellently."

In a word, the letter was worthy of Hyndman himself, who left Burnley disappointed but not disheartened, and plunged vigorously at once into other work for the Cause.

He began to collect notes and memories for the first volume of his Autobiography—the "Record of an Adventurous Life." It was certainly written *con amore*, and cost him very little trouble. He was, I believe, perfectly exact in all the main facts of his life, but he never worried himself about the details and showed a godlike indifference to dates. Indeed, he always seemed to handle time with greater freedom than other mortals. He used to say that spiritual existence, so far as he could comprehend it, implied the ability to move backwards and forwards in time. Certainly, even while fettered by material conditions, a hundred years were to him as one day, when, for instance, he was speaking of the future of Social Democracy. Looking backwards, also, he was quite indifferent to the lapse of years. Often he has described a person, a neighbourhood, or even a hotel to me as if he had beheld it yesterday, and we might go there to-morrow, until I would ask suspiciously, "When did you last see this so-and-so?" And the answer would usually be, "About thirty years ago."

Meantime, he was much exasperated by the readiness of foreign Socialists, Jaurès and Vandervelde included, to overestimate the English Labour Party, because they had returned a handful of representatives to Parliament. What had these men *done?* They were supporting a faintly Henry Georgian Budget; and refusing, by a large vote, at the Newport Labour Conference, to allow Social Democrats running under Labour auspices to call themselves Socialist and Labour candidates!

The annual party conference was held at West Ham early in April, and was noteworthy for a very practical resolution moved by Jack Jones, to the effect that all Social Democrats who were eligible to join Trade Unions should do so, and carry on a vigorous Socialist propaganda within these bodies as well as without. To-day the wisdom of this policy of permeation has been fully proved; in 1910, when only two million workers out of eleven million were organised, there was, no doubt, hope of enlisting all those outside the Unions into a fighting political body of Social Democrats—or so one wing of the Party, who might be called Impossibilists, believed. Marx and the Chartists were quoted by them, but the resolution for working along the lines of industrial development in England was passed.

In the summer came the death of King Edward, which delayed the ship of State in a perfect Sargasso Sea of ceremonial enactments. The two Front Benches reached an agreement about the Lords' Veto, which was to hold for nearly twelve years more; and the Liberals distributed a fine batch of birthday honours, including Weetman Pearson, Alfred Mond, and Harold Harmsworth. Things were, I suppose, rather quiet in Social Democracy; so Hyndman took action in a way which always proved a stumbling-block to some of the comrades—he published a letter in the *Morning Post.* Many of us could not abide his occasional use of that independent, but extremely reactionary organ; yet we had to put up with it then, and sometimes during the War. He wrote vigorously in favour of a strong Navy and the establishment of a Citizen Army; and this moved the *Morning Post* to declare that "if every citizen is expected to defend his country, then each citizen must be given a fair chance of a worthy life." It was, perhaps, worth while to draw such a declaration from a Tory capitalist organ; but the letter, and its place of publication, brought a perfect hornet's nest of Pacifists about Hyndman's ears! (The natural guardian of his commonsense was, I believe, ill at the time, or he would have been gently but firmly kept out of the whole business.)

The moment for this action of his was singularly unlucky, since the International Socialist Conference at Copenhagen followed upon it shortly. Alas, he was unable or did not choose to attend! Had he been present, I am sure that even the numerous and well-organised Germans, with their many conscious and unconscious supporters from other nations, would not have dared to get him voted off the British Section of the International Bureau. But he was absent, and they did. Hyndman and Hardie were the British representatives, standing respectively for Social Democracy and Labourism. Hyndman, on account of his steady warnings against the German menace, failed to be re-elected; and Ramsay Macdonald took his place. As usual, bad organisation and poverty told against us, while our opponents were strong in numbers and well-drilled support. The British Social Democrats could only send twenty-four delegates to Copenhagen, while the Fabians, the I.L.P., and the Labour Party (which, be it remembered, would not allow its candidates to use the very name " Socialist ") together mustered sixty delegates. Some of these were so inexperienced and so vaguely representative that, I am told, a child of fifteen, in plaits and short skirts, sat and voted among them. This poor little person used her privileges to support the pro-German group on the International Bureau. Doubtless she lived to be rather ashamed of herself four years later.

Well, it is a bad story; and as my dear husband would say, "I, for one, do not propose to dwell upon it." The ridiculous career of the " Second International," the " Two-and-a-half International," the " Third International " and whatever may follow are in themselves a sufficient judgment. But I would like to point out that—while William Morris himself, and the surviving members of the long-dead Socialist League have freely acknowledged their errors—while many a mistaken English patriot of the Boer War has come to Hyndman afterwards and said: " You were quite right about that infamous South African aggression of ours," not one leading English Pacifist and no Continental Socialist has yet said in so many words: " Hyndman was perfectly correct about Germany's preparations for war. What a set of fools and curs we were! " The fact is, however well the prophet whose words came true may have fared in ancient days, the modern seer who can honestly say " I told you so " is an unpopular person, whose virtue is its own and sole reward.

To hear Hyndman talk, you would believe he held a most pagan attitude towards personal enemies and failing friends; but in practice he was, as his elder wife used to say, " far too forgiving." Naturally, when my time came, I hated his personal opponents or betrayers—even those of thirty years ago—long after he had pardoned and forgotten. For, although it is well to forgive your own personal enemies and love them—which means, I presume, understand their motives—no ethic, human or divine, requires you to forgive the enemies of your friends! In the case of these you may cultivate the patient, long memory enjoined by the Old

Testament; and once or twice, as I have found, chance may favour you.

Hyndman used to tell me with appreciation the story of Marshal Narvaez at the point of death. A French priest came to absolve him, and asked if he forgave his enemies. "Je—n'en ai—pas!" gasped the dying Conquistadore. "Vous n'en avez pas? Mais c'est impossible!" "Non! Je les ai fusillés—tous!" and, with a beatific smile, he died.

Nevertheless the hero of this narrative did not really understand what rancour was; and I have seen him foregather upon the kindliest terms with past opponents, lukewarm supporters and other half-hearted men. Sometimes I have fancied that this was again, in another form, the result of moving more freely in time than the majority of mortals. Perhaps his mind had its dwelling in a plane some hundred years ahead of the present day; or maybe his point of view was a little farther removed from earth than it is with most of us, so that he saw men looking as small and busily futile as ants, amid the great play of economic and material powers.

However, he was very properly furious with Keir Hardie when that wrong-headed worthy dared to hint, at the Copenhagen Congress, that Hyndman was absent because he would not face the consequences of his denunciation of the German Government! Why did not one of his friends have the wit to suggest this to him *before* the Congress? Then no power on earth would have kept him away!

A very large and successful demonstration for Socialist unity was held in Manchester—the home of the *Manchester Guardian*—and Hyndman delivered a speech which is still remembered there. In the course of it he challenged Keir Hardie to debate on "National Defence or National Surrender, in London, Manchester, Paris *and* Berlin"—while all who heard him know that he simply longed to carry out his suggestion. But Hardie had flung his mud and run away. He was, as Hyndman wrote tolerantly soon afterwards, "a man of very queer incidents." Either he was a multiple personality, or else so highly susceptible to the influence of some others that he acted for long periods exactly as they would have done. For instance, when he moved an Amendment to the Address in 1893, he was thoroughly Socialist, and no man could have shown more courage and honesty than Keir Hardie during those years when he was practically in a minority of one. Yet on other occasions no capitalist could beat him in party intrigue. Again, he once denounced a rising politician to Hyndman for a party traitor, a scoundrel and a blackmailer as well. To those who knew the person referred to, these charges did not seem altogether ill-founded, then or now; but hardly a month afterwards Hardie appeared everywhere as this man's public and private friend.

Toward the end of October, Socialists were much interested in the French railway strike and its repression by the mobilisation of the railway reservists. This clever stroke was the work of the former anarchist and general strike advocate, M. Aristide Briand; and it should have been a lesson to English workers upon the possible use of Haldane's Territorial Force, or the Regular Army, under similar circumstances. Hyndman made the incident serve for bringing forward once more Mazzini's ideal, the Citizen Army, put into practical and fairly democratic shape in Switzerland, and set forth on a Socialist basis by Jaurès in the "Armée Nouvelle." But what was the use? Eight years later the English people could have changed the gigantic regular, volunteer and conscripted forces, slowly returning from the battlefields, into a genuine Citizen Army if they had had the will to do so. But they cared nothing about their own liberties—God alone knows what they thought they were fighting for!—so each man handed back his weapon and went home—to look for work.

At the end of 1910 England was once again distracted by a General Election. Two in one year! However enjoyable these emotional orgies of faction feeling and tall talk may be at reasonable intervals, there is little doubt that everyone in the country, capitalist politicians included, was bored and exasperated by the prospect. It hit the poverty-stricken Social Democrats very hard. The Party were unable to do more than put Hyndman forward once again as official Social Democratic candidate for Burnley. It is certain that whoever else may have felt his heart fail at the prospect, Hyndman did not. For the fourth time he encountered all the wearing excitement and nervous strain of an election—for the fourth time he risked the deadly disappointment of an unfavourable result. Once more there were excellent meetings, much enthusiasm and many supporters—but to no avail. Everything was against a revolutionary vote. Poverty, political weariness, underground pacifist agitation, the depressing effect of two great industrial struggles, the Boiler-makers' lockout and the coal war in Wales—all these combined to defeat the last Social Democratic effort in Burnley, and Hyndman polled a thousand less than before. A Liberal got in instead of a Tory this time; and it seems possible that a number of wavering Liberal-Labour votes were cast for Morell on the principle, " Since the Socialist can't win, keep the Tory out."

However it may be, Hyndman took his defeat without any illusions and with his usual indomitable courage and hope. Here are his last words as a Social Democratic candidate for Parliament: " Although I retire from any further struggle in Burnley, I am not in the least discouraged as to the future of our Party, and I am not one atom more inclined to compromise than I was thirty, twenty or ten years ago. Compromise may benefit individuals—it never yet advanced a cause. Besides, I am not a moderate man. I don't love moderately—or hate moderately—or fight moderately! We are engaged as a Party in taking advantage of the inevitable developments of society to bring about the greatest revolution the world has ever seen. We necessarily wish to do so peacefully and politically; we may yet have to face many a defeat. But the success of our work in the long run is already assured; and the defeat of an individual is soon forgotten in the great advance of our whole cause."

CHAPTER III

The German Menace—Lord Morley—The Insurance Act—Strikes—The Declaration of London—The " British Socialist Party "—" The Record of an Adventurous Life."

During these last eighteen months I had not seen very much of the Hyndmans. Naturally I had contributed to both Burnley elections, but I was too new to the Party to be of any use in the fight; and I had spent the time quietly in the country, writing my " Letters from Finland," working with the Liberals in Sussex, and slowly earning their distrust by advanced Radical views very similar to those held by my great chief in 1880. As he knew, it is impossible to hurry the development of an individual or a race! " Letters from Finland " was, as Hyndman said, a curious, bulky volume of poetry, landscape, literature and politics. It contained a great deal of information, some story, and one remarkably living character who has no sort of prototype in real life. The style pleased: it was kindly received, and on the strength of it I enjoyed myself socially. Various good-natured literary and political lions of the day came and roared at my lunches in the old Lyceum Club, and I remember a little Olympian tea-party with " Castor and Pollux " there. How young we all were then! Since those days the Great War has come and passed; we are changed, we are grey, and some of us are dead. I, who was but slowly putting off the tutelage of fixed ideas, have served and outlived my chief—all in a short twelve years' span!

1911 was a hot and stormy period in every sense. Domestic and foreign affairs looked threatening, and all can see now, as a very few saw then, how circumstances and policies both were leading inevitably towards the catastrophe of 1914. Yet the Continental Socialists all steadily ignored German militarism; they treated it like a delusion of hysterical Europe. " Jaurès has delivered another of his fine poetical orations in the Assembly," said Hyndman, " and he talks as if all antagonism were at end." Hyndman stood, literally, alone among his fellows in Europe, when he refused to overlook the growth of Prussian influence, and pointed out how our ally, the Tsar, was weaker than a broken reed when German interests were in play.

In February a project of German origin for the fortification of Flushing attracted general notice. The Dutch delegates at the Copenhagen Congress had already protested against the scheme; nevertheless some purblind English Pacifists came forward to support it. Hyndman had so much to say on the subject that Theodor Rothstein (later an ornament of the Foreign Office and now a hearty Bolshevik) wrote an article in *Justice* defending the scheme. He was then presumably a Social Democrat. "Blatantly absurd," said he, were the following contentions:

(1) That Germany would have to turn the flank of the French army by forcing her troops through Belgium.

(2) That Germany was building strategical lines and accumulating war material round Aix-la-Chapelle, so as to mobilise on the Belgian frontier.

(3) That the twenty-one railway sidings at Cologne were for other than commercial purposes.

Once more the German menace was hotly discussed in *Justice*—and three and a half years later the blatantly absurd contentions became horrible matters of fact.

The May-day number of *Justice* contained a remarkable article by Karl Kautsky, dealing quite frankly with the same subject. "*If there were no hostile invasion of Germany*," he wrote, "it is just possible that a sudden and complete general strike might prevent a declaration of war. But if the Social Democrats were not strong enough to overthrow an aggressive government *before* war began, they could never do so afterwards."

Vaillant and Jaurès, also writing, showed much more concern about the possible growth of Chauvinism within their own country than about the certain development of aggression without. Hyndman wrote a very interesting private letter to Kautsky (which is in the Appendix), and gave one of his fine May-day surveys of the world and the movement to an all-too-restricted public. "As from the windows of old age, I see the point which humanity has reached, while I apprehend once more that, with the stupendous powers of man over nature and the unlimited capacities for the production of wealth at the disposal of society to-day, all things are now possible—if men would but understand."

"All things are now possible!" This was indeed the theme of Hyndman's work and life. If only man's knowledge of *himself* and the laws which govern his own social being were even half as far advanced as his knowledge of material laws and his command over the forces of nature—why, the Co-operaticve Commonwealth would be in full working to-day, and the millennium would be ready by to-morrow! It was partly this faith, and partly his superb carelessness of time which enabled him to believe—and to make us all believe on many an occasion—that "the Social Revolution was just round the corner." He was always thinking that sheer force of circumstances and economic necessity would bring about a vast illumination in the collective mind of civilised Western humanity, and that which was so clear to us would, by a kind of mass-revelation, suddenly become clear to them. Whether we Social Democrats hold this as a rational conviction or as something in the nature of a religious belief I will not now inquire; only, without such faith, we should be of all men the most accurst.

In the spring of 1911 Lord Morley published an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "British Democracy and Indian Government" to which Hyndman immediately wrote a reply. The editor of the *Nineteenth Century* was afraid to print it, so the author promptly brought it out in pamphlet form, "which," he told me with a savage chuckle, "will give the article a much wider circulation in India than it would get from the *Nineteenth Century.*"

The feud between himself and his old friend Morley of the *Pall Mall* days was well established; it had begun long ago with the Irish Coercion policy suddenly advocated by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and came to a head upon the arrest and deportation without trial of a prominent Indian leader. Lord Morley, who was certainly responsible for this action, was often to be met abroad in the neighbourhood of Queen Anne's Gate, and Hyndman and he used to pass one another on the little bridge in St. James's Park with a mutual hostile stare. This discouraging habit continued until well into my day. By the winter of 1914-15, the disasters of the Great War, and the growing cleavage between pro-Germans and pro-Allies made all lesser differences appear ridiculous; and thus, when I told my dear husband that I was not going to have him and Morley "looking at one another out of the corners of their eyes like a pair of quarrelsome dogs any longer," I was only giving picturesque utterance to his own wishes. Sure enough, one fine afternoon, as we were returning from the London Library, we saw Lord Morley approaching. I found it necessary to sit down and re-arrange my bundle of books. Hyndman went on across the bridge, and he and Morley approached each other by mutual consent. There was, I learned afterwards, a perceptible moment of silence; and then these two historic old gentlemen exchanged quite a number of friendly words and parted smiling. One feels that the story ought not to end here, but it does; for, although we lived in Queen Anne's Gate until the summer of 1917 they never met again; and I do not suppose the encounter affected the policy of either in the least degree. How many actions of life which appeared so decisive at the time have turned out as inconclusive and purposeless as the vagaries of a ghost!

Hyndman had known Morley, Dilke, Bryce and other great scholar-Radicals of his time fairly well; but he saw them all as men who would be soon forgotten, having been shaped unconsciously by the social forces of their time, with no power to use these or to make their own mark upon history. With such men for examples, he pointed out to me once how the great literary development of the Victorian age had impressed itself on politics. Disraeli, Gladstone, Lowe, Morley, Dilke and even Rosebery were, all by nature, writers. Some stepped easily into positions and took their pens with them; others climbed the political ladder by the use of their pens and their intellects—if I may use so quaint a metaphor—and gradually attained full power by judicious declension from originality (Left or Right) to the general standard of public opinion.

However, the scholar-Radicals have all passed, and we must regret them; for they behaved no worse in politics than other men, they had a distant respect for ideas, and they handled the English language carefully and well. The generation that has followed them knows little of ideas and less about the English language, but they understand how to handle something much more tangible—money, to wit. Must we agree that they are more evil and corrupt than their predecessors? Let us only call them less skilful and infinitely more repellent. We are now beginning to see them give way to a third class of politicians—those who, with little chance of handling wealth, have learnt by patience and adroitness, as they rise from branch secretary to local chief, to Trade Union head, and finally to Party leader, the fine art of handling their fellow-men.

From May onward the political year became briskly eventful. Things began lightly enough when certain representatives of the British Labour Party were invited to dine with the Kaiser—and accepted. To-day, we who have seen the unbending exponents of Bolshevism hobnobbing with Kings and Popes at Genoa can hardly understand how shocked honest Socialists were, in 1911, that Labour men should demean themselves to become a Kaiser's guests. "But it is all perfectly in character," said Hyndman, "since the Labour Party do not hold any principles which deny Imperialism. The fun comes in when we see the German Social Democrats, who are logical, Marxian and class-conscious, trying to regard these more or less worthy representatives of the English workers as *Socialists!*"

The original Communist Manifesto had, as he said, a great deal to answer for. By implication it asserts that all working-class parties, whatever their object, *must* be, in essence, Communist. This was possibly true in 1847, when English Trade Unionism had hardly begun to exist; and the representative English body to be called to an International Congress, if such had existed then, would have been the Chartists. But they passed, and were succeeded by Trade Unionists, who divorced their activities entirely from politics for very many years. The International Working-men's Association, sometimes called the "First International," founded in 1864, was certainly supported by English Trade Unionists in the beginning, yet, as it came under the influence of Marx and Engels, they withdrew. The London International Congress of 1896 had British Trade Union support; so had the Paris Congress of 1900; but it was the Amsterdam Congress of 1904 which, by its acceptance of non-Socialist English Trade Unionists, present by accident in Amsterdam, led to the extraordinary state of things which now prevails. In 1912 the Labour Party still worked with the capitalist Liberals, and refused to allow any of their men to call themselves even "Labour and Socialist" candidates—so, why should they *not* lunch with the Kaiser? And lunch they did.

Soon afterwards the National Insurance Bill, which there are now few to praise and very few to love, made its first appearance. The Social Democrats declared firmly against it at once, but "Tories, Unionists, Whigs, Liberals, Radicals, Irishmen and Labourists joined in one great chorus of commendation," as Hyndman said. What he thought of the measure himself is very fully and clearly set out in the second volume of "Reminiscences." Fabians, Independent Labourists and Social Democrats all for once agreed in favour of a non-contributory scheme of provision against sickness and unemployment; Ramsay Macdonald, however, advocated compulsory contribution. The Insurance Act produced the strangest temporary alliances among its opponents; and that is why John Scurr, standing for South-west Bethnal Green, was supported by Hyndman, Quelch, Belloc and Bottomley!

The Bill turned out rather like a cheap foreign tramcar converted into a ramshackle ambulance-waggon. Two or three times it hung on the verge of disaster, but it has muddled on somehow for ten years without either "brigading the workers under the employers' and government control," as Hyndman feared, and without removing the workers' dread of sickness and unemployment, as its few single-hearted supporters hoped.

Early in July the Declaration of London, which had afterwards such a remarkable career, was approved by the Imperial Conference. As Hyndman pointed out, it practically made food contraband of war; and a country which, like our own, steadily imported five-sixths of its food from overseas, was very seriously handicapped thereby.

"We must be masters of the ocean, or starve! Waste land and rich man's pleasure-land at home means wheat and meat grown thousands of miles away; and *that* means battleships or airplanes to protect the ships that bring us food." How often has he said this to me, then struggling with inherited Free Trade and Pacifist leanings, and to many others as well! And with what silent and terrible eloquence the facts of the Great War afterwards confirmed his words!

Then, all of a sudden, "Agadir" became the symbol of an European thunderstorm, generated upon the North African coast. A Conference of the International was suggested, to consider "French brigandage in Morocco, and Germany's determination to share it." But this good, plain-spoken proposal came to nothing. Then, could not the Bureau invite

Socialist representatives of any two countries, such as France and Germany, between which war threatened, to meet, and consider what the working-classes involved in the dispute had better do? This excellent suggestion was warmly supported by the representatives of France, Spain and England, but the Germans would have none of it in any shape. So the I.S.B. proved as powerless as the Hague Tribunal before the shadow of war.

For some time the case of Miss Malecka had been simmering, so to speak, in the fire of Social Democratic agitation. Now Hyndman once admitted to me that only about two per cent. of the popular martyrs of reactionary government are really worth the infinite time, trouble and enthusiasm that are spent on them. "It is the same with business enterprises. They nearly all look excellent when they are first presented to you, but only one in fifty goes through. There is much reason in the French cry, 'Il nous faut un cadavre,'" he went on, growing more cynical than he was wont to do, "for at least the 'cadavre' will not recant or go back upon you. Of course I am not speaking of members of our own or other tried bodies who are attacked by the authorities, but of those mere victims of a chance collision with the powers that be, who for some reason attract public sympathy and become notorious. Again and again I have seen them hesitate, fumble and give way under the influence of the police, of government officials, or pressure from their own homes."

Such was Hyndman's experience; and the course of a certain remarkable case, later on during the Great War, confirmed him. But he hoped all things, and never failed to come enthusiastically to the aid of those who had apparently no helper. Thus it happened that he spoke once more, in the summer of 1911, at a large demonstration against the imprisonment of Kate Malecka. This lady, the daughter of an Englishwoman and a naturalised Pole, was by English law a British subject, but by Russian law a Russian. She taught music in Warsaw, and was hardly known to the nationalist Polish circles there, but she was arrested and imprisoned without trial early in the year. Sir Edward Grey took no steps to obtain her release until long after a considerable body of English opinion, moderate as well as advanced, had grown extremely hot about the matter. Then the whole question was begged by an arrangement between the Foreign Office and the Russian authorities. Miss Malecka, being wholly innocent, was offered the Tsar's pardon; she, not having studied the good example of St. Paul under similar circumstances, was foolish enough to accept it, thus stultifying all that had been said in her defence.

1911 will be remembered as the year of heat, drought and strikes. The unfortunate and long-drawn-out Welsh miners' strike, the dockers, and above all the railwaymen's strike, which particularly annoyed the general public, came like so many earthquake tremors to our comfortable pre-war days. In all these Hyndman followed the principle he had set for himself and his followers in the 'eighties: "Never advocate a strike, criticise the strikers if necessary in the early days, but always support them when the strike is really on, until the bitter end." This is a fine principle and one that well beseems a great man, but it is a little more compatible with reason than with human nature. To compare great things with small, it recalls the attitude of a wise father towards a headstrong son. He condemns and criticises the follies of the latter, but he stands by him in time of need. Such a father will be respected by his son, but not beloved or confided in, because, until the son himself attains wisdom, the rankling memory of criticism or condemnation in the early days of his enthusiasm outweighs the fact that he was supported in trouble. What is true of individuals holds in many cases for the crowd. A few heady, thoughtless words of encouragement at the beginning of a strike would have brought many a Labour man into close relation with our Party; while the fact that we upheld the strikers when the public was growing hostile, and when (perhaps) their own leaders were giving them away, is forgotten in the discouragement that follows even an apparently successful strike.

At the end of August there was rioting in Liverpool, the police appear to have shown unusual brutality, and troops, armed with ball cartridge, were sent to Manchester. The S.D.F. and the Transport Workers' Federation held an indignation meeting in Trafalgar Square, to which Hyndman sent a message, protesting against the use of the national army for the intimidation of the workers. "For years past," he wrote, "I have warned the English workers of the danger of leaving the armed forces of the country under the control of the possessing class, and Social Democrats have urged the people to form a non-militarist Citizen Army, training all men to the use of arms."

"But," as he said to me some time afterwards, "an oppressed class must either *fight* or *think*, and the English wage-slaves can do neither."

In the autumn of 1911 certain long-continued, well-meant but extremely mischievous efforts of the Continental Socialists at last took effect, and the Social Democratic Federation led a gallant attempt at British unity. The French and German Socialist Parties, each having temporarily composed the very bitter differences between the extremes of their own bodies, were naturally anxious to see the various Socialist groups in England also fused into one. Now, what is sauce for Europe is very seldom sauce for England too; but few foreigners understand this. It takes a long while for an Englishman to comprehend the politics of a Continental country, but it needs a lifetime and more for a stranger to understand English politics. Jaurès, for instance, when he made his well-intentioned speech in favour of the reduction of the English navy, quite misunderstood the conditions of our food supply, and only strengthened the friends of unreasoning Pacifism, with far-reaching and disastrous results. Also, some people think that International influence is responsible for half the failures of the English Labour Party. To-day even, many English workers do still, in defiance of reason and self-interest, return capitalist representatives to Parliament—why? Because they are deeply, incurably suspicious of foreign influence upon the leaders of their own class.

There were about half-a-dozen Socialist groups in England, some differing only very slightly from one another in theory, others finding fraternity as hard as the Guesdists and Impossibilists once did. "And what of that?" said a certain Social Democrat. "Shall it ever be said that the nation which has 79 different religions and one sauce shall have only one form of Socialism too? Perish the thought! We English adore liberty—for that means individualism; we may in years to come endure equality, though we shall never like it; but fraternity—which stands for co-operation—we will never have at any price."

You cannot change the nature of an Englishman by action from without. When the right time and pressure comes he will change himself, and very surprising alterations he will make—but not before.

In this way, being most of us English and therefore instinctive, many Social Democrats felt that a united Socialist Party could not be achieved. Yet reason counselled otherwise, and Hyndman had taught us to listen to reason. There were a thousand arguments in favour of unity, and only one against—to wit; it could not work. And this was yet unproved.

But what did Hyndman himelf think about Socialist unity? To this day, I can hardly tell. At the time, I fancied that he held it for reasonable and expedient, but that his heart was not in it. However, his old comrade, H. W. Lee, says that he spoke thoroughly in favour of the move in September, 1911, and in Whitsun, 1912, and that he hoped everything from the advances that had been made. Talking it over long afterwards, he once said that, if the other bodies had kept to their bargain, it might have worked; but, "when we found we were only getting disgruntled members of the I.L.P. and other societies to join us, we ought to have given it up."

However, the S.D.F., in a fine adventurous spirit, called a general conference at Manchester to bring about Socialist Unity. Nearly 250 delegates were present; 86 Social Democrats, 41 Independent Labourists, 32 Clarion groups: so that with various other Socialist Societies, a membership of about 35,000 was represented. But neither the I.L.P. nor the Fabian Society had sent delegates *officially*. Hyndman, who opened the Conference, said that he was not there as a Social Democrat, but as a common or garden Socialist, wishing to see the union of all Socialist forces in the country. The differences of the bodies represented were very trifling compared with the greatness and the glory of the idea that animated them all. If that were kept in view, they would succeed in bringing about the consolidation of the numerous Socialist sections into one really loyal, capably disciplined party, "in a country that needed Socialism more than any other in the world."

After a short, and not at all heated, discussion, the Conference agreed upon a definition of the Socialist Party which repeated the familiar "socialisation of the means of production and distribution," urged the closest co-operation with industrial organisation, and reaffirmed the revolutionary nature of the Party and "the class-war." A sound enough definition, surely! Later on, after an exhaustive vote, the name of the British Socialist Party was adopted, and a committee of ten was drawn to draft the constitution of the new body, with H. W. Lee as secretary and Hyndman in the chair. It is noteworthy that Hyndman—moved perhaps by some unconscious prescience—refused to stand for this Committee and was with difficulty persuaded to take the chairmanship. Of the Committee, three Social Democrats and the Secretary are with us still, and long may they remain!

So ended the two days' Conference; and Hyndman seemed indeed to be, as he said, well satisfied with the result. So began the four and a half most troublesome, ungrateful and exasperating years of his political life. I will say as little as I can about them, since many of the persons concerned are alive still, some, doubtless, enjoying comfort and a decent reputation which should not be lightly disturbed.

Various Continental Socialist bodies congratulated our Party on having achieved unity, and the capitalist press printed quite a number of amusing misstatements about the whole matter. In December the British Socialist Party was officially and definitely established, and the Social Democratic Federation ceased its separate existence. Even our most lukewarm friends admitted that "in deciding upon the British Socialist Party the S.D.F. have made a generous and stupendous sacrifice in the interests of Socialist Unity." Regretfully we bade farewell to the old name—and very cheerfully did the chief and the party resume it, after great vicissitudes, in the summer of 1920.*

The end of this year was made sorrowful to many by the suicide of the well-known French comrade, Paul Lafargue, and his wife. Why the deliberate, painless, well-planned suicide of two persons, who think they have lived long enough, should bring more sadness to the survivors than the painful death of one and the lingering grief of the other, I cannot tell, but it is certainly so. We are deeply shocked to find that life has no longer any attractions for two people who still have health and strength to continue living if they choose. We understand flinging life away in a passion, but the thoughtful suicide of those who simply do not find existence upon this planet worth while horrifies us, and must necessarily do so. For if more than one or two persons, at very long intervals, should thus soberly break through the wall of custom and illusion that keeps us here—if, in a word, the gap were left open—all the wiser and sadder portion of humanity would rapidly pass through.

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* In the course of this narrative I generally refer to our Party as "Social Democrats" from a well grounded dislike to the terms "British Socialist Party" and later on "National Socialist Party." The word "Socialist" now means nothing definite at all; but an "English Social Democrat" means a Marxian and a follower of Hyndman, no less and no more.

Hyndman was among the wise men of this earth, but not among the sad ones. He wrote very kindly of Lafargue and affirmed the " right to die," which he himself could never, under any circumstances, have exercised. In spite of hard work, losses and bitter disappointments, he did find this world such an interesting place! and that sentiment is written large upon every page of the " Record of an Adventurous Life." "The boy of nearly seventy who founded the S.D.F. and is its most active member," as Hunter Watts said, published his Autobiography (up to the end of 1889) in the autumn of 1911; and this vigorous record was extremely well received. I do not say that it was ably or even understandingly criticised—for solid criticism passed away with the Victorian era—but one writer at least brought his keen faculties fully to bear upon the book and its writer. (See Appendix.)

The reviews were full of puzzled admiration for " this man who was a bold and determined Socialist in years when Socialism meant a very uphill task." And, as the paid scribe reflectively added, " it seems this work has been done for nothing, too."

" Yes! Done for nothing, as the world counts gain and loss. Not only has Hyndman devoted himself to Socialism without pay or reward: not only is he materially the poorer for his work; but he has been cheated out of the reward and success that were unquestionably his, by the treachery, self-seeking and duplicity of professed friends of our movement —those who have made themselves, at the expense of the self-sacrificing devotion of Hyndman and his life-work."

So wrote one of his comrades at the time in justifiable rage; but eleven years have brought very little more success or reward to those treacherous professed friends; and in a hundred years' time they will be dust upon the wind that blows round the monument of Hyndman's enduring fame.

CHAPTER IV

Lloyd George—Hyndman's Seventieth Birthday—Free Speech—
Catholicism—The Labour Party.

Hyndman began the year in vigorous fashion, by bustling off to Glasgow. There he addressed an economic class of 150, spoke to a packed house in the Union Hall and to a large overflow meeting—all on Sunday night. Not a bad week-end for three-score and ten! An equally well-filled visit to Rochdale followed; and indeed 1912 was an exceptionally busy year for him, marked with notable events, but with a steady under-current of trouble as well.

In the middle of February he surveyed the career of that astute and promising politician, Mr Lloyd George, in a very pungent article, ranging from the Plimsoll line to the Insurance Act. In 1906, soon after Mr Lloyd George went to the Board of Trade, the Plimsoll load-line was raised upon old vessels as well as on new ones, thus saving £8,000,000 to the ship-owners, at the mere cost of a few thousand sailors' lives who would, in the nature of things, have been drowned sooner or later! The Seamen's Union knows quite well why a more effective protest was not made, and why the Plimsoll line has been twice raised again since then. It is a bad page in Trade Union history, but not the first nor the last.

Hyndman never acquiesced in the weakness or baseness of human nature. When he found that a body of oppressed men were, from either cause, "unhelpable" (as the Charity Organisation used to say), he let them alone; but he would state their grievance again and again, with untired indignation, when occasion allowed. His indictment of Mr Lloyd George includes much else beside the raising of the Plimsoll; but I venture to think that he, like Clemenceau, underestimated that remarkable person's capacity for mischief on a large scale. The astonishing fluidity of Mr George's temperament, his power of seeming all things to all people, and the position which he held for years of being an unusually adroit little man, in an age of small men, have given him a place in history which is certainly out of proportion to his character or his deserts. Hyndman, who sometimes came as near as a human being can to judging his fellow-mortals "*in vacuo*," saw that the supple, chameleon-like creature was, if anything, undersized and apparently without a backbone. He predicted for Lloyd George the tragic fate that sometimes befalls the weak in a situation that is too big for them, when they can be time-servers no longer. "You will live to see him run for his life a second time—and lose it," he said. But in those days the clever little person we were discussing had not acquired his great international financial friends; and I think, when he fails, they will receive him safely into their everlasting habitations.

The work and worry of this spring were relieved for Hyndman by one very fine event—the celebration of his seventieth birthday. This, and his great reception in Czecho-Slovakia during the summer of his 79th year, were the two occasions on which he did receive some measure of the admiration and respect he deserved.

Harry Quelch wrote very fittingly of him:

> "For over one-and-thirty years now he has stood in the forefront of the struggle for working-class emancipation, agitating, educating, organising, working, amid losses and discouragements which would have broken the spirit of any weaker man . . . Through it all Hyndman has inspired us with his enthusiasm, encouraged us by his example and helped us with his work. . . . Our enemies, and some of our friends, tell us that we have for one-and-thirty years been ploughing the sands. Not so! Look back to 1881, and you will acknowledge that, foreseeing and working along the lines of economic development, we have produced a greater effect in this country than any other body during the same period. Even the social reform proposals are but imitations of the 'practical remedies for pressing needs' which Hyndman and his fellow-workers formulated thirty years ago, in the face of the vehement opposition of the bourgeoisie, and of almost the whole of the organised working-class."

Looking backward now, in 1922, I marvel at the extraordinary changes which these ten years have brought about, at the terrific storms which the Party has met and weathered, and at the astonishing intelligence of the man who adapted himself to the altered world and forced us to adapt ourselves, too. As he once said, "The Great War put the clock of

Progress on five-and-twenty years." In 1912 Social Democrats were still a vehement minority, denouncing, protesting and revolting, a voice crying in the wilderness, regarded with disdain by the governing classes, with horror by the bourgeoisie, and with suspicion by the workers themselves. To-day, in spite of vigorous and successful reactionary efforts by the possessing classes, in spite of great ignorance and the persistent, obvious, needless errors of organised Labour, the first stage of the Revolution is here. We have entered the beginning of the transition period. The capitalists, while defending their epoch, recognise its incipient decay and allow in so many words that " there is a great deal in our present system of which we must feel ashamed." Quite early in the Great War Hyndman realised that " practical remedies for pressing needs " were again required, and could only be supplied by those who understood the economic forces which were moulding these troublous times. He led English Social Democracy definitely into its second stage; it was no longer clamant, but soberly, incisively critical—and constructive. We left the policy of wrath and outcries to the Communist Party, who now stand, I suppose, where some of our pro-German and pacifist members stood twelve years ago.

Hyndman's birthday party is well described in the conclusion of the second volume of his Autobiography, the " Further Reminiscences," which appeared at the end of 1912. It was a famous and wonderful occasion. Congratulations poured in, and the letters from Guesde, Ledebour, Vandervelde, Bebel, Kautsky, Branting, Cipriani, Roubanovitch, Pablo Iglesias, and others beside, are worth reading. Of all the English friends and appreciators outside our movement who then wrote, I like best to remember Alfred Russell Wallace and Mrs Despard.

With no self-conscious false modesty the dear soul has recorded it all; and he might well have included his own letter of thanks to the Party in reply.

" Dear Quelch,

" Before the occasion is altogether forgotten I must write a few lines to thank you and the other members of the Old Guard, as well as our illustrious chairman " (G. B. Shaw) " and the many men and women of note who gathered round. It was the kindness and affection that prompted the celebration of my 70th birthday on the part of my veteran comrades-in-arms, which touched and encouraged me more than anything else. For I know I am not always an easy man to work with, and yet we have worked together for these long and arduous thirty years. . . . Over us, as we sat at table, waved the Red Flag of International Socialism, and the memory of those who had fallen in the glorious fight for the economic and social emancipation of humanity was in every mind. I have never been at any celebration where this spirit of religious revolutionary brotherhood for the achievement of our splendid object was so marked. . . . I believe this is a good augury for the future, and in the final struggle we shall see many of the ablest of the dominant class of our day fighting on the side of the people to bring the last, and perhaps the worst, form of human slavery to an end. . . ."

Hardly had he finished writing answers to the congratulations he had received, when Hyndman once more prepared to take the field in defence of the oppressed—on his old familiar tournament ground, Trafalgar Square. There was a meeting to defend Free Speech and the Liberty of the Press—quite a necessary protest, too! Even the Fabian Society moved a vigorous resolution, for the occasion of all this indignation was simple and scandalous. Tom Mann, Crowsley, the brothers Buck, and Bowman, were all arrested for distributing a leaflet which requested soldiers, called out to quell civil disorder, not to shoot their fellow-working-men. O'Grady, Thorne, Jack Jones, Scurr, Harry Orbell and Wedgwood spoke at a gathering which the weather did its best (or worst) to disperse; but unsuccessfully. Hyndman, however, was forbidden by the guardian of his welfare to face the downpour. This meeting at least brought about a reduction of the sentences, but established the principle in English law that it is illegal to appeal to soldiers not to shoot unarmed people.

While this quiet, determined and obviously effective protest was being made, *Justice* was heartily abused by some members of the British Socialist Party for pointing out the folly of "direct action" and for not supporting the suffragettes. *Justice* and the Party have, in fact, from the earliest days been lured, but lured in vain, by the shrieking sirens of various partial or non-political movements. We had to attend to our own business! And this was Social Democracy, not Syndicalism; Adult Suffrage, not Suffragettism; Economics, not Secularism; the destruction of wage-slavery, not the abolition of the family, or even Free Love.

On April 15 an inaugural meeting of the British Socialist Party was held at the London Opera House. It was a fine, mixed gathering, with Hyndman in the chair. Leonard Hall, Russell Smart and Victor Grayson—concerning the last silence is best—Tom Mann of the "tidal intellect" (Hyndman's phrase), Lady Warwick, Conrad Noel, Harry Quelch, Hunter Watts, and Dan Irving were present. Surveying the "period of unrest," H. M. H. said roundly that capitalist England contained an amount of ignorance, degradation and squalor unequalled in other countries. "Shame!" cried the audience, with a pleasant little thrill of moral reprobation. "Yes," said Hyndman promptly, "shame on you workers, for allowing it!" He was the only man in England who could, or would, have said it, and they cheered him to the echo, of course.

At Whitsuntide came the first annual Conference of the British Socialist Party at Manchester. It looked all right. Hyndman himself wrote:

> "The Conference was successful, for the delegates were numerous, the discussions were vigorous and brotherly—there was a moment when I remembered the lively French exihibitions of fraternity in the Congress of 1896!—and the resolutions passed were sound and thoroughgoing. . . . We have adopted the Red Flag of the old International as the badge of the British Socialist Party. We thus proclaimed our solidarity with foreign Socialists, and established the historic continuity of our own efforts to emancipate the workers of the world. . . . The disturbances of which the Press made so much were nothing to many a House of Commons scene. . . . Four delegates of anarchist tendencies refused to obey the ruling of the chair; they should have been turned out—and the Conference wished it—but it was better to avoid an unseemly scuffle. . . . Never mind: the British Socialist Party has come to stay."

The executive committee for the year 1912-1913 was, like the Opera House platform, quaint, mixed, and representative. One member is still a pillar of the party, one is dead, and the rest have gone their different ways. Hyndman, of course, remained chairman, and Lee secretary. I was abroad at the time of this conference, and for the next six months

I only knew of the doings of the party by hearsay. Whether there is gipsy blood in my family I don't know, but we are all wanderers; and in the uttermost parts of the earth you are sure to find Traverses, some respectable, some not. At spring and autumn the wander-fever takes me; if I can do nothing else, I must cycle along the English roads for a few days alone.

> For to admire and for to see,
> For to behold this world so wide
> —It never done no good to me;
> But I can't drop it if I tried.

So it was when I was young; now I look forward to the unknown country, and dream of finding my chief and comrade there.

Ten years ago Europe lay in an ominous quiet, and even the first Balkan War had not begun. Armed with introductions and recommendations, I spent about seven months in what are now called (rather impertinently) " the Succession States "—then the Balkan Kingdoms and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Dual Monarchy treated me with a sort of large-hearted " *Gemütlichkeit*," gave me a railway pass throughout the Empire, lent me lantern slides, and took not the least umbrage when I made friends with representative Nationalists in all the Slavonic dependent States. I could never feel hardly towards the Austrians; for, from the "K-und-K " officials in the Vienna State Railway Ministry to the captains and lieutenants at Uvac, on the Bosnian-Turkish-Servian border (as it then was), I received, without exception, courtesy, real friendliness, ample information and help. Independent Englishwomen have made for themselves a curiously favoured position on the Continent; and, within the limits of custom and reason, there is very little which they may not do. I could write a volume about my friends and wanderings in the Austro-Hungarian Empire and around it, if I had time. But the important thing is that the knowledge I then got of the Nationalist movements in the subject States, and my acquaintance with their leaders, was afterwards of great use to Hyndman.

In regard to the Near East and the Balkans his policy had always been strongly anti-Russian, and that implied pro-Turkish; consequently he had little sympathy with the struggles of the lesser Slavonic peoples to be free, and viewed the emancipation of Serbia, Roumania and Bulgaria without enthusiasm. But when he and I were seeing a good deal of one another, in the first six months of 1914, and the Balkan States noisily held the foreground in European politics, he was interested to hear my full and fairly truthful account of the Slavonic peoples within and without the Austrian Empire. What pleasant scenes I recalled! (making up, no doubt, for any paucity or inaccuracy of information by picturesque local colour!) The garden of an advanced Liberal leader in a pastoral suburb of Vienna, where, describing a recent tumult in the Reichsrath, he looked out from among his vines and roses to the quietest green fields and hills. The balcony of an old house high up in the walls of Spalato, one spring afternoon, and Dr. Josip Smodlaka turning Dalmatian folk-songs and ballads into fluent German for the benefit of his admiring children and me. Music, cream tarts and politics on an island of the golden-brown Moldau at Prague. A simple but lengthy dinner in the veranda of a little guest-house on the Bosnian border; red sunset over river and mountain, and my hosts, half-a-dozen Austrian officers, insatiably curious about English country-house life.

All this, trivial though it was, brought the problems of the nine races and eight languages of the Austrian Empire really home to Hyndman; and besides, he was so generously anxious to show off my little bits of knowledge that he paid very close attention to matters in the Near East. Consequently, when Dr. Benes and Professor Mazaryk came here as refugees, he gladly welcomed them, not to mention Trumbic, Supilo, and others, and became one of their most valued friends.

But I am running nearly two years ahead. When I went to Austria in April, 1913, Hyndman himself gave me introductions to Victor Adler at Vienna and to Habermann, the Czech Social Democrat who had attended the Whitsun B.S.P. Conference. Through him I first made acquaintance with the adorable city of Prague, never dreaming that Hyndman and I were to ride in triumphal progress round it, with Catherine Breshkovsky, eight years later on.

In June the Belgian Socialists received a striking defeat at the elections, which was ascribed by some people to their temporary alliance with the Liberals, and by others to the fact that a great many Liberals voted Catholic and not Socialist, in spite of their alliance. As Hyndman said, although our foreign comrades were very free in criticising our policy, he did not feel quite the same eagerness to comment on their actions and advise them about their affairs! However, he took this opportunity of writing a very interesting article in *Justice* upon Socialism in relation to Catholicism. Efforts are continually made, within and without our body, to harness Social Democracy to the car of Secularism, or *vice versâ*, in a sort of antagonist imitation, I suppose, of the alliance between the I.L.P. and various religious bodies. Social Democracy, he maintained, is a material and economic creed, a theory of the social cosmos, which has simply no relation to any hypothesis about man's place in the Universe, about deities, or a future life. The ethics of Social Democracy, communal or individual, and the clear, unshaken, magnificent idealism, which is its driving-force, might be practised by men of all theologies, or of none. But naturally the representatives of those religions which make a very large demand upon man's nature look upon that driving-force with a jealous eye. They can have no divided allegiance; and it seems to them, possibly, that when the love of humanity becomes so bright a refining fire, it approaches perilously near to the love of God.

Whether from spiritual or temporal reasons, the forces of Catholicism have certainly in most places been opposed to Socialism; yet the communal principles, the care for the people's education, and the public welfare work largely practised by the Church in the Middle Ages might well enable its followers at the present day to understand and appreciate the practical objects of Social Democracy.

Hyndman had always a sort of deep, hostile admiration for the Catholic Church. His parents and all his own relatives were Low Church Anglicans; but, during his childhood, for some reason that I have never understood, their house in town was visited by many old Catholic families, who were at that time a body quite apart in English society. Later on, in his South Sea travels, he came across various Catholic missionaries, and spoke of their work among the primitive and often charming islanders with sincere regard. Also, he became rather intimate with Cardinal Dr. Vaughan in the course of a return trip from America; and had, he says, the unusual privilege of assisting at a vehement religious controversy between Dr. Vaughan and three or four Presbyterian ministers from Boston. He describes in the first volume of his Autobiography (XII., 195) how he kept the ring; but the Boston ecclesiastics did not altogether like it. I think he held that, *granting certain postulates*, the position of Catholicism was a logical one; yet, individually speaking, it would be completely, utterly, absolutely impossible for him to grant anything of the kind. He always spoke with full appreciation of the vast social efficiency of the Catholic Church; and I am told that the passages in his "Historical Basis of Socialism," describing its work among the people during the Middle Ages, are frequently quoted. The following sentences from the article in *Justice* give a summary of his point of view. (June 15, 1912).

"Many years ago I used to tell Belfort Bax that Catholicism as an active force is not played out in the history of humanity, and that in my judgment it is, internationally, our most dangerous enemy. It lends an idealism to reaction. . . . Not only is the Catholic Church, even in decay, a stupendous organisation, with its vast array of highly-educated, self-sacrificing celibates whose one idea is the greatness, glory and dignity of their ancient and holy institution, but it appeals, with all the accumulated force of centuries of tradition, to the imagination of men and women who crave for supernatural guidance and support . . . and Catholics of to-day understand this thoroughly. They are taking control of the more intelligent of the dominant reactionaries on the one hand, while striving to extend their influence among the people on the other."

As a free-thinker, Hyndman was more of a definite Materialist than an Agnostic, a man of the 'sixties rather than the 'nineties. His first instinct was to say, "There is nothing," rather than "I do not know." He had no sympathy with the militant Atheist, whose motto is "*Ecrasez l'infâme*," because he realised that mankind had not been driven into excessive cruelty by religion—rather, men had used religion as an excuse for gratifying their own desire to torment one another. But, when he was young, a singularly ugly and unreasonable form of theology had been presented to him with all the definiteness and authority of a scientific formula. He used to like to call himself as devoid of a spiritual sense as the tone-deaf man is of music—greater nonsense never issued from those venerable lips! He was certainly not "theopathetic," but one may fairly say that he realised the existence of many invisible powers, though he did not perceive them; and he held that the poets had sometimes received the "revelation of God" in a fuller measure than the men who usually claim to have done so. For this reason he would often say that a comparatively unknown poet, whom he knew well, was greater than himself—a remark wihch distressed me like an aberration of judgment, until I understood the full bearing of it. He meant that the poet in question, having all the

> "Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature,
> Wandering about in worlds not realised"

that are common to poets, had been given the freedom of an invisible world which was, during his own earthly career, closed to himself.

At the beginning of August I received in Galicia a letter from Hyndman, written in justifiable but unusual depression, about the end of the Transport Workers' strike. It was in brief the substance of Chapter XIX. in "Further Reminiscences." I wish indeed that he had lived to write further upon this subject in the proposed "Ten Years More," though I know well enough what he would have said. With the growing amalgamation of Trade Unions and Employers' Federations, every strike of one trade, or even of a branch occupation, involves so many other trades that it comes nearer and nearer to the General Strike. And this, except for bluff purposes, is really not satisfactory. With every hour beyond the first twenty-four, inconvenience grows and hostility increases, until, between opponents and defaulters, the strike peters out. For every single Trade Unionist, every Communist even, is a consumer first; and in strike times John Smith, consumer, suffers most sharply for what the very same John Smith, trade unionist, has done. It is no alleviation of his plight that Smith, the trade unionist, was perhaps tricked into a strike or locked-out by his employer; the rest of the consuming public never inquire into the rights of the matter, but turn upon the immediate cause of their inconvenience. And it must not be forgotten that, when public sympathy is alienated, the strike fails.

It is curious, in the light of all that has followed, to remember that Hyndman and some other Social Democrats gave a dinner to Camille Huysmans on his visit to England at this time. That interesting person, replying to the toast, paid a by no means expansive tribute to Hyndman, and made some acute remarks on the difficulties of Social Democracy in England—" the country of the Salvation Army and John Burns." It sometimes looks as if M. Huysmans had understood, better than most foreigners, the mentality of one particular section of English life and how to influence it.

On my return to England in the autumn I found that some women who had been good Social Democratic workers had lapsed into suffragettism, and a heated correspondence on " Votes for Ladies " was going on in *Justice*. Now the Social Democratic Federation had from the very beginning advocated universal Adult Suffrage, not only as a pious hope, but through a series of practical electoral reforms. To this position the Party and its leaders adhered, refusing to be " made the catspaw of a bourgeois movement," as poor George Lansbury was, who sought re-election at Bow and Bromley, in November, upon the question of forcing the enfranchisement of some women. To everyone's surprise and regret, he lost—in spite of his personal popularity and the support of Liberals, Labourists and Socialists—through his championship of " militant " suffragettism.

" A large, lazy Trade Union Congress " had just taken place, I was told as I returned, only redeemed from apathy by the presence of Will Thorne in the chair. Did we really have such a plague of Congresses, Conferences and general Trade and Labour gatherings then as we do now? Was the ordinary political Socialist quite so much surfeited with Labour organisation and megalotherian agencies twelve years ago? It seems to me that the discussion then returned more to principles, and that tendencies were more easily classified and labelled. We heard a good deal of Syndicalism, and I remember begging Hyndman to define it for me, once for all.

Syndicalism, Anarchy, and the miscalled " Communist Movement " were, he told me, only different forms of slave-revolt, anti-political and special rather than general. The first is group-Individualism, if I may use such a contradictory term; each trade union is to be a law to itself, fighting independently against the possessing class, breaking down profit in each trade, and organised for the benefit of that trade alone. Thus the consumer is an enemy to be fought just as bitterly as the employer—although the workers in every trade are themselves consumers in each and all!

Syndicalism leads logically to unholy alliances within the trades themselves of the employing monopoly and the workers against the public; and a fine example of this had just taken place. Sir Walter Runciman, being entertained at the annual dinner of the Executive of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, told them that the men recognised the uses of a strong Shipping Federation (!) and the shipowners saw that it was a good thing to have a sound Seamen's Union as well. "No class-war; no antagonism between exploiting capitalist and exploited workman, but the agreement of the two to prey upon society; the monopolist to force up rates and freights, and then to share a little of the extra swag with his slaves." (These are Hyndman's words, not Runciman's.)

But enough of Trade Union matters for the moment. There was a fine Social-Democrat meeting at the London Opera House, in spite of heavy rain—the Clerk of the Weather was a pronounced anti-Socialist that year. Hyndman, who always liked to speak last, wound up the evening in rousing fashion. It was an intellectual call to arms—an appeal to the workers to use their heads as well as their hands, to drill their brains, to learn to handle their political and municipal weapons with effect, and to combine for the complete overthrow of the political system. And just then it really looked as if the German Social-Democrats had given us a fine lead. The numbers of the Party were growing daily, as Hyndman pointed out in a *Times* letter, the Press was extraordinarily vigorous and advanced, and Karl Liebknecht was holding the extremely difficult constitutency of Potsdam. Since 1870 Schweitzerists and Revisionists might come and go, but the Social-Democratic advance was steady all along the line.

A lesser man would have been silent about the progress of the party which had played him such an ill turn at the last International. Moreover, just at this moment the German Socialists on the International Bureau had succeeded in their attempt to postpone the next International Congress, against the wishes of nearly all the other nations. And then came the first Balkan War. This has been so overshadowed by the Great War that its causes, or even the run of its events are now forgotten. Hyndman knew that the Balkan States were almost openly encouraged to fight by Russia; and he certainly believed, although I do not think he ever publicly stated, that the Central Powers urged on this struggle, so that the Southern Slavs might waste men and arms and fall more easily prey to a large, well-concerted German attack when occasion offered. Obviously the so-called " second Balkan War " had this origin. Meanwhile, the ambitious and picturesque designs of the successor to the Austrian throne were already known to many; and there was a sort of wild logic about them—like a theorem in statics, ignoring friction and weight—which made it appear as if they might by chance succeed. How true the Archduke was to the Habsburg family type! As Hermann Bahr has said, all that dynasty, from the first Maximilian onward, lived and moved and had their being in a sphere unutterably remote from reality. The most brilliant of them, making a great effort, became monarchs who would have carried all the world with them—had they only been born a hundred years *behind* their time.

However, the International Socialist Bureau, being little concerned with Imperial designs and deep-laid capitalist intrigues, issued a Manifesto linking up the Balkan War none too clearly with " brigandage in Morocco and Tripoli," and advising the Social Democrats of all countries to keep quiet and protest against war. The manifesto of the Austrian Socialist Party, which included representatives of all the subject Slav States, coupled a strong and wholesome demand for racial independence with general injunctions for peace. The executive of the British Socialist Party briefly condemned the Balkan War and expressed appreciation of the protests made by Socialist comrades in Serbia, Bulgaria and Turkey. Nobody seems to have cried, "*Cherchez les financiers!*" in those days, as we all do now.

A very interesting and important matter came before the International Socialist Bureau at this time. The B.S.P. applied for affiliation to the International, as a separate section, and not as part of the English Labour Party. For this Quelch, then one of the English delegates of the I.S.B., briefly and soundly urged that the B.S.P. should affiliate *separately*, because the majority in the British section of the Labour Party was admittedly and avowedly not a Socialist Party at all, and had no right, therefore, to be in the Socialist International.

To this point, to this initial blunder of the International, we return again and again, unavoidably, in writing the story of English Social Democracy, and of its founder, during these ten years. (The time, I must repeat, has been not unprofitably spent in bringing the Labour Party into line with a Socialist programme; and if the next ten years pass away in forcing them towards acting upon it, we may at least report progress!)

Hyndman, as we have seen, had originally opposed the admission of the British Labour Party to International Socialist Congresses and to representation upon the Bureau, on the ground that it was a non-Socialist body, generally voting with one of the capitalist parties in Parliament and specifically repudiating the class-war. To this Kautsky once replied, in the tenor of the Communist manifesto, that nevertheless, *being* a working-class organisation, it was necessarily acting in the class-war *against its own consciousness and will!!* This staggering announcement was accepted by the I.S.B. and has proved very serviceable to the British Labour Party. The latter body, however, heard some refreshing home truths about themselves from the B.S.P. when this application for separate affiliation was made; and their rejoinder irresistibly suggests the picture of some dull and well-meaning animal—a bear, say—trying at moments to run alongside the Socialist hare while hunting with the capitalist hounds.

It is curious and sad to read what Hyndman wrote in 1892:

> "Now consider. Is a Labour Party, merely as a Labour Party, an end to work for? Look at it how we will, such a party wears an aspect of thorough selfishness, so far as it makes any impression on the mind at all. The great class struggles of the past were not avowedly conflicts simply to obtain more of the material advantages of life for the rising class. The war waged against the King, the feudal nobles and the clergy by the middle class in various countries was not carried on as an avowed bourgeois rising, solely to obtain possession of more wealth. Neither did the opposing side declare that they were fighting solely for power and property. Both had an ideal—Freedom and religious liberty on the side of the shopkeepers; divine right and aristocratic privileges on the side of the monarchists. Cromwell was wise enough to see that it took men fired by an ideal to rout enemies who had an ideal of their own. . . . A Labour Party, to be of real value in the bitter conflicts of the coming time, must glow with as true an ardour as the God-fearing Independents

of Cromwell. . . . Where is such an inspiration to be found for the depressed victims of capitalism? Nowhere, outside the soul-stirring ideals of revolutionary Social Democracy."

Our old chief, however, was not always calling us to the heights. Just as his volume of "Further Reminiscences" came out, he, being in want of a little fun, wrote to the *Daily Chronicle* about a certain "Hyndman Church" near Chatham, which was derelict and out of repair. His father, or in actual fact his aunt, Kate Hyndman, had left a large sum of money for the erection and maintenance of a number of Anglican Evangelical churches. (How often have we had occasion to curse that legacy! Not only for the deflection of sums we would fain have employed otherwise, but for the misleading reputation of wealth which cropped up again and again!) So Hyndman suggested that, since the building was not used, he, as eldest son of the donor, "might be permitted to conduct in this now useless edifice, a series of Socialist services" and that "funds might be supplied to glaze the windows, etc., if only to prevent me from catching cold in the course of my ministrations!"

Macmillan brought out "Further Reminiscences," the second volume of Hyndman's autobiography, just at the end of the year. It was well received, though not with the real enthusiasm that attended the "Record of an Adventurous Life," for it was more critical, more controversial, and quite up-to-date. Ten years make a great difference in what one may call "the incidence of hard sayings." To speak evil of past and gone dignitaries, abuses and institutions is comparatively harmless, and many people find it amusing reading; but the same thing written about living powers becomes subversive—disturbing, too, for it often obliges the reader to stop and think. However, the *Athenæum* remarked that "Further Reminiscences" would be of real value to the student of politics, particularly as "a record of modern Socialists, from one who had been connected with them from the first. The leading figures of a movement which drove mere Republicanism into the background among the working-classes, between one election and the next, and transformed the electoral programme of both parties, should be as well described as its theories; and from this point of view Mr Hyndman is an authority."

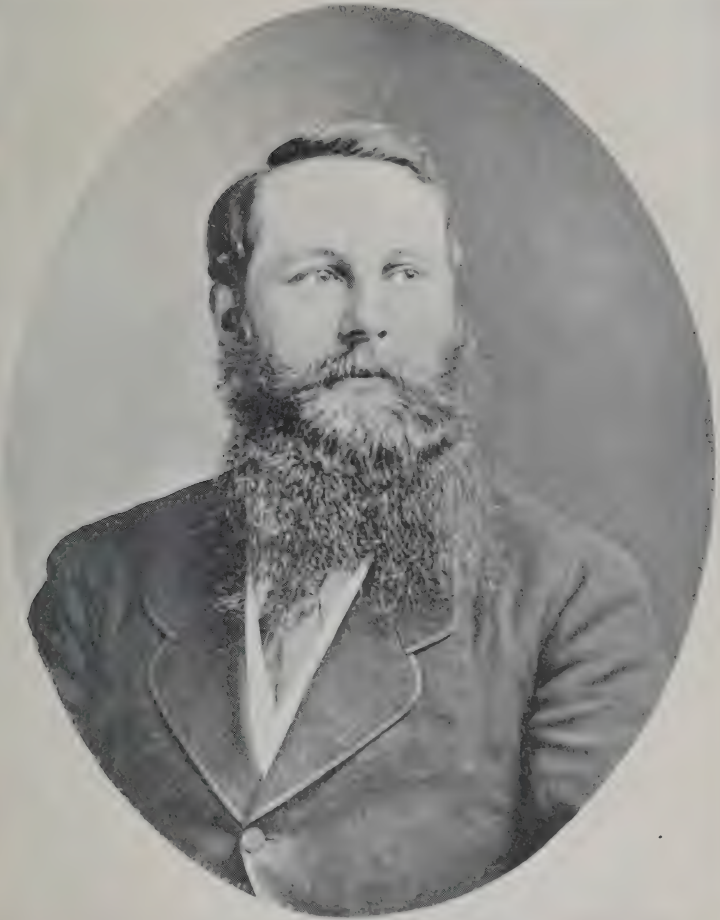
It is extraordinary to note that an old friend and comrade, reviewing the book, took exception to the famous chapter upon " the German Menace "—from which exception, I am glad to say, the editor of *Justice* carefully dissociated his journal. The psychology of this blind, obstinate Pacifism, its inevitable declension into pro-Germanism, and (later on) into malignant opposition to the nationalities freed from German tyranny, deserves the most careful study. What is there about so humane and rational a theme as world-peace which could undermine the reason and honesty of its adherents? Yet surely it does. How many Pacifists in all countries outside Germany have, by the irony of human things, become supporters of German militarism and Russian bloodshed! And the really fanatical Pacifist will, in controversy, misrepresent a whole degree more unscrupulously than the member of any other political body. My pen and my tongue are those of a ready liar when political circumstances require it; but, matched with the swift, unconscious, imaginative mendacity of a good Pacifist, I am beaten every time. As for my dear husband, he could scarcely lie at all! This strange disability was, as friends and enemies at length realised, the fundamental reason of his failure to enter Parliament—and of his success as the apostle of a mathematically sound and noble creed.

CHAPTER V

The German Question Again—Death of Matilda Hyndman—Bebel—Ireland—Our Engagement.

1913 was a hard, even toilsome year for Hyndman, and a very painful one. His elder wife's health was beginning to fail, but she, being a plucky and devoted woman, kept her increasing disabilities as far as possible to herself. He went here, there and everywhere to speak, in the early months of the year, exerting himself more than his partner would have allowed had she possessed her full strength and initiative. He was also undertaking some large financial matters, which at least provided a little necessary cash, and a magnificent crop of illusions. Further, encouraged by the success of the "Reminiscences," he wrote a series of imaginative descriptions of the future Co-operative Commonwealth, and called it "The Life to Come." When this proved less acceptable to Messrs Macmillan than the "Reminiscences," he immediately turned to and wrote the better half of a good novel of adventure, remotely based on some of his experiences in Salt Lake City, many years ago.

Meanwhile the internal condition of the B.S.P. was extremely disquieting. Early in January the Executive passed a long and foolish "resolution upon armaments," declaring among other things, that there was nothing to choose between German and British Imperialism, and calling upon the British Government to desist from "provoking Germany" and to decrease expenditure upon the Army and Navy. To Hyndman, who realised that the long training and organisation of semi-feudal, militarist, monarchical Germany must soon culminate in a war of conquest, who saw that a strong Navy was our only guard against blockade and starvation while we lived upon sea-borne food, such a resolution was self-blinded idiocy and nothing more. He mistrusted the intelligence, but not the probity, of his opponents, and I do not think he ever suspected active pro-German efforts within the body. He protested against this resolution by offering to resign from the chairmanship of the Executive,



H. M. HYNDMAN

PROBABLY 1871

and the matter was unsatisfactorily smoothed over for a time.

The situation was made more difficult for Hyndman by a very plausible joint manifesto of French and German Social Democrats against increased armaments. With perfect truth this document set forth how wars are always originated by the ruling classes, and how Citizen Armies, established for national defence only, would constitute a possible guarantee of universal peace. It was supported by a vigorous discourse of Vogtherr in the Reichstag, where he declared that the great manufacturers of armaments and warships were trying to poison the relations between the two countries, and concluded with the now familiar utterance that all wars were of capitalist origin. What was the use of such a statement in the Germany of 1913, where the whole social structure was based upon *militarism*, and bound up with it, and where, literally, every aristocratic or bourgeois family had a son in the army, and looked upon him as their most distinguished member? Only long residence in Germany, or wide acquaintance with current German literature could bring the conditions of this huge European Sparta home to a foreigner. And then, also, the subordinate people of Germany, the docile, industrious, kindly "Deutsche Michel" of Westphalia, Thuringia, Swabia, Saxony, Hanover, and even Pomerania, the millions who went blindly to make "Kanonenfutter," were so orderly and lovable in themselves that it was impossible to conceive them rolling up without a protest into huge armies of destruction! As soon imagine a countless herd of dachshunds, commanded and maddened into attack by a highly efficient group of wolves!

I venture to think that we Social Democrats, and even Hyndman himself, did not lay enough weight upon these two psychological factors, the political backwardness of Germany and the sharp difference of character, almost of race, between the ruled and the ruling classes there. Had we insisted upon these, we might have gained the ear of the "intellectuals" and the clever young people of England more easily. Some persons, who remain deaf to facts and economic forces, are beguiled by psychological generalities. But Hyndman's business was with facts; and he lived and died (and will ultimately triumph) in the belief that man is a reasoning animal.

However, two months before this he had experienced a fine example of the contrary. The Party courageously held a demonstration at Trafalgar Square (in January!) in favour of Adult Suffrage—and not a single one of the Women's Suffrage Societies was willing to appear.

The very large vote cast for Eugene Debs in his Socialist candidature for the Presidency cheered our old leader immensely, and he wrote a stirring article upon it. Then he passed on to the most depressing and hopeless of his crusades against avoidable miseries, the Load Line. At several meetings he said extremely libellous things, and they were known by all concerned to be so true that even Mr Lloyd George and the Board of Trade uttered very few words in their own defence. He also followed up the workings of the Marconi scandal in what I can only call a thoroughly mischievous spirit. How he did chuckle over one reluctant revelation after another! interpreting them fully by his own financial knowledge. He used to liken the Marconi affair to "the Diamond Necklace," and say that it similarly betokened the imminent downfall of a governing caste.

The second annual Conference of the B.S.P. was held in May, at Blackpool. I possess one of those horrible collective photographs to which all assemblies, from wedding-parties upward, sooner or later commit themselves. The important people are generally unrecognisable, and insignificant persons, or even passers-by, are immortalised, looking their very best. Hyndman had unconsciously chosen a clerical type of dress that year. He looked, as he always did, profoundly respectable, but so inappropriate! in a soft black hat of Methodist shape, with a long and pastoral beard.

The armaments question again came up, and Hyndman, after stating his position, concluded that, to avoid risking the unity of the Party, he was content to hold his own view, and not to enter upon a discussion, or to raise it, in any way that might upset the Party. Fifteen months later his view was amply confirmed; but, in spite of the logic of events, the Pacifist wing of the B.S.P. remained powerful until the final split of the Party at Manchester in 1916.

During the spring and summer of 1913 I myself was in closer touch with the Russian Social Revolutionaries in London than with the B.S.P. Either then or in the autumn (I forget which) I was able to be of some assistance to Volkhovsky, and I wrote occasionally for "Free Russia." Being independent and free to travel, I might in time have become a very useful link between the Russian Social Revolutionaries and the Social Democrats here; but it is also possible that I might merely have found my way into the Tsar's dominions and done something foolish. Looking back, now that the English S.D.F. is simply part of my being, these former relations with another group and another country seem almost a disloyalty! My only excuse is that, like just a few other English folk, I always feel more at home on the Continent than I do here. Scandinavians, Teutons or Slavs, I appreciate them all, and cherish the fancy that I understand them more easily than my own countrymen—yet I am English to the backbone. The truth is—I chanced to be born in Germany, and spent the first six weeks of my life there. One never gets over these early impressions!

However, although my mother, who was an excellent teacher and student of languages, was studying Russian with me, I found it necessary to have some other reason than "Free Russia" for staying in town. Therefore I took the place of a temperance worker at a settlement in Canning Town, and went to Westminster or Chelsea as occasion required.

In June I was often calling at Queen Anne's Gate, since the elder Mrs Hyndman had fallen seriously ill. Hyndman was anxious but hopeful, for she was a bright patient; and the very last time I heard her voice it sounded so cheery and strong that I went away as confident as he of her ultimate recovery. But she died quite suddenly; and, not knowing it, I came upon our dear old man in the first hours of his grief. Poor darling, I was never in my life so poignantly and desperately sorry for anyone as I was for him.

No one could have served and loved him better than Matilda, for seven-and-thirty years. She must have been beautiful as a girl, and she was brisk and charming when I knew her in middle age. She supported him through good fortune and ill. She accepted Socialism, and the extraordinary change of life that it required, with cheerful philosophy; she kept a smiling face through the hard days of 1887, when they finally left Devonshire Street and went into very comfortless rooms in Buckingham Palace Road—and through all the financial uncertainties that followed. She watched over him, tended him, laughed at him, when necessary, and offered him sound commonsense, which he did not always take. "Had I followed my dear elder wife's advice," he said more than once to me, "I should have been a richer and a wiser man." He firmly believed that a woman who is devoted to her husband's interest may, without possessing more than a good mother-wit, develop a kind of instinct about his affairs which is usually extremely sound. Matilda could not only counsel wisely, but accept the situation calmly if her advice was not followed. She had a good sense of humour and a fund of country phrases; though serene by nature, she had a lively tongue, and would scold him for his misdemeanours if he deserved it. Years later, when I had exhausted a picturesque vocabulary and an Elizabethan fund of simile upon him for the sin of rejecting an overcoat or carelessly risking a fall, he would make the disarming answer: "That's *just* what my dear elder wife used to say!"

Like many countrywomen of good yeoman stock, she was a shrewd and skilful organiser in practical affairs. The Party will never forget the work she did in providing free meals for children in London during the late 'eighties and early 'nineties; and when she was forced to give it up, unlike some initiators of reform, she left the scheme in such good working order that others were easily able to carry it on. She also did much in the ungrateful, necessary work of starting Women's Branches, though no one understood better than she the saying: "God created Man and Woman together; but the Devil said to Man, 'Let's start a Club,' and to Woman, 'You make a Women's Branch'"! Only three months before she died she gave an excellent address to the Women's Council of the B.S.P., reminding them how the old, sentimental phrases about the influence of the wife and mother in working-class homes were, after all, extremely true. A Socialist mother, she said, even if the father were not of her opinion, would be almost sure to bring up children ripe for Social Democracy. She foresaw the rapid coming of Adult Suffrage, and feared, as we all did, the reactionary effect of a crowd of untrained, apathetic voters, but recognised that only responsibility and the exercise of voting power could turn these into intelligent citizens.

From far and wide, and even from most unlikely quarters, came messages of sympathy to Hyndman. His old friends took care of him in the lonely weeks of that summer, and his second cousin, Francis Hyndman, also kept him company for a time. But he simply could not be idle for long. Already early in August he presided at a meeting to give a testimonial to H. W. Lee, now our valued editor of *Justice*, and at that time general secretary to the Party, a post which he had held, under the old Social Democratic Federation, the Social Democratic Party, and the British Socialist Party, for twenty-eight years.

At the end of this month Bebel suddenly died, and Hyndman wrote a fine tribute to his work and character. He never cordially liked him, as he did Wilhelm Liebknecht, but he fully valued his remarkable and effective career. His vigorous opposition to Bismarck's war against France, and to German Chauvinism, his successful reconciliation of the Marxian and Lassallean wings of German Social Democracy (against the wishes of Marx and Engels themselves !) showed him to be, as Hyndman said " a statesman of foresight, capacity and determination." Thus he consolidated the German Social Democratic Party, and formed it into a great effective machine which recorded four million votes in the last campaign.

And so we wrote and thought in 1913 ! We were bemused, as Hyndman would say, by the sight of this large, well-organised body, and by all the imposing business of the International. But what did it *effect*, after all ? Surely it was very like a fine motor standing motionless, or at the most, moving painfully a foot or two upon an almost impassable eighteenth-cetury road ! What did it *do?* We were carefully warned that, in the event of war, these four million Social Democrats, many of them trained soldiers, *would not object to march;* their utmost opposition would be a refusal to vote the war credits. *And they did not even do that!* The overthrow of the Hohenzollerns was brought about by other forces than the German Social Democracy ; the present German Republic is an ordinary bourgeois capitalist affair, and the majority of nominal Social Democrats in Germany are a long way yet from acknowledging their country's war-guilt. Hyndman used to say, with Heine, that when the German Revolution did come, it would far outdo the French cataclysm of 1789. But he did not live to see it ; neither shall I.

It is just possible that a historian writing an account of Social Democracy in Europe would, if he used war-similes, compare the British Social Democratic Party to the " contemptible little army " of 1914 fame. That, however, is not Hyndman's thought, but merely mine ; for he always considered Social Democracy as one international whole.

Early in September the Irish Transport Workers' Union and Jim Larkin came to the fore. There was a very nasty disturbance in Dublin, arising out of the tramway strike; and, as Mr Handel Booth said, " Sackville Street was in the hands of the most brutal constabulary ever let loose upon a peaceful assembly." Trouble spread quickly, and took a dramatic turn, as everything does in Ireland; there was severe shortage of food among the strikers in Dublin, and the Trade Union Congress and the Co-operative Wholesale Society of Manchester sent over a relief ship, with a cargo of food to the value of £5,000. This really very fine and fraternal act has been almost forgotten among the violent happenings of the following years. There were several lesser strikes at the same time in the British Isles, and a general condition of industrial unrest, which made some ardent spirits imagine that the Social Revolution really might be " just round the corner " at last. But Hyndman knew better, and his judgment of Jim Larkin, then the popular hero, was true. I need not quote that judgment, for it has been fully corroborated by the course of time.

To add to the general ferment, it became clear, early in October, that the inhabitants of one part of the Irish province of Ulster would rebel against the English Ministry if a certain measure of self-government, called Home Rule, were granted to Ireland as a whole. The real trouble was that a number of English people, from reasons of sect, property, and capital, were quite likely to support the Ulster rebels. What an extraordinary thing it is that any questions touching Ireland should " fly to the head," or rather to the emotions, of people of quite average intelligence! I remember the extreme bitterness of feeling between English Unionists and Home Rulers almost in my childhood, for my father and mother were both then sound supporters of the proposal that Ireland should manage her own affairs. Even to this day, I cannot write quite soberly about Irish matters. I recollect, about this time, being quite suspicious of my dear Hyndman—in spite of his Land League record!—because he insisted that the Home Rule Bill, as it stood in 1913, was an ill-constructed measure, and showed, further, that the Protestants of Ulster ought, in reason and justice, to be allowed to " contract out" of an Irish self-government scheme if they really desired. " Ulster blood will show itself somehow! "

thought I to myself, remembering the Hyndmans of Ayrshire, who had crossed the sea and settled in the Irish north.

And yet he had certainly no kind words for the Ulster men: he called them a dour, narrow-minded, bigoted, fanatical folk. He dwelt on the sweating, thriving capitalism of Belfast, its foul slums and lack of school accommodation —"but," he said, "Ulster *will* fight—right or wrong! And because it is clear that Ulstermen are training and prepared to use their weapons, they will be conciliated."

From this he drew a very disagreeable but incontrovertible moral—to wit: the wage-slaves, however just their cause, will receive no real consideration from the possessing classes, until they show that they are ready and able to fight for themselves.

That was in 1913, when he hoped that the political intelligence of the English would overtake their economic development, and that the capitalist system would not break up until a majority of the people understood fairly what the conditions of the next economic period would be, and could advance intelligently to meet them. But the Great War has hurried capitalism in England from ripeness into rottenness; and the edifice of Western Society is cracking on every side. It looks as if what Hyndman often feared might come to pass: and the present system fall into ruins, amid universal chaos and dismay, before the foundation-stones of the next economic period are soundly laid.

I was now beginning to have the privilege of hearing these and many other speculations from Hyndman himself. I returned to Canning Town after spending two summer months with my father and mother near Dorchester, and fell naturally into the way of calling at Queen Anne's Gate to relieve my old friend's loneliness, and learn wisdom, if I could. And, among other things, he set himself to show me that, however good my intentions and my future knowledge of Russian, I should certainly be of more use to Social Democracy in London than to Social Revolution in St. Petersburg.

On one occasion I met another young woman, whose career was of interest to him, Miss X., if I may call her so. She had given some time to the careful study of Indian economics and finance, and came to the same conclusion as Hyndman upon the disastrous effect of British rule in India. Her attainments were considerable, and during that autumn she was asked to read a paper before a gathering of distinguished, or at any rate highly-experienced gentlemen connected with India. Her paper, I believe, was unexceptionable and incontrovertible; but the devil entered into her, as he does into all of us at whiles, and she added unnecessary spice to her facts, and her exposition of them, by quoting the second verse of "Greenland's icy mountains" with an irresistible intonation of mockery, which gave some of her worthy hearers great pain. But it simply delighted Hyndman, and stirred that vein of *gaminerie* in him which was so pleasing to his friends, and sometimes so profitable to his foes. When pressed, he admitted that Miss X.'s agreeable recitation of those familiar lines had not done a particle of good, and certainly some harm to her cause; nevertheless he thought her a jolly, plucky little soul at the time, and forgave her a great deal of the trouble she made for him afterwards, because of the sonorous way she had recited "And only man is vile."

Winter began with a round of meetings for Hyndman—Reading, Cardiff, Battersea, and various other places. He certainly earned his living! And, from the summer of 1913 to the beginning of the war, the financial undertakings to which I have referred kept him supplied with a little means, and with a more essential thing, hope. He was quite confident that the next few months would give him the power to do what he liked for the Party; and he found real consolation for his loss in plans for these new activities. Everybody has seen how a vigorous nature will unconsciously cure itself of a shattering blow by turning with all its force in some fresh direction, drawing help, if necessary, from what at another time would be recognised for illusions. In Hyndman the will to live in every sphere of being, intellectual, emotional and physical, was marvellously strong.

So he went on until the end of the year, when Anatole France and some members of the International Socialist Bureau visited England. There was a very pretty literary reception for the creator of Bergeret and Crainquebille, followed by a fine gathering organised by the Fabians, and attended by the Social Democrats, the I.L.P., and other Socialist bodies. Hyndman and Hardie "delivered short and appropriate addresses," as the newspapers say. The former was rightly proud of his graceful and well-turned French speech, as he told me about it next day—there never was any false modesty about my dear old man! He enjoyed his own good sayings as well as other people's.

OUR ENGAGEMENT

By this time we were seeing a great deal of each other, and it was clear to both of us that we should sooner or later enter into some definite relationship. I thought that as a kind of honorary secretary I might look after him fairly well. He was going to escape part of the winter by spending some time at Nice with Belfort Bax and his wife, so we talked matters over, but came to no final understanding before he left. He had misgivings lest his own weight of years should lie heavy upon him in the near future; I had good grounds for thinking myself a difficult person to live with, and dreaded any permanent bond. So he set off for Paris, taking with him my books of poetry, "Thyrsis and Fausta" and "The Two Arcadias," to read on the way. Instead, he wrote me a charming but still doubtful letter from the train, and did not begin the perusal of those volumes till he reached Paris. He spent, as he said, the greater part of the night reading them, and dispatched a brief but eloquent telegram early next morning, "Poems beautiful—love." Upon the very heels of this followed a letter expressing no doubts at all, but certainties, and, in fact, command. Thereon ensued an interesting correspondence, a source of great pleasure to both, which continued until his return.

CHAPTER VI

Personalia—Temperance—Socialist Unity—The Materialist Conception of History—Our Marriage.

Hyndman came back to England at the end of January, so we met and began to make plans for living together in the near future. We intended to keep our agreement secret for some time, but I was obliged to explain to my Russian friends that I could no longer be of financial assistance to them, and I gave my reason in confidence to Volkhovsky. He must have inadvertently mentioned it to someone else, for early in February the news was common property. I had told my father and mother, who received the announcement with austere disapproval. My father alone would, I think, soon have made friends with my future husband, since they were both, as men say, " good fellows," but unhappily, where I was concerned, my parents did not act as two but One. And this One, regarding myself, always recalled Mr Pecksniff's famous adjuration: " If a flaming dragon had proclaimed it from Salisbury steeple I should have said that dragon lied! " In other words, if I had been snatched up to Heaven in a fiery chariot, my parents would have thought no better of me, and rather worse of Heaven!

However, *I* was sincerely congratulated by all whom we knew, while my dear future husband received half-a-dozen different warnings against me, unsigned! One of the latter must have been sent by that singular and very interesting person, my mother, who made further indirect attempts to break off our marriage. Her character would be worth study; and I think I have the key to it in the circumstances of her development and the physical accidents which determined her relations to me. But what does it matter? Had I been anyone else's child my parents and I would have liked each other very much. After all, my mother was an admirable teacher, they were both very kind to me in illness, and they kept my great St. Bernard dog, Fennoman, most happily with them after my marriage till the end of his life. I am aware that this is the very oddest summary of the relations of parent and child that ever was written! but it contains the essentials of our situation.

Years afterward my husband and I were sitting together in the open bay-window at Well Walk, one sunny afternoon, and the outline of "Ten Years More" was in our thoughts. I asked him:

"And what will you say about your mother-in-law?"

His reply was witty and pungent, but must not be given. We finally agreed that the only account of my mother's attitude towards him should be the following story, which is absolutely true:

My aunt, Miss Ellicott, was vigorously defending my husband to my mother, and finally, overpowered by the other's dialectic, but not beaten, she concluded:

"At least, he is a thorough gentleman!"

"*So is Satan!*" replied his well-read mother-in-law.

It must be told to the lasting honour of Rosalind Frances Ellicott that she, quite unprepared by education or surroundings to appreciate my husband, welcomed him from the first, and only grew to like him better as the years went on. She was alone in her family in doing so. I owe it to her that my grandmother, Mrs Ellicott, was able to receive Hyndman and myself when we were engaged, a few weeks before the end of her life. Constantia Ellicott, widow of the former Bishop of Gloucester, was a marvellous woman, who had been brilliantly attractive in youth and maturity, and was still charming in extreme old age. Though highly gifted, she had no intellectual pretensions; yet, in so many words, "what she did not know about men was not worth knowing." In these days she was bed-ridden; but the old lady was quite a pretty sight in her laces and ribbons; and the two remarkable people made a favourable impression on one another. When my future husband withdrew, after a little conversation with her, she said to me: "My dear, that's the most sweet-tempered man I ever saw in my life!" And she was quite right.

Hyndman valued this testimony to his private amiability almost as much as Justin McCarthy's tribute to his urbane and peace-loving disposition in the Land League days. But some old comrades in the Party have found it difficult to accept my grandmother's words literally! I remember my dear husband telling the story (which, I repeat, is absolutely true) to Dan Irving, Will Thorne (I think), Lee, and one or two others of the Old Guard. Then indeed did Homeric laughter shake the roof, in which Hyndman himself most heartily joined!

Miss Ellicott was many years younger than "her dear nephew Harry," and he always enjoyed the gentle jest of the relationship. One day, being with his dentist, he happened to ask that a look-out might be kept for her motor, since "my Aunt is going to call for me."

"Your Aunt!" said the dentist, and his jaw dropped with amazement, as if he had heard Methuselah say he was going to meet Eve.

We were lunching with the Belfort Baxes next day, and Hyndman told this incident with gusto. The talk turned upon relatives, and I mentioned how I had learnt from my husband's family that his grandmother once declared, "of all the little devils I ever had to bring up, Harry Hyndman was the worst!"

"Oh," said Bax to me, brightly, "*did you know his grandmother?*"

The first philosopher in Europe! It was one of those rare, happy occasions when Fiction is outdone by Fact. Mr Belfort Bax I know will forgive me for repeating the tale, because Hyndman always enjoyed it so much.

One passes naturally from any reference to Bax, the most hearty theoretic upholder of Man's Sacred Right to Unlimited Alcohol, into a consideration of the opposite, Total Abstinence.

Upon my departure from Canning Town there was a final orgy of Temperance effort among the proletarian mothers and children of that curious district. The long, long Barking Road is almost unknown to literature, in spite of those admirable philanthropic institutions which stand so imposingly on either side of the street, from the Iron Bridge across the foul, winding creeks of the Lea to the open flats of Green Gates, beyond the raised Sewer Way. Like scattered rocks they stand, Settlements and Halls and Institutes and Libraries and Welfare Centres, in a dull sea of poverty, breasting that never-ebbing tide. They belong to a passing time, when groups of good persons, really distressed at the horrors wrought by England's industrial system, set out to amend them, as far as a few individuals could do. Of these persons Hyndman said (in effect), "They did no harm to the workers, and probably some good to themselves." In the course of years the Canning Town proletariat certainly learnt to make use of the philanthropic institutions and their workers; and perhaps we partly owe the strength of Social Democracy in South-West Ham to the sharpened intelligence of the population there.

It was very familiar ground to Hyndman; often had he spoken with Will Thorne and Jack Jones and others in the Town Hall, or under the open sky at Beckton Road Corner, but never had he addressed an audience there upon Temperance before.

It is an amazing and terrible reflection on our so-called civilisation to remember that it is still necessary to pledge nursing mothers not to get intoxicated, and parents generally not to give young children alcohol. Quite a large association exists for that purpose. I had been working for this and some other branches of Social Welfare during the last year, and a great convivial gathering of mothers and children assembled to hear a few words from Hyndman and to bid me farewell. I warned him that, since persons under five years old were in the majority, he might find it rather like speaking to a well-filled cattle-market, but the children, fascinated by his bearded and genial countenance, were surprisingly quiet.

From a well-justified dislike of teetotally aggressive persons (such as myself) the S.D.F., albeit in a dour and preoccupied way, maintained the right of every citizen to the consumption of intoxicants, quite regardless of those weaker brethren who found that even the limited opportunities afforded to them were enough for their own destruction.* This amazingly unfraternal policy was sustained by economic arguments, to wit: the teetotal working-man can afford to take less money than the man who requires, not only a subsistence wage, but pay for an ample supply of intoxicants as well! However, the first fine careless rapture of pro-alcoholism in the S.D.F. had faded by the year 1914; and Hyndman, as the second volume of the Autobiography testifies, was already a strong opponent of whisky. He held that drunkenness, particularly in its more violent and diseased forms, was the inevitable result of poverty and a crowded town life; and he always remembered with pride that he had convinced Miss Frances Willard, the famous Temperance advocate, of this important fact. He convinced her so thoroughly that she joined the Party.

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* Long before my day Hyndman threatened to publish a list of those Socialists who had been brought to discomfort, disgrace and illness by alcoholism.

Hyndman, however, did not and could not overlook another fact—that the disease of alcoholism in its worst form might be found among leisured, comfortable and spaciously-living people, as well as among the ill-fed and ill-housed poor. He concluded that, under our present civilisation, *personal* and *social* restrictions upon the habit of taking intoxicants were necessary in *all* classes; but even local Prohibition, he thought, could easily pass into a piece of legislative humbug, unless there was an overwhelming majority in its favour. He wished to see every public-house become, in so many words, a Public House, where attractive light food and drink should be always available for those who desired it, with all facilities for talk, games, singing and dancing, and a good open-air space. He developed this pleasant theme for the benefit of the mothers and workers present at our Canning Town gathering—" but," he said in conclusion, " these are only palliatives for an evil inherent in capitalism itself. The most reformed of public houses would still be tied to profit-making, as things are, and dependent upon its returns. Besides, though drunkenness may be as old as mankind, the ravages of death and disease, from sheer alcoholism, under the capitalist system are the most horrible ever known; and for these the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth is the only real cure."

As every eighteenth of January comes round, *Justice* has celebrated the anniversary of its foundation in 1884. H. W. Lee, formerly Party Secretary, was now officially installed as Editor in place of Harry Quelch, and, from some misunderstanding, Hyndman did not favour the arrangement. For the first time for many years the anniversary number contained no article of his. However, James Macdonald gave a very timely account of the way in which, thirty years before, Hyndman had announced that *Justice* would be started.

" His face on that memorable occasion was a sight worth beholding. I have seen him jubilant, angry, sad, defiant, and even hesitant, but never since have I beheld that expression. He began in the ordinary business tone, then, growing warmer, he declaimed against anonymous commercial journalism, and described the power we should have in a paper of our own. Raising his voice, he declared that Humbug, political, social and scientific, would be exposed, Art was to be emancipated (here Morris nearly shook his shaggy head off with approving nods) and the workers of the world would be united by means of a great, free, independent Press! In fact, he painted such a picture of the hopes and glorious triumph of Socialism that we all determined to make unstinted sacrifices to keep *Justice* going ahead."

And indeed so they all did for thirty years more, and for nine years after that. Hyndman writes of *Justice* in his Autobiography with much the same feigned ill-will that one uses in speaking of a too-well-loved child; and often has he threatened, as he closed the envelope upon a vigorous article or some very pungent notes, "After this I shall really have to give up writing for *Justice!*" But he never did. The misunderstanding rapidly cleared away; and upon our marriage he was so anxious to prove that Cornwall was no Capua to him that he sent Lee three fine leading articles for *Justice* in succession, and a couple of solid reviews.

At the end of February Hyndman went to Burnley, where he was most kindly and affectionately received, and later on to Newcastle, at which place I joined him. He spoke in the the over-flowing theatre at Newcastle on Socialist unity, with Mrs Sidney Webb and Keir Hardie. It struck me that the speeches of this lady and of my husband went singularly well together. Her remarks were quietly delivered, impressive, clear, and admirably full of facts, but quite curiously wanting in principles or conclusions. These Hyndman most amply supplied. He surveyed the whole field of social life, he welded all the matter together in the white fire of economic theory, and carried the facts, the figures and the audience along with him, on a surge of enthusiasm, to the inevitable conclusions of Social Democracy.

On the journey back from Newcastle, I remember a long and even heated discussion upon Home Rule between Hyndman and myself. I can still see the flat, green landscape and the silvery spring day as we leaned forward, looking out of the window, to keep the argument to ourselves. It was perhaps in consequence of this talk that he stated his position very clearly a few days afterwards in *Justice*. Being a Land Leaguer and the oldest Home Ruler in Britain, he certainly had a right to speak. He reminded us that Irish Home Rule had not been put before the electors as a definite policy since twenty-eight years ago, and he justified the minority in Ulster for making careful and efficient preparations to resort to physical force. Looking back, I humbly venture to think that this justification could be fairly used by *all* the minorities, Monarchist, German, Magyar, who are the still violently protesting remnants of an old tyranny. The Ulster case was no better than theirs, and meant no more than " Past Might must still be Right." And Hyndman's conclusion that the Government Bill was not worth civil war under the conditions which then prevailed in Ireland—well, it proved that he came of Ulster stock!

He was also engaged at this time upon a much more weighty question, " The Materialist Conception of History " —the consideration of which led to that profoundly important chapter in the " Evolution of Revolution," " The Limits of Historic Determinism." Kautsky, writing upon the Socialist Movement in England, asserted that Hyndman and Bax, the foremost champions of Marxism in England, together completely abjured the materialist conception of history. Both men replied in a joint letter, explaining that they held all social development and all great popular movements to be due *in the main* to material and economic causes. But they could not overlook another current, rising out of collective human psychologic growth, which, though inferior in power and influence to the material factor, might at certain periods take the leading part in human affairs.

Thus baldly stated, the proposition may seem to thoughtless persons a platitude. What, for instance, was the material and economic cause of the gnostic systems of the second century or of the Children's Crusade? Also, as Hyndman points out, Kautsky's own article is an unconscious negation of " mere pseudo-Marxist automatism." Kautsky repeats the generally accepted view that England, being the most highly-developed country in the world economically, and showing capitalism at its furthest pitch, should also stand highest in the growth of Socialism. But, as we all know, the English are behindhand in this; and Germany, which is not nearly so advanced economically, takes the lead, because the German people have for more than a century been well educated, while the English populace was left ignorant and backward. This, continues Hyndman, is an example of a psychological factor moving at cross-purposes with the economic and material forces, and overcoming them.

He has developed the same theme more fully in "Socialism, Materialism and the War" (re-published in "The Future of Democracy") and also in "The Evolution of Revolution." The convinced automatist would reply—I have said it myself—that these very psychological currents must themselves be due to some material cause, trifling chemical changes in the air, the water, or even the bacteria, for instance, affecting human nerves and brain, and bringing about all sorts of curious psychologic phenomena from religious revivals to suffragettism. And Hyndman would answer roundly that this was unpractical nonsense, since human life could only be carried on by the assumption of the influence of ideas, and some degree of freewill—otherwise all discussion and investigation must cease. "The material and psychologic factors are intertwined and re-acting upon one another throughout history: the pure idealists and the simple materialists can respectively, by special pleading, prove that ideas or matter have each been the dominant factor throughout history . . . the extreme materialists having on the whole more truth in them than the idealists."

Shortly afterwards the B.S.P. Conference afforded a rather ungracious example of the conflict of these two parties. There were no scenes, but an oddly disgruntled and captious spirit prevailed, and Impossibilists and Opportunists found it very difficult to get in touch. Justifiably severe criticism of Socialist unity and of the Labour Party flew freely about, until Hyndman summed up the position by saying that he had the greatest sympathy with those who objected to joining the Labour Party, since he had been among the most vehement of them himself. But very strong reasons had induced him to change his policy. Had they remained in the Labour Party thirteen or fourteen years ago, they would by now have got a much stronger hold upon the workers.* How could the B.S.P. reach their minds if they could not touch their bodies? The question was finally to be decided by a referendum of the B.S.P.

The result has certainly been very much better for the Labour Party than for ourselves. On all hands our men have been drawn into Trade Union and Municipal Work, and cut off, by the mere limitations of human power, from their legitimate propagandist activities. A working-man who is also a Social Democrat must sooner or later labour at three occupations together, the one he gets his living by, his task as Trade Unionist or Councillor, or both, and his work as a teaching Social Democrat. And thus the Labour Party gets the credit for constructive work, done upon sound Socialist principles which many of its members even yet only reluctantly acknowledge.

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* Letter to F. J. Gould: November 10, 1919. "No, as I see things now, I consider our greatest mistake of all was in not re-affiliating to the Labour Party at a fairly early date. . . . Curiously enough, as you will perhaps think, I wanted to link up, and was outvoted at the Manchester Congress."

Hyndman then moved a resolution on the Land Question which deserves to be quoted in full, for it is, alas! even more timely in 1922 than it was in 1914. (See Appendix.) "Taxation of Land Values," he said, "however useful for the readjustment of middle-class burdens, solves no problem of production or distribution for the people . . . and no scheme of land reform can be even moderately beneficial unless it deals with transport on a large scale. A national system of free transport for produce by rail and motor-road should be set on foot forthwith. The right of the nation to resume possession of its own land should be at once declared and acted upon. Co-operative production upon the land and in factories under the control of the community, with the organisation of unemployed labour, should be at once begun. Finally, the slum areas in our great cities must be cleared; the families so displaced being provided with healthy homes in the country, and taught agriculture in addition to their ordinary trades."

But now to lighter themes. Mr Sidney Hall painted a portrait of my dear husband which the Academy treated rather scurvily, so the artist thought, and he composed the following epigram:

"What, Hyndman *here?*" the hangers say.
"We will not bid him nay, man!
Of Hyndman let us just make hay,
And hang him high as—Haman."

Under compulsion from my future master, I solemnly excogitated the following in reply:

"A lofty place, and near the sky,
These judges rightly find
For one whose purpose soars too high
To hit the general mind."

By this time the date we had fixed "for beginning to take care of one another," as we said, was drawing near; and presently, on May 14, we were duly and secularly married at the Prince's Row Registry, in the presence of eight well-chosen friends. A registry marriage is, as we knew, a singularly bare ceremony; and a mixture of reasons, which may be summed up in my own words, "We *must* have some good English in the affair," led us to repeat to each other, in the presence of those witnesses, two fine, familiar promises from the Marriage Service of the Anglican Church. And so I vowed to love, honour and obey, and we took each other for better for worse.

In the happy years that followed, my dear husband delighted to remind me how sorely I had feared the actual marriage tie! It is true that, before we lived together, I would have preferred any other less binding relationship, and many independent and experienced women of my age would have said the same. Consent had been unavoidable, and withdrawal was impossible, but I felt cold at the heart in thinking of the iron duties and inevitable limits of that bond. Within the golden ring, two lovers take one another prisoners for life.

We were talking with some Russian friends, Karpovitch and (I think) Volkhovsky, one afternoon shortly before we married. "Of course," said the former, "if you were Russians, you would just settle down together, without any legal fuss; but, seeing that you are English, you would only be making unnecessary difficulties for yourselves by going out of your way to flout a convention—especially since you are certain to be comrades for life."

Such was my husband's view; he held, further, that Social Democrats had so enormous a task before them in trying to prepare for the inevitable change of material and economic conditions, that they had no time left to be eccentric, or to "put the world to rights" in lesser matters. He told me of a girl of good social position, whom he knew slightly, who was, he said, most anxious to assert her principles by living in free union with the man she cared for—and her worried parents took steps to get her shut up as insane! Hyndman talked to her like a father, and persuaded her, since there was no real impediment to marriage, to keep her reforming energy for more important things.

Nevertheless, I venture to think that "Trial Marriage" might save a great deal of individual unhappiness; and neither men nor women are likely to be good citizens if they are miserable at home. It is by no means an unheard-of arrangement in our civilisation, either. One day my husband and I, putting our stray knowledge on the subject together, found out that in feudal England and Scotland girls of good family were sometimes sent on trial to the castles of their future husbands, the property-marriage following duly afterwards if the couple seemed well-matched. A chronicler of early Danish ballads (about 1100 to 1400) writes that he is quite unable to enumerate all the different degrees of marriage current in Danish society at that time. The peasant classes, who form a social stratum that still lies like a layer of solid, fruitful earth all across Europe, have to this day habits and customs akin to "trial marriage"; and these only differ slightly according to race and climate, from North-West to South-East. Not being peasants, however, but English bourgeois folk, we accommodated ourselves patiently to the convention of our time.

Before I knew my dear husband (and myself) so well, I bargained with him that I should have six weeks' holiday, all alone, every year. "Smiling wise-like," as country-folks say, he consented. Year after year came round, and the total of weeks of solitude due to me rolled up, as he joyously noted, to quite a large block of time, but I never claimed it; and I do not think we were apart from each other as much as ten days in our seven-and-a-half years.

There are certain advantages in a marriage between two people who have reached middle life. They can, as Fru Sorby says in "The Wild Duck," "sit down by the fireside together and tell one another their experiences," freely and tolerantly, with little fear of retrospective jealousy, and with the feeling that after some, or even many, adventures, each has at last found a mate.

"Ma in Espagna
Son già mille et tre"—
(spoken) "Vun tousand and tree!"

Imagine it! My dear husband could remember hearing Mario sing the part of Leporello nearly sixty years ago; and he himself would troll the words out in a still warm and delightful voice. I have a conviction that Don Giovanni was not altogether as black as he is painted! He must have made numerous women very happy and left them with nothing to regret. There are so many degrees in love itself, and in what is called love. Some men are helplessly given over to the woman they care for, or perhaps they are the victims of their own powers of affection, while at the same time they realise the woman's inferiority, and contemn the bondage in which their love or their passion holds them. Few writers have noticed how well a character of this sort is described in "Paradise Lost"; Adam is the prototype of millions of men, and "suffering" (not sufferance) "is the badge of all their tribe." They generally complain that "women have always treated them badly" and long vainly to be independent of the fairer sex. On the other hand, some rare and happy men, having an immense capacity both for love and for the lighter pastime, are able to go through life saying (so far as one can tell) with perfect truth, "No woman ever treated me badly, and I really don't think any woman was ever the worse for me."

But how is such an admirable condition of things to be reached? Even my husband, who has given wise advice to many lovers, could not say. I do not think those who feel the "*coup de foudre*" of love at first sight can ever attain it, nor those who know love in its oriental form, hot, brief, and sometimes deadly as a disease. Happiness in love for men, and even for women, lies at the two extremes. Light love, lightly and kindly taken, without sentiment, and kept strictly within certain self-made rules, may be a good and happy thing; great love is an achievement like saintship itself. There are wise and gifted men who have known both. Such a man never lets go the mastery of himself until he is *sure*. He never confuses true and lasting affection with the temporary need for solace; and he leaves his little friend of a few days or weeks tenderly, but finally, if he feels that too much attachment is growing up between her and him. He knows at a glance what type of woman will please him, what other will be true and serviceable to him; he knows—oh, *without* a glance—the few women in whom he will find no response! From his schooldays to the grave there is always someone looking after him, from near or far, sister, cousin, friend, lover or wife. In a word, this kind of man *understands women;* but, being wise, he will never admit that he does.

We spent two days at Shere, the loveliest spot in that twelve miles of valley that lie between Dorking and Guildford. Only Surrey scenery! a little self-consciously pretty, with villas nestling (" nestling " is the right word) in every corner; but it was Meredith's country, and directly we left the road we found a beautiful and untroubled land. With the beech forest and the downs of the Pilgrim's Way on the north, and the heather and fir-woods of Leith Hill on the south, it is a wonderful space of English landscape, and we have visited it again and again, summer, winter and spring. May was a sunny month in 1914, and never have I seen the gorse more glorious in bloom. How it delighted my husband! " Solid sunlight," said he; and later on, when the thorny nature of the mate he had chosen became apparent, this bright, persistent but exceedingly prickly blossom was always known as " *your* flower."

Hyndman had a tropical sense of landscape, and he did not care for English scenery in its frequent moods of grey and russet-brown. Had he painted, he would have represented our countryside as Sir Harry Johnston used to do, seizing those rare brilliant hours when a blazing sun turns leaf and bloom into jewels, and makes a coloured fire of sea and sky. He had as much dislike as Dr. Johnson for the dark and rugged aspects of Nature; and, when we went on to Land's End, I could not make him share my love of the moors and towering black headlands that rose from a horror of jagged rocks and foam. He was happiest near Uny Lelant, where all the spring flowers were in blossom together, from the sea-pinks " over along the bay " to the primroses and bluebells in the woods, and the quiet lake full of strange, tall white lilies—whence we both retreated in some disorder before an angry swan! Not far from our lodging was a piece of wild blooming upland, where great groves of rhododendron stood out, all rosy-purple, with scarcely a leaf between, against the broad, marvellous, changeful sapphire of the Cornish sea. We were two pilgrims in a land of joy. And for all our staid looks and weight of years, we drank of the fountain of youth.

Mutual love is one of the fine arts. It has been celebrated as such by the poets from time immemorial; yet, if their theory be admirable, they are in practice little better than the rest. At whiles, some leisured and fortunate groups of people have seriously studied " The Art of Love " (with the poets' aid), formulating quaint courts of rule and ceremony, in the days of Minnesänger and Trouvères. Out of the dazzled mingling of brilliance and barbarism in the Middle Ages some of the very finest lyric poetry of Europe sprang. I had a trifling knowledge of the old High German Minnelieder and the troubadour songs of Provence, and Hyndman took a lively interest in them. He could not read twelfth-century German himself; but it pleased him sometimes, in the long autumn evenings of 1914, that I should give him an impromptu lecture upon these aristocratic singers, and read aloud my verse-translations of Vogelweide, Reinmar der Alte, Tannhäuser—the original, authentic Tannhäuser—and Herr Nickart.

The subject was anything but democratic, for, until the end of this period, the Minnesänger were all "hochgeboren," or at the very least extremely "hoch wohlgeboren"; and the best collection of the Minnelieder is classified strictly according to the social position of the writers. We begin with two love-poems by an Emperor, and we do not even reach the Freiherrn until the third volume. High birth was no drawback, however; for the technique of these lyrics is extraordinarily fine. Such grace, such apparent freedom—and yet such complicated handling of rhyme and rhythm!—well, some day or another I will give myself the pleasure of writing upon them at length.

But the subject of these beautiful lyrics is curiously limited: they deal only with love, requited and unrequited, and spring. If you know one you know all; and that is my excuse for quoting Hyndman's favourite. "Unter der Linden, an der Heide," is a translation which gives so little—so little—of the beauty of the real poem. I cannot get it right! but other people's renderings satisfy me even less.

Under the linden, by the moorland
  Grew a bower for my love and me;
On bending grasses, crowned with blossom,
  We made our couch beneath the tree.
The wild-wood ends in a silent vale,
  Where no one sings but the nightingale.

When I came hastening over the meadow
  My love was waiting there before;
He clasped and held me—ah, blessèd Mary!—
  And made me glad for evermore.

A thousand times he kissed his fill—
  Behold, my lips are blushing still.

If anyone knew of our stolen meeting,
  I, poor maid, were sorely blamed.
Be those wild-wood moments never
  Save by lovers softly named.
—Little brown bird, you will not tell?
  O nightingale!
Keep our happy secret well,
  Down in the vale.

Youth, love and spring—strange though it seems, this is a narrow field; but the poets of our English Minnesänger period, the Elizabethan lyric-writers and sonneteers, found it enough. To be sure, their handling of the main theme, love, was far deeper and wider. There is nothing in those three ennobled volumes of Minnegesang like " Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part "; and the graceful, conventional mistresses of Dittmar and Wolfram von Eschenbach are tapestry queens beside the Dark Lady who, when she goes, treads on the ground.

—" And yet, by heaven, I think my love as fair
As any she, belied by false compare."

Yet even Shakespeare was only upon the threshold of the subject, which is *mutual* love. He and most of his compeers write of passion and affection as these affect themselves alone. Wise Ben Jonson can do more than this. His Charis has character as well as beauty; and when he wrote

" Never love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man! "

he had an almost uncanny knowledge of the woman's point of view, which does not appear again in poetry for many years later.

Yet, so far, all the poets of love take the short, easy and misleading way of trying to describe their mistresses' charm by a catalogue of the items of her physical beauty, and by vying with one another in " false compare."

" Golden hair and skin of snow,
Beauty that puts out the day— "

all this only means that the lady was young and comely, and a willing playmate when her lover required. And yet it may mean a great deal more. This tiresome iteration of accepted charm is perhaps the writer's helpless, hopeless attempt to describe *how* his lady pleased him. You could not then put into words, if indeed you can now, that immaterial, exquisite well-being, that sense of delicate, penetrating and complete nervous accord which one human creature can sometimes give to another—the physical basis of all-enduring mutual love. We have even yet no name for this feeling. "It rests me to be with you" is the only form of words that the lover will use. But the wise French mother, who knows more about the philosophy of lasting affection than most people, will tell her daughter that, for a happy union, it is not sex-affinity, or even close intellectual sympathy, that counts most; with a teachable person these will come. The essential is "qu'il aime votre personne."

And how, under the limits of modern marriage, which bases a life-long contract on presumed mutual ignorance, is this fine nervous accord between two people to be ascertained? For it has much to do with passion and the satisfaction of the need for solace; yet it grows on, and perhaps attains its fullest perfection, long after the day of passion is past.

Whether many of us attain it or not, the difficulty of describing this fine accord in poetry or prose remains the same. Dr. Donne, the most intellectual of the Elizabethan poets, who generally refrains from detailed accounts of his lady's beauty, has some knowledge of this harmony of being, and—when it is once established—of the marvellous permanence of such a bond.

"All other things to their destruction draw,
  Only our love hath no decay:
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday.
  . . . Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corpse;
  If one might, death were no divorce.
. . . But souls where nothing dwells but love,
  All other thoughts being inmates, then shall prove
This or a love increased, there above.
. . . Here upon earth we are kings, and none but we;
None are such kings, and of such, subjects be;
  Who is so safe as we? when none can do
  Treason to us, except one of us two?

True and false fear let us refrain;
  Let us love nobly and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
  To write three-score; this is the second of our reign."

He belongs to the hierarchy of great lovers who have expressed themselves in literature. They are not very many, and they are astonishingly critical—unsympathetic, even—about one another's exposition of the subject. The "Sonnets from the Portuguese," Robert Browning's own love-poems, "De Flagello Myrteo," even Professor Dowden's beautiful and little-known "Woman's Reliquary"—ask yourselves, great lovers of to-day, if you do not turn rather captiously from each and all of these? Too much is said, or too little; something is unduly emphasised, something essential is left out. Further, it may happen that an imperfect lover or a mere tyro writes like one having authority, and causes the elect in anger to refrain even from wise words. Poetry unlocks the heart; in these high things silence is best.

Still, within the cold limits of simple prose, it is possible to write a little more about the philosophy of mutual and enduring love. One great lover in course of time makes another, as sunbeams falling on a piece of glass lend it a radiance like the sun itself. Even grave defects of character in the weaker partner hardly count, for the fire of a vast affection and limitless faith, falling upon these, turns them to its own use. A lover requires something to forgive! The only thing that matters is that horrible condition, which may arise from a small or even justifiable resentment, and is best called "hardening of the heart." The recollection of this—were it but the most trivial and passing mood—may cause the weaker partner great anguish in after-days.

Inappropriate, paradoxical as it seems, there is a kind of high moral achievement about great love. It enfolds and implies all the virtues, being in itself "magnificent," as the Elizabethans would say. "Great love maketh great both high and low." And when the two lovers live very near one another, intellectually as well as emotionally, in work as in leisure, the relationship becomes so terribly close that not a corner of life escapes from the passionate dower of love. Here the similes of art fail, and one must go to religion for words to describe the ceaseless requirements, the almost dreadful insistence, the final penetration and possession of the soul.

Great love, like the religious life, moulds the whole character of those who embrace it softly but inflexibly to its own use. The one who is left behind, when a lover has gone into the world of light, will dread terribly at times to be given back to the old companionship and bondage of self; but this need not be. There is always a shrine in the lonely one's heart, and a never-waning fire.

In religion, too, the many-sided character of great love finds its parallel. Being human, it is, and must be, occasionally variable, quaint, frivolous, pathetic, absurd and sometimes downright funny—and that not only " when seen least wise." Mutual affection at its highest and fullest cannot achieve the serene splendour of a Greek temple; it is a cathedral, full of varied and conflicting beauties, things unfinished but lovely, designs overlaid or abandoned, a place where Time and Humanity have worked together, and where, also, a hundred little, grotesque touches show that abiding sense of humour and self-criticism, which is the salt of human things.

And so, with many words, I have told nothing at all. Immense, untiring goodness, boundless faith, faith in his own affection and in the love-worthiness of his comrade, together with the power of smiling at himself—these are some of the essential gifts of a great lover, as many a one may, in the course of years, happily find out. Yet, what hindrances there are, alas! even in the lives of two mutually devoted people! how circumstances, trouble, weariness, or the mere imperfections of our time-worn bodies, may distract the love which would fain with unbroken radiance " interanimate two souls." We must sometimes plead, " It was the body spake, not I." Heaven to the lover is surely a state where " Love's mysteries in souls do grow " unharassed and continually: a condition which would be the perpetuation of those moments when love is either disembodied, or, by long use, so completely and satisfactorily embodied that the " affections and faculties " count for nothing at all.

—Who will understand? This much is clear: if two people who have lived and loved closely can truly say that their very thoughts belong to one another, that, literally, they have no happiness apart, and the mere clasp of hands gives joy and rest—if, indeed, each year they declare, " Surely we love each other more! "—then those two are in all likelihood great lovers. They have achieved something which, like a work of art, justifies man's existence, and they wear the crown of human life. If Time approve them, Death itself will be to them no bar. True, the survivor must bear a sharper suffering than falls to the general lot, and count the days until the moment of release when love once more meets love. We write of the unknown: we can only use the ancient words, which every man must interpret in his own way: "For them there will be union in God."

CHAPTER VII

Literary Work—The Shadow of War—The Blow Falls—Hyndman's Attitude—The Workers' War Emergency Committee.

Even in Cornwall we did not spend all the hours with poetry and landscape. One wet day my husband brought out an imposing mass of manuscript, and here I first made acquaintance with his novel, and with a draft of "The Life to Come." The latter will, I hope, one day see publication; as I read it at Lelant, it was a series of visions of a glorious London and a happy, blooming England, under the future Co-operative Commonweath of Social Democracy. It left upon the reader's mind the impression of unbroken sunshine and a perfectly cloudless day, or perhaps a succession of overwhelmingly cloudless days. That is the difficulty which meets everyone who tries to describe the future ideal state, and one which my dear husband was, by reason of his own nature, quite unable to overcome.

He conceived that mankind, freed from anxiety and undue toil, moving amidst art and leisure in a commonwealth where all were as untroubled as themselves, would become great and simple and happy as gods. He did not allow for those dark lines in human nature which the utmost security and good fortune have never effaced—for "man's almost ineradicable tendency to torment others or himself." Those "Asian strands of life," ecstasy, self-inflicted pain, cruelty, consciousness of sin, remorse, atonement, and all the flame and shadow of a soul on fire were quite alien to him; and in so far as he considered them at all, he held them for diseases of thought, arising from material hardship and injustice, or —when they appeared among favoured persons or classes— from the consciousness of disorder and suffering around. It was his jest to call me in some moods "a girl of Corinth"— but he himself was far more like a man of ancient Greece, large, simple, objective, living fully with all sides of his nature, and most untiringly interested in life. And thus the first sketch of "The Life to Come" describes a monotonously happy and beautiful commonwealth, peopled with bright, smooth, unhuman souls. He felt this himself, and told me that, before the book should visit a publisher again, I might " put in all the shadows " that I thought necessary, and, in fact, re-cast those sections dealing with social life. The right time for this never came. In our last year together we planned that his " Ten Years More " should appear at the end of 1922, or in 1923, and that a joint version of " The Life to Come " should follow—plans left unfulfilled.

When we moved to Well Walk in 1917 we looked over the manuscript of his novel, and regretfully but firmly destroyed it. Only the first half was written. It was a plain, brisk story of adventure in the Mormon State about the year 1879, but, by some strange chance, it was not nearly so exciting or so interesting as Hyndman's own adventures in Utah had been. (These were related to me in fragments at odd times, and I much regret being pledged not to repeat them.) Fiction was untried material to him; and while handling it well, he had been most curiously afraid of the Library Censor, and wrote, literally, as if for an English public of the 'eighties. (Yet the " Further Reminiscences " contains a few sound and plain-spoken pages upon the social conditions of our time.) His hero ran away with an American young lady who was sealed to a Mormon, but the elopement was carried out with the utmost propriety, under efficient chaperonage. In the second part of the novel the hero and heroine come to London. The hero stands for an East End constituency, and English life and circumstances take the field. This second part never saw the light; however there exists a most interesting, but not brief, symposium on Social Democracy, in which the inquiring hero, a representative of the possessing classes, and three Marxian Social Democrats take part. It is a very valuable piece of work, which will certainly be published—but I greatly fear that my dear husband originally intended it to form the chief attraction of his novel!

I now became more closely acquainted with his own taste in light reading. It was delightfully simple—he liked a good rattling story of adventure or detection, but it must be convincingly written, and must end well. He could not endure a sad ending! Many solid tales, composed in the early part of the last century, by G. P. R. James, Harrison Ainsworth, and others, were read again and again, and some of the Waverley Novels, too; but his greatest favourite was Eugène

Sue's "Le Juif Errant." He would ostensibly relax his brain over these, and over the works of Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey; but I am convinced that he only read them with part of his mind, so to speak, and that long processes of thought upon social and economic problems went on in his head at the same time. Now and then I would, at his request, tell him folk-tales and other stories, original or invented; sometimes, too, I read aloud, but it was quite understood that this would sooner or later put him to sleep—"Your voice is so soothing," was the disarming plea. Not all have found it so!

The Cornish air suited Hyndman well, and his renewed vigour took shape in two rousing articles upon the apparently dissimilar subjects of political corruption and suffragette anarchy. Material for eight or nine libel suits might have been found in the first of these, but the Marconi scandals were of so delicate, involved and widespread a nature that the persons mentioned by name refrained from any sort of reprisals.

We came back to London while the author was still hoping that his challenges might be taken up. If I remember right, we gave a general At Home to the Party and our other friends at Anderton's Hotel soon after our return. The German Communist Club were among our guests—a handsome, stalwart, well-grown group of young men, taller than all the other workers there, who sang as only a German *Gesangverein* can sing. When my dear husband was called upon to speak he placed himself in front of this group—a daring position but well-justified. His Scandinavian regularity of feature marked the racial kinship between himself and them; and, when he spoke, the fire and radiance of his personality against the background of their impassive forms and faces made him appear the living soul before a crowd of shadowy men.

Presently he wrote at some length upon the bankruptcy of Russia, and carefully went over those considerations which might lead a country in financial difficulties, yet possessing a very large army, to welcome, or even provoke, war. For years he had regarded Tsarist Russia as a power capable of any blundering infamy, and he thought the investment of French money in Muscovite undertakings a most deplorable error. But it is remarkable that, in conversation and in writing at this time, he considered the re-establishment of friendly relations between St. Petersburg and Berlin more probable, and more harmful in the long run to the smaller European States, than even war would be.

And then, four days after the publication of this article, came the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo. I knew the Bosnian capital so well, and I had seen it in full fête, prepared for the visit of a mighty Austrian Minister, only two years before! The authorities of that strange Near Eastern city, with its rivalries of creed, Catholic, Orthodox and Moslem, had a most irresponsible habit, on such occasions, of using the children of all the Catholic convents, literally, as a street-guard. They used to place these little white-clad creatures, two or three deep, in front of the first line of spectators, where, if necessary, police or soldiers should have stood, to keep the crowd back. The authorities traded, of course, on the good-nature and reverence of the crowd for these children, and for the nuns in charge of them—but what a dangerous thing to do! And so, on the Archduke's fatal entry, these children stood, all fresh and blooming in the blazing sun, just as I had seen them a year before, and some actually beheld the horror of the assassination, while others were scattered and trampled down in the panic that ensued.

The political origin of that crime is still uncertain; and there are various reasons for thinking that persons of Imperial blood, who greatly distrusted Francis Ferdinand and felt an unlimited dislike to his wife, were at least cognisant of the attack proposed. In any case, the event provided the long-desired excuse for a war of conquest upon Serbia, and there is no doubt that politicians and people on this point were at one. "*Serbien muss sterbien!*" was the cry all over Vienna. I have before me the note which I received shortly after from a highly-placed Viennese friend, a man of great learning and most liberal views—till then a sincere upholder of justice for the Slavs. "Serbia must have a lesson," he says; and he heartily supported the Austrian declaration of war which appeared in a month's time.

What a strange, oppressive month that was! Hyndman lived literally in two minds all the while. He knew in his deeper being that the long-dreaded German attack upon Europe was now due, but he tried hard to persuade himself and others that it might still be averted. During this period we happened to lunch with my husband's oldest and truest friend. I had just received that letter from Vienna: my husband had much private information of his own. Open, secret, or contradictory, it was all disquieting, and Europe seemed full of horrible whispers. At his friend's house we thought we might hear better news.

It was " a confidential lunch "; two people whom my husband wished to meet were present, and there was Sir Evelyn Wood, who knew my father well. We lunched, we talked, and presently an afternoon visitor was announced, " The Prince of Wied "—brother to the one who was thinking of going to rule Albania.

Germany had been on our lips and in our minds; we all sat up. The new visitor had only eyes for my husband, and each gentleman knew exactly what the other one stood for, but both were prepared to play the social game and nothing more. Our hostess presented them in a very definite manner to one another—and they began to talk about the weather. But she was not going to have that. She is perhaps the only English lady of our time who has successfully maintained a real *salon*, and she was accustomed to manage explosives. She always held that

> " Discourse may need an animated *No*
> To brush the surface and to make it flow "—

therefore she asked them what they thought of the European situation!

It put my husband in a considerable difficulty. He had for years been warning his own countrymen that, as Bebel, Singer, and Liebknecht had all told him, the Social-Democrats in Germany would be quite unable to prevent their country from going to war; but he did not want to develop this theme just then. And, looking back, I see that the Prince of Wied knew pretty certainly what the "Socialists of the Kaiser " would do. He congratulated my husband emphatically on his real knowledge of the character of the German Social-Democrats. " Yes," said Hyndman, " they may refuse to vote the war credits, and a few score of them will be shot, but the rest will march. And then, some months afterward, when you are on the way to victory—perhaps—you will begin to wonder what is the matter with your great, well-disciplined army. You will find the tool crumbling in your hands. Disaffection will spread until—well, I would not like to offend you by suggesting what the end might be."

The Prince smiled politely but confidently, and the talk turned on the condition of Ireland. My husband warned him most gravely against putting any reliance on Irish disloyalty, or trusting that even a successful Irish revolt would keep England out of a great European war. And neither gentleman believed the other—but would matters have gone very differently if they had? Each was only a spoke in a very great wheel.

After this we took a little house in Beaconsfield for six weeks, near the Gilbert Chestertons. I wanted my husband to have good summer air within reach of town; and, by means of mutual concessions, we hoped to solve the problem of how two people may live together whose ideas upon town and country residence are diametrically opposed. H. vouched for the salubrious character of Queen Anne's Gate, and had a quaint belief that "fresh air came up the river on every tide"; London all the year round, with a week at Margate (! !) in August was, he declared, good enough for anyone. R. maintained that the air, the streets and the surroundings of Queen Anne's Gate were loathsome and that Town was a place where thousands of people, who were, separately, clean, thrifty, orderly, reasonable souls, have together achieved infinite disorder, dirt, turmoil, unreason, waste of beauty, labour, health and life. We did not really solve the problem till 1917, when we came to Hampstead. But how well we must have understood each other, even in that first year! since, fanatically as we held our different opinions on residence, this divergence was no trouble at all.

We saw a great deal of Gilbert Chesterton and that charming lady, his wife, but, curiously enough, I have little recollection of things said and done in that time. Certainly there were no resounding discussions upon theology or politics; although the Chestertons, remembering what Charles Lever said about the uses of "a good cut-glass decanter aimed low" when opinions differ, presented us with two very solid old English thumb-glasses, "for purposes of argument." (One was broken at the time of the Peace Treaties.) Looking back, I think the perils of war, and the beginning of it, filled all our thoughts.

At Beaconsfield, also, Hyndman gravely undertook to learn the tricycle, so that we might go afield together. But it was not a success. He steered well at once, like the old sailor he was, but he never could pedal properly, and twice or thrice he solemnly overturned. His bad pedalling was akin to another sailor-like habit which he had; he walked as carelessly as a man pacing the deck, who knows that his feet will encounter no obstacle. Consequently he sometimes stumbled, and had severe, unnecessary falls. He never hurt himself; but this culpable carelessness would rouse me to the hottest anger against him that I could ever feel.

—And so one goes on gossiping—drawing out the thread of those last pre-war days—before the great page of History was turned over, and the change came. On July 28th Austria declared war on Serbia, and the Social Democratic Parties of Austria, Germany, France and England all protested against this act. The Germans "condemned the Great-Servian Nationalists," the Austrians "understood Austria-Hungary's demand that underground agitation against the Austrian Federation States should be stopped"—but protest they did, while the English manifesto was strong, brief and to the point.

On August 2nd there was a great and genuine peace demonstration in Trafalgar Square. The Social Democrats, the I.L.P., and very many Trade Unions were represented, while at least 10,000 people were packed round the Nelson Column, from which speeches were delivered by Hyndman, Keir Hardie, Lansbury and others. Certainly there was no warlike feeling in that crowd; and probably quite a large part of the nation would have been in sympathy with those eight members of the Government who wished to keep out of the war, and make money by trading with both sides.

That day Hyndman's heart was not in it. He could not help speaking well at any time, but the best oratory in favour of peace that afternoon came from a Social-Democrat who afterwards left the Party because we were not warlike enough, and has since been seen among the Coalition Liberals. And then Germany invaded Belgium, and on August the fourth came War.

It was a shock to our dear old man, for he never believed, as some did, that the war might be over in a few months; he looked forward and saw all the horror of it, with the long, strange and terrible consequences. One violent happening followed upon another: Felix Volkhovsky died, Jaurès was assassinated, and, far worse, the German Majority Social Democrats voted the war credits, and marched out for the

Kaiser. Besides all this, Russian, huge, incompetent, bloodstained, Tsarist Russia, was France and England's Ally.

The situation was one to confuse and appal. While the Allies were hurriedly taking down rusty weapons and scrambling for uniforms, while the capitalist Press offered its readers the very oddest mixture of bloodthirsty sentiment and ineptitude that ever was printed, the Socialists and Social Democrats made a praiseworthy attempt to keep their heads clear, and bring sound first principles to bear upon the War.

I will not say that they always succeeded. Social Democrats live and die in the belief that Man is a reasoning creature, rapidly outgrowing racial, theological and other prejudices, so that the periodical return of these ancient weaknesses upon him leaves them divided and distraught. Moreover, people who have always been in a small fighting minority find it almost impossible to think that the majority may, by some amazing chance, be right. And here in England the silent, honourable part of the majority, those who enlisted and made no fuss about it, were out of hearing, and nearly out of sight, while the terribly noisy and visible supporters of war were all over the place, creating " Pacifists " or pro-Germans by the antagonism that their methods roused. So the Great War caused a cleavage in every Socialist Party throughout Europe, between those who did *not* see that it was largely a struggle for racial pre-eminence conducted by a military caste—and those who did. In England the same people who had shut their eyes to the German menace started long controversies : " Is this a Capitalists' War ?" and " War-Guilt All Round." An early Manifesto of the British Socialist Party Executive (of which, be it remembered, Hyndman was not a member) " stretched forth its hands with amity and concord to the workers in Germany and Austria," even to the Socialists who voted the German war-credits.

The two great stumbling-blocks for Socialists at this time were (1) the alliance with Russia and (2) Recruiting. " For more than forty years," said Hyndman, " I have persistently advocated the liberation of India from British domination, and, for the same long period, I have vigorously denounced Russian despotism. I have nowise changed my view. But, as matters stand to-day, it is a choice of evils in all the affairs of life. *When a man is called upon to act, he must put up the shutters on one side of his intellect.* The victory of

Germany would be worse for civilisation and humanity than the success of the Allies." For at that time Germany stood for an old-fashioned, yet extremely efficient system of tyranny, while the Allies' Governments represented inclinations towards tyranny that were equally strong, but far less efficient. The Capitalist Press policy of whitewashing the bloodstains of Russia's Government was certainly most exasperating; and now—how strangely the Spirit Ironic handles mortal events!—the Labour Press has during four years been engaged in the same kind office (only for Bolshevism instead of Tsarism), and we Social Democrats are exasperated still.

Upon the second question, recruiting, Hyndman merely said that individual members must themselves decide. He honoured every man that went to fight for his land—especially those millions who did not even possess an allotment to fight for!—yet he would never himself raise a hand to urge them to go. He wrote very pungently about "Voluntary" conscription, but added:

> "It is useless to declare against conscription at the beginning of such a war as this, unless we have ready an alternative proposal. We British Social Democrats have always stood for the Democratic National Citizen Army, which has been voted for unanimously, by the assembled delegates at one International Socialist Congress after another. A modification of the Swiss system on more democratic lines could easily be adapted to the needs of this country—no citizens could then shirk their duty as soldiers, and all soldiers would retain their full rights to speak and act as citizens."

He wrote later on at more length about the Citizen Army—which, be it noted, was Mazzini's ideal: "Nessun soldi, e tutti soldati" ("all soldiers and no mercenaries"). But he could not work out the scheme as he desired for lack of the power to confer with any widely experienced military man. And, like many commonsense proposals, the idea of a Citizen Army at first sight chilled the very men who would have most benefited by it. Generally speaking, the leaders of Labour tried to sweep the whole question of national defence away by an impassioned, but ill-thought-out demand for Universal Disarmament. Or else they disposed of it by regarding military organisation as a needful, but degrading and stupefying business, which should be left to those who liked such things. Some Labour men joined in recruiting for the "Voluntary" army; others denounced it; and a few were already declaring against national defence in any and every form—as far as circumstances would allow.

Jean Jaurès, so lamentably assassinated just before war broke out, was also a strong supporter of the Citizen Army. There is little essential difference between Hyndman's scheme of a Democratic National Defence Force and the "Armée Nouvelle," but neither the English nor the French people are even yet willing to remember what their two great Socialist leaders—so different in every other regard!—each counselled them most earnestly to do.

Hyndman wrote a fine appreciation of Jaurès, an elegy indeed—in *Justice;* but, deeply as he regretted the loss of his comrade, I realised that he had long regarded him with mixed feelings. He admired Jaurès very much more than he liked him. I have heard him give the most unstinted praise to the great French orator for his literary gifts, his eloquence, his force of character, his leadership and his political insight, but I never noted in his voice that warm, personal appreciation which was always there when he spoke of Wilhelm Liebknecht—or, indeed, of Clemenceau. Hyndman thought also that French pacifist propaganda headed, before the war, by two such men as Jaurès and Hervé, must encourage Chauvinist reactions in Germany and in France. And events proved that it did. Further, those who advocated Peace and nothing but Peace, under all possible circumstances, were simply useless when they protested against wars of sordid aggression, such as the French campaign in Morocco or the infamous Boer War, because such protests were taken as part of their general Pacifism and nothing more. The extraordinary volte-face described by Gustave Hervé, a very little while later, was curious proof of the instability of fanatics—even fanatics of so lofty, serene and dispassionate a cause as peace.

But economic difficulties, one after another, now engaged the attention of all who stayed at home. Leaping and soaring prices, hurried measures to prevent distress among the workers (who had suddenly become so valuable) and hasty, but huge and far-reaching measures to prevent anxiety among the capitalists, followed one another. Such was the "Moratorium."

With fierce satisfaction Hyndman pointed out how the heart of Capitalism, the vast banking system of Europe, broke down directly it was put under any severe strain. "When the war began the banks were in default and bankrupt. They had not, as a whole, a gold reserve sufficient to meet five per cent. of their liabilities. Thereupon, Mr Lloyd George and his advisers allowed these rotten banks—instead of calling up the heavy, unpaid capital due on their shares—to refuse to pay more than ten or fifteen per cent. of their clients' own money. . . . But for the guarantee of the national credit, these banks would be in liquidation." And a few months earlier the Birkbeck Bank, which some described as the bank of the poor, and the National Penny Bank, which undeniably was a sort of strong-room for the money of the most poverty-stricken class, were both allowed to fail. No State guarantees were given to save the workers' pence!

On the other hand, what a Socialist writer once called "a wave of indeterminate compunction" swept over many persons in the possessing and governing classes; and once more English people of leisure were individually kind and collectively callous towards the workers. But later on the Haves became, generally speaking, almost solicitous about the welfare of the Have-nots, since the latter were rapidly growing so terribly necessary to them, as producers, as makers of arms and, in the brutal German phrase, as "Kanonenfutter."

War Distress Relief Committees sprang up everywhere, under the direction of well-to-do and well-meaning persons, while representatives of the workers were quite cordially pressed to fill a few seats on these councils.

Also, the day after war was proclaimed, a most important body—a potential Committee of Public Safety in fact—was quickly but solidly formed. This was the War Emergency Workers' National Committee, with Robert Smillie in the chair. The Executive represented the leading Trade Unions and the three chief Socialist groups, the Fabians, the Independent Labour Party and the Social Democrats. A better representative committee never sat around a table. It flourished for nearly three years, exciting much jealousy and universal respect, and the reasons why it ceased to exist are not for me to tell. "Labour," corrupted by Capitalism, is a wasteful envious master, apt to pull down its best friends. I hope that one day Mr Middleton, the secretary, will write the full history of the Emergency Workers' Committee, extenuating nothing and setting down naught in malice. It will be a history of unconscious statesmanship, of forecasts verified, of sound economic knowledge, of broad constructive measures proposed at the due time and partially carried out, with muddle, panic and infinite corruption by the Government, some two years and seven months after such measures were due.

For instance, in the autumn of 1914 the War Emergency Committee, foreseeing destruction upon the high seas and shortage of corn at home, were already urging our rulers to reclaim the waste and ill-cultivated lands of this country. They advised that the whole of the shipping should be taken under control to avoid the exaggerated rise of freights; they also advised control of prices and the rationing of food long before these measures were reluctantly put into force. From the War Emergency Workers in the first place came the proposals for the restriction of rent, for the care of children, of mothers and war babies; from them also came some extremely valuable suggestions upon After-war Problems which, had they been heeded, would have gone far to prevent the disorderly and needless distress of to-day. The Committee dealt with large matters and small; they possessed courage, wisdom, foresight and every statesmanlike quality except *power*. I repeat, a full account of their deliberations ought sooner or later to be given to the world. "Can Labour govern?" is an exceedingly silly question; history shows that when members of the Have-not class come into power they act precisely like the Have class whose ranks they have joined. But if you will ask us "Could Labour *and Social Democracy* govern *well?*" and grapple with the problems of decaying capitalism as they met the problems of the Great War, we will send you to the records of the War Emergency Workers' Committee for a reply.

Needless to say; Hyndman was the most ardent spirit upon that Executive, but he worked in cordial good-fellowship with Fabians, Trade Unionists, Pacifists and all. That question of German responsibility for the Great War, which split nearly every political body from top to bottom, never disturbed the War Emergency Workers. At this period, Hyndman and I were often discussing his noble and hopeful theory of the Collective Ethic, whereby he maintained that sometimes, by some rare, uncomprehended chance, a crowd of people might rise to a *higher* moral and intellectual level than the best individual present, instead of sinking, as a crowd usually does, to the level of the average man there. I venture to think that the War Emergency Workers may occasionally have given an example of this. There were, no doubt, individuals upon the Executive whose attention was not exclusively given to the pursuit of an ideal, but, generally speaking, they left their worser selves outside the committee-room door.

My dear husband, for the first time in his life, developed what he called "a talent for intrigue" (Intrigue, indeed!) I do not think I am revealing a State secret if I relate that he and Sidney Webb worked long and successfully together upon the War Emergency Committee by means of an unholy little compact, which I believe was never actually put into words. "When anything important comes up," said Hyndman to me, "*I* bring out a root-and-ground revolutionary proposal, and set it well before them. That puts them in a fright; and then Webb comes in with *his* proposal, only a few degrees milder than mine; and they are so relieved that they pass Webb's motion unanimously—although, if that had been proposed to them first, they would have found it much too strong, and perhaps refused to handle it at all."

I regard the Fabian Society with a veneration quite untinged with enthusiasm; and whether Hyndman felt either emotion towards them I really cannot say. But it must again be recorded that, for practical purposes, Hyndman and either of the Webbs worked most effectively together. Possibly that wholly useful and largely admirable couple are still very much ahead of the group they have created.

This hardly seems the right place to refer to the performance of Mr Hardy's "Dynasts," but just at this time a restricted version of that epic drama was produced at the Kingsway Theatre, and it made a great impression upon us both. I may say "both" truly, though I alone beheld the play, for we read some parts of "The Dynasts" together and talked long over the book and the acted version. Hyndman did not share the profound admiration and reverence that I feel towards three contemporary poets: W. B. Yeats, Herbert French and Thomas Hardy; but in all that concerned modern poetry he merely "took my word for it." With his own delightful simplicity he much over-rated the poet's business, and attributed to it an almost magical quality which, in one case at least, it did not deserve—yet I never knew him to tolerate poetry which was not fit to be reckoned among the best.

And thus hard work and good verse carried us through the terrible early weeks and months of the war. Hyndman, be it remembered, from first to last never doubted for an instant that victory would finally be with the Allies. When the Germans threatened Paris in the autumn of 1914, when there was only three weeks' supply of food essentials in this country, when Russian help fell to pieces, and when the Germans were in reach of the Channel Ports in the spring of 1918, he never feared that we should not succeed. He once said, " It does seem impossible, with all the foresight and science and efficiency on one side — "

" And on ours hardly more than the good-will to muddle through — "

" Yet we shall win."

In this year my husband thought that a thorough triumph of the Allies, with drastic peace terms dictated in Berlin, might come to pass. Neither he nor anyone else then foresaw the general weariness of war which fell upon Europe at the end of 1918. Being human, he would often pre-date the periods of great change, and overlook details, but he was always right about the direction of the vast economic and psychological forces which control the events of our time. One might believe that his mental vision was at times lifted up, like the spectator in the Fore Scene of " The Dynasts," so that he saw Europe " as a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone . . . with broad lowlands stretching from the north of France across Russia like a green garment, hemmed by the Ural Mountains and the glistening ocean. . . . The point of view sinks downward to the surface of the perturbed countries, where the peoples, distressed by events which they did not cause, are seen writhing, crawling, heaving and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities." Finally, " a new and penetrating light descends on the scene, enduing men and things with a seeming transparency, and exhibiting as one organism the anatomy of life and movement in all humanity and vitalised matter included in the world."

CHAPTER VIII

Hyndman as an Orator—The Pacifists—Walter Crane—Art and Music—Co-operation—The War Develops.

At the end of December, 1914, the English Social Democrats sent an open letter to Mr Asquith, begging him to take note of the desperate and starving conditions of the civil population of Belgium under German rule. As our Party suggested, it was not impossible for the Allies to approach the German Government (through a neutral Power) in order that steps might be taken to secure a proper distribution of food to the conquered people, and the removal of those fines and impositions which made Belgian industry powerless. How far the apologists of Germany within the Party approved of this letter is not known. At that time, as we all remember, many American and English individuals were doing their very best to lessen the sufferings of the Belgian refugees here and of those remaining behind. Yet there was, nevertheless, an obscure unfriendly tone towards Belgium in part of the capitalist press. Hyndman, writing in the New Year number of *Justice*, noted with indignation that a very fine meeting organised by the Fabians at King's Hall for Vandervelde and Verhaeren, received hardly any notice from the newspapers of the day. And yet that meeting deserved to be recorded, for its small incidents as well as for its great ones!

M. Vandervelde spoke with amazing sincerity, pathos and power—but indeed the sufferings of his fellow-citizens were enough to make the dumb speak! He was followed by the great poet Verhaeren, a slender, pale, extremely nervous man, whose appearance was a contrast to that of the orator who preceded him; yet Verhaeren, after his first few sentences, rivalled Vandervelde in force. Both these distinguished Belgians spoke at some length and in French, but the audience understood them well; and, when Verhaeren had finished, his hearers were drawn up to a very high level of sympathy and enthusiasm, as yet untouched with fatigue. Certainly it was a difficult task for anyone to follow these two speakers and take full advantage of the crowd, but Hyndman, at least, knew how it could be done!

Unfortunately, he was to speak last; and when Verhaeren sat down, a graceful, kindly University figure arose, an ornament of contemporary English literature (and now of the League of Nations), but as incapable as a dove of appreciating the feeling in the hall or the oratory he had heard. He spoke in gentle, donnish fashion of wounds and ultimate healing, of the future blessings of peace, of forgiveness and of " brotherly love." And the audience, just keyed up to so high a pitch, and now sprayed, as it were, with lukewarm rose-water, suddenly realised how tired they must be! We felt them sinking, all we helpless beholders upon the platform; we could feel their spirits ebbing down and down, while the speaker murmured placidly along. And then came a most welcome diversion. Casting several glances of fury at the platform, Cobden-Sanderson stood up in the middle of the audience, wound a coral-hued comforter emphatically about his throat, and marched with emphasis to the door. As a friend told us afterwards, " You should have just *heard* the coral-hued things he said when he got outside! "

Well, there was a good effect ruined, so it seemed, as the amiable scholar sat down. It had been arranged for Mrs Sidney Webb to speak next, but that astute lady knew what had happened, and beckoned my husband to take her place. So then, with what we all felt in every nerve to be an immense physical effort, Hyndman attacked the inert and almost comatose audience. He stirred, he roused them, he pulled them to their feet, as it were, he carried them on and swept them up, in a few moments of tense endeavour, to the heights they had touched before. He sent them home wearied but still exalted, at the cost to himself of considerable nervous strain.

How curious is the relation between the speaker and the audience! You may be so engrossed with your subject that your perceptions are closed to the moods of your hearers, and then you merely lecture; or your nerves may be too ready to receive impressions from the crowd and then, if they are tired, you will be very weary also. Yet this is the better fault, for the thoroughly receptive speaker may work up himself and an audience in favourable mood to heights that will surprise them both. There are moments when you simply hear yourself speaking, carried along on the collective thought, conscious only of choosing your words. And then for a few seconds the audience, as Hyndman said, seems all eyes.

By this time he and I had often gone speaking together on large occasions and on small. He corrected some faults of mine, but he knew he would never make an orator of me. However, I possessed a good deal of general knowledge, and was useful between better speakers. My inferiority did not trouble us; we both recognised that I had other work to do, and this work was the continual guardianship, within doors and without, at most times and nearly all seasons, of Henry Mayers Hyndman. Is such a relationship unusual? Not, probably, in the case of childless couples like ourselves, or when the husband's calling makes great demands upon his strength, and he needs rather exceptional care to secure his well-being. Indeed, I would go further, and say that many a wife looks upon her husband as a creature who varies between a quite high degree of sagacity and independence—and the unstable helplessness of an elder child! We do not reason about it—or write volumes of exasperated philosophy as men do about our variability; if we have been able to draw in a little of the homely wisdom of peasants and working-women we take our men sometimes for infants, sometimes for guides, and are content. Once I heard this principle put in words. It was not very long after our marriage, and we went to speak together at a Party meeting in the East End. We talked with comrades and warmed ourselves in a large kitchen belonging to the caretaker of the club-house, a pleasant-spoken woman some years younger than myself. I bade my husband put his feet on the fender, loosen his overcoat, or do something else obviously necessary to his comfort, which had not occurred to him, and apologised for this fussiness by saying that, in my experience at least, men were quite unable to take care of themselves. "Oh, yes," said the other woman, adding in tones whose depth of conviction impressed both my husband and me, "Men *are* babies; always."

I think she enunciated a sublime truth! Certainly, whenever a few good wives are gathered together, and the talk turns on "Husbands," as it sometimes does, you may hear the same thing. It is part of their charm for us! particularly in the case of great men. And since, in our extraordinary world, vast matters are inextricably blended with the very small, this calls other things to mind. It is more true in human life even than in poetry that

> "Thou canst not pluck a flower
> Without troubling of a star."

For this sense, that our very leaders and heroes themselves cannot do without our little watchful care is, in all humility, akin to the spirit of the traditional lullaby sung by the Mother of God: "Je suis votre nourrice et Vous êtes mon Dieu."

Early in the year, Hyndman wrote a brief eulogy upon Bruno and Constantine, the two sons of Ricciotto Garibaldi, who died on the field of battle for France. He recalled the great Garibaldi's unwavering affection for the French people, and his efforts to help France, when the Second Empire fell, and the Republic was fighting for life against the Prussians. "Once more Garibaldi's grandsons, bearing his honoured name, have shown Italy the way."

Soon afterwards certain "old and active members of the Social Democratic Party in Great Britain" issued a statement upon the war. Briefly, Hyndman, Irving, Jones, Thorne, Lee, Bax, and others, set forth how war was forced upon Great Britain by Germany's unprovoked attack on Belgium: how German authorities had proclaimed their intention to annex Belgium: how neither England, France, nor Russia was prepared for war: how Serbia gave way to the demands of Austria: how Germany alone was ready for battle: how the victory of Prussia would strengthen re-action and keep back, for many years, the development of democracy in Europe: and how peace was not desirable until France and Belgium were cleared of invaders, and Germany had made compensation for the ruin she had wrought. This statement is, in its first clause, almost identical with the manifesto issued on August 12 by the whole of the B.S.P. Executive Committee. The manifesto, which then received almost universal approval, contained the words, "The Great War, long threatened and feared, has come upon us. . . . This country is drawn into the general struggle by Germany's declaration of war upon Belgium, on account of the refusal of that little State to forgo its guaranteed neutrality in the interest of the attacking Power."

Not six months had passed since that general manifesto of August 12, but many of those who had signed or approved of it promptly dissociated themselves from this statement of January 28. What had happened to change them?

The psychology of the Pacifists and their development into pro-Germans, Communists, pro-Bolshevists and, it may be, presently, into Fascisti, deserves long and careful study which I, for one, am quite unable to give. I have heard it maintained that Pacifism, like Suffragettism, is a perverted —or diverted—manifestation of suppressed religious emotion; both causes have had their devoted adherents and also their successful charlatans. Another ground of Pacifism may be that very common tendency in human nature, which has no doubt an instructive classical name in psychology, but simple folk call it " contrariness." There are a number of people who, being told seven or eight times in succession that an object or a policy is *black*, will, out of sheer perversity and boredom, declare the said object or policy to be *white*. And, having said so, they will stick to it. Their mental case is, after all, summed up in the countryman's saying, " If you want a pig to go east you must head him to the west."

Hyndman explained the case of many Pacifists by saying that they had " an anarchist strain," which meant not only a tendency to such " contrariness " as I have described above, but also an instinctive opposition to law or to the will of the majority, a readiness for direct action and a tendency to " make twelve o'clock at eleven." Chastened by a knowledge of Marxian economics, and a constant reference of all emotional or instinctive suggestions to the test of reason, such characters, he held, were extremely valuable; but when they " thought with their hearts instead of with their heads " they became a dangerous nuisance.

All this year the division between the Pacifists or pro-Germans within the English Socialist bodies and the Social Democrats increased. The subject may easily become a King Charles's Head to this memoir; and yet it has so deeply affected the history of English Socialism that reference to it can nowise be avoided. For instance: were Social Democrats justified in enlisting to defend their own country and their country's Allies? Nearly all our younger men had given a personal and affirmative answer to this question before conscription became the law. Yet it is difficult for outsiders to understand how deep-rooted was our aversion to militarism, and how a reasoned disapproval of capitalist standing armies, of barrack life, and all the rest, had become so strong and habitual that it was grown an instinct, which in its turn must be reasoned with, and, if necessary, curbed. I, myself, was during the first few months of the war, filled with similar anti-militarism, and became a peculiarly annoying type of Pacifist, since, while keeping up the protest against bloodshed, I recognised that Belgium and France must be defended.

Let it be remembered of my dear husband that, during this period, he suffered at least *one* fool gladly!

Some would say that *Justice* " ran on an even keel " during 1915. That is hardly the case, for though our columns were freely open to Pacifists, and much controversy over the origins of the war went on, yet the main articles were pro-Ally. There was extremely free criticism of the Government, its blunders and corruption; and, I am glad to say, hardly a week passed without some very explicit article upon Russian Tsarism and its crimes.

Meantime, Hyndman, Webb, and the Workers' Emergency Committee were continually calling public attention to the rise of food prices, and the consequent growth of distress. Yet other circumstances, such as the great increase of employment for those left in the country, relief, billetting, and so on, caused the majority of workers to feel excited, important and well-off. Instead of listening to experienced and practical speakers on the subject of rising prices and the coming food shortage, they went to hear band-music and windy patriotism at recruiting-halls. Nevertheless, a good mixed demonstration against the rise in the cost of living took place in Trafalgar Square early in March. This occasion is memorable because, for the first time in the history of the Social Democratic Party, it dawned upon some of our comrades that their Hyndman was *not* made simply of equal parts of iron and enthusiasm. They expressed a certain contrition at having called upon him to take part in an open-air demonstration in the bitterest days of March. However, he did his share gallantly, and came to no harm.

Only a fortnight later we lost a famous fellow worker and craftsman, Walter Crane.

" He brought himself so close to his comrades," says Hyndman, " by his fine cartoons for the cause, that even those who had never seen him felt a sense of kinship and loving admiration for the great artist who embodied their noblest ideals in his beautiful designs. . . . Not even Morris did more than he to make Art a helpmate to Socialism. . . . Many a generation will rejoice in the memory of Walter Crane, while building on the foundation of happiness which he helped to lay."

On the evening after the news of his death Hyndman's thought naturally went back to those wonderful days of the 'eighties when he, and Morris, and a few others attempted so much—and defied the opinion of the large, respectable world. Art of a certain kind and Socialism went hand in hand for a few years. And yet it was not, somehow, the kind of Art which one would naturally associate with the future Co-operative Commonwealth! When Hyndman described the ideal life in a revolutionized and Social Democratic London he drew pictures of a city of space, brightness, simplicity and splendour; white pillars and clear, primary colours, broad, clean surfaces and great halls, where nothing dingy, nor unduly decorated, nothing constructed with elaboration in half-tones could possibly survive. The City of Social Democracy was nearer to ancient Greece than to the Middle Ages, and a contemporary of Pericles would in many ways have found himself at home there. Now, while feeling the deepest veneration and warmest gratitude towards Morris and Crane, one may, not irreverently, speak of that type of art and decoration associated with their names as the Plush Period. A truly admirable material! Yet it gives one an afterthought of weight, gloom and stuffiness. The period passed over Hyndman's untroubled head: I found no trace of it in his furniture and appointments, but he had a faithful personal liking for the drawings of Walter Crane.

It is a little difficult to describe Hyndman in relation to Art. I think his taste was formed and set in those early months in Rome, while he was a war correspondent during the Italian liberation struggle. He possessed a few large, and doubtless valuable, but undeniably depressing engravings of well-known subjects by the Old Masters, and I am sure he respected them. I believe that he had a very fine and true eye for sculpture. Certainly when we visited Mestrovic's first exhibition in Kensington, he at once discerned the great beauty and force of the modelling of those female figures—four out of the nine widows of the fatal Kossovos Plain—and declared that Mestrovic "handled marble like flesh." Years later, also, he recognised the genius of Edward Lacey at one glance. But he never troubled himself to follow the development of painting in England and France, although he lived through two remarkable periods of growth and change; and, generally speaking, line, colour, form, landscape and all the delights of the eye were little to him in comparison with music.

He was himself a charming performer upon the flute and would follow the part taken by that instrument in any orchestra very closely. At home he played various familiar and beautiful airs, fragments and recollections; also, if I led him on, he would sometimes improvise. There was a certain family resemblance about his own tunes, but they all differed curiously from the set music that he liked to play. The written airs and passages that he preferred were (with all respect to them) often a little mid-Victorian and sentimental, having a certain tendency to roucoulades; but his improvisations, on the contrary, were brisk and gallant, full of a generous optimism and moving to a martial rhythm. Yet, musical as he was, we did not often go to concerts, for there was always too much to do! And presently the air raids, the consequent darkness of the streets, and the possibility of accidents made us unwilling to go far abroad at night, except when duty called.

Hyndman sometimes employed the orchestra as an example of democratic organisation and rule. The voluntary assembling of so many different players, all subduing their individual performances to the common ideal end, all important, all necessary, and all appreciated, though differing so widely in the nature and amount of their action, all independent, but acquiescing for the time in the unquestioned leadership of one, was, he used to say, a little working model in the Arts of what the future co-operative commonwealth would surely be. Those foolish and still numerous people who chatter about the "dead level of Socialism" and the "lack of incentive" where direct competition is absent, have never looked beyond the dreary limits of their own purse.

Our phrase the "Co-operative Commonwealth," though it is as exact as any key-word can ever be, has often puzzled the well-meaning bourgeois outsider, who is anxious to learn. I have seen them hastily sweeping their brains for dusty and misleading fragments of recollection—"co-operation," "Rochdale Pioneers," "Owen," etc., and endeavouring to reconcile the rather smug appearance of some Co-operative

Wholesale Society premises with our own austere and dominating selves. The fact is that, for many years before the war, a feeling of strong mutual disapproval, if not direct antagonism had ruled between the Social Democratic Federation and the Co-operative Societies.

"Why do you always crab the Co-operatives?" I had asked my husband, early in 1914. "Surely —" And then followed a few sentences of reflections and generalities such as those who are only partially educated in any movement will so freely produce for the consideration of their seniors. Hyndman heard me out with surprising patience. "Because the English Co-operative Societies are on quite a different basis to the Continental ones," he said. "*Here* they are, in the main, bourgeois and reactionary institutions, often on bad terms with their employés, hampered by the obligation to turn their profits into a wretched dividend, paid into each member's individual pocket, instead of spending them, as the Belgian Co-operative Societies do, for instance, on fine public and political work for the wage-earners collectively. Look at the Maison du Peuple —"

"Or 'Tyovaen Talo,' the great Workmen's House at Helsingfors," said I, not to be outdone.

The foreign Co-operative Societies supported Social Democracy well in 1914 and better still in 1923. In Czecko-Slovakia, for instance, the Trade Unions, the Co-operative Societies, and the Social Democrats now form a Trinity in Unity, of separate yet indivisible parts, which we English workers can only enviously admire. However, the English Co-operative Wholesale Societies are to-day coming slowly but steadily along the path of intelligent political action, thanks to two things—the influence of Social Democrats within their groups, and the effect of the War Emergency Workers' Committee upon the leading Co-operative members who joined it.

These responded, indeed, so readily to my husband's teaching that he now began to look upon the Co-operative Societies, purged of their dividend, as a possible means for helping England through the long and very terrible Transition Period from Capitalism to Social Democracy (which we then believed to be rather nearer than it looks to-day.) He urged the Co-operators to undertake large productive, as well as distributive work; and the possibility of Co-operative colliery ownership and Co-operative food production was seriously discussed by the Workers' Emergency Committee. "The organisation of Co-operative farms, all over the country, starting on a moderate scale and gradually developing, would at once do two things. It would put those labouring on the soil in a totally different position as men, and would enable the producer to dispose of his crops with greater ease. . . . Should the railway companies prove obstinate, Co-operative motor carriage might be introduced . . . and the associative principle applied to the purchase of modern machinery for the development of land for corn."

In the spring of 1915 the Allies were beginning recklessly, but perhaps excusably, to bribe other Powers with offers of territory over which they, the Allies, had no sway whatever. Thus, Tsarist Russia was urged to make stronger military efforts by a promise of Constantinople; and a trifle later the almost entirely Slavonic province of Dalmatia was offered to Italy. Both proposals were unscrupulous and foolish to the last degree, but it was impossible to get an adverse word printed in the capitalist press. In a leader, inspired, though not written, by Hyndman, his fine prophecy of a chain of free states, mainly Slavonic, running across Europe from the Baltic to the Black Sea was first set forth.

"From the Balkan kingdoms to Finland, a large portion of the rapidly increasing Slavonic races might then work out their own development in peace, and free Europe for a while from dread." It seemed to ourselves, and to the Slavonic refugees in England, merely a beautiful dream, but five years afterwards we saw this prophecy completely fulfilled. Long may those Slavonic States flourish, and defy the open or concealed hostility of their two great neighbours and foes!

Most of us believed that, whether Germany lost or won, Russia could not fail to come out of the war greatly strengthened, with Tsarism assured for many years more. But one day, when we were talking with the Slovene leader, Dr. Vosniak, who has since attained honourable distinction, my husband recalled the prophecy of his amazing anarchist friend, Lavrenius. "The man who gave me this desk," said he, "—a propagandist of deed in the department of explosive reform—told me that he believed the next great European upheaval would sweep the three ruling families, Romanoff, Habsburg, and Hohenzollern, off the face of the globe! And—though I cannot quite tell how—I am sure we shall all live to see this come about!"

Yes; we have seen it; although the extinction of the Habsburgs and the Hohenzollerns is by no means as complete as Lavrenius would have desired. The unhappy Romanoff (or Holstein-Gottdorp) family have since been sent to oblivion, to cure the intolerable ills they inflicted upon others and on themselves, by the direction of a man who had just then published an interesting little pamphlet on "War and the International." This man was L. Trotzky. He regarded the German Majority Social Democrats with an unfriendly eye, and quoted from one of their own papers the statement that "Germany fights for industrial supremacy, and the welfare of the German proletariat is bound up with German Imperialism." He went on to say "If a revolutionary movement *did* overthrow Tsardom, then the bayonets of the German army, led by the Hohenzollerns, would be ruthlessly turned against the Revolutionaries." His words have, with a trifling difference, been fulfilled. The bayonets of the Bolshevists, led by the writer of that pamphlet and supported by German funds, were in due time turned against those very Revolutionaries who overthrew Tsardom in 1917.

Another pamphlet of rather different character was published by the I.L.P. in the spring of 1915. It was called "How the War came" and it roused Hyndman to great and justifiable anger. He sent the offending pamphlet to his old friend, Georges Clemenceau, then editing the *Homme Enchainé*, who was as incensed as he. What is more strange is that this book roused Jean Longuet of the *Humanité* to justifiable anger too! He called it "un exposé détestablement tendencieux," and said that, under the pretext of denouncing the general responsibility of the governing bourgeoisie of all countries "it is careful to omit the direct and frightful responsibilities of the German Government." Vandervelde, who also wrote upon the pamphlet in *Justice*, is very strong in his condemnation of its pro-German pacifism. But it was left to Clemenceau to ask, quite clearly, where the money came from to produce this and other similar pamphlets.

Now it must not be forgotten that Socialists and Social Democrats have their own conventions as well as the capitalist bodies, and one of these is the very salutary rule that our Party differences about practice and belief should never be carried into the capitalist papers. On this occasion both Vandervelde and Longuet took Hyndman solemnly, and perhaps rightly, to task for corresponding upon this matter with the *Homme Enchainé*, which, lively and excellent journal though it might be, was anything but Socialist! I think I can plead that this indiscretion took place during a very brief absence of mine! I am sorry to say that the reproofs of our worthy comrades amused my husband extremely.

Hyndman's stout and constant opposition to the pro-Germans within the Socialist movement misled a number of bourgeois patriots, from the *Morning Post* and elsewhere, who were constantly hovering round Queen Anne's Gate in the hope of drawing our old man into " the great National Movement " as they would have called it. They did, alas! succeed in wiling some members of the B.S.P. finally into the pleasant valleys of Capitalism, where, no doubt, they have found all things as they wished. (But Social Democracy is a bleak upland, where " the oof-bird " never sings.) Hyndman's firm refusal to join the Anti-German League, for instance, was a disappointment to several muddle-headed, warm-hearted gentlemen wearing medals and other distinctions which they had quite honestly earned.

" I cannot forget," he said, " that the very same people who are now for a policy of final hostility against Germany adjured the British people to take up the same attitude against France at the time of the Fashoda incident and the Boer War. I was then advocating a thorough understanding with the French Republic and I should advocate a thorough understanding with a German Republic to-morrow. Nations cannot afford to indulge in permanent hatreds. . . . It may be well to remember that our Royal Family, which has been a curse to this country by preventing us from helping the French Republic in 1871—*fons et origo malorum*—is German. So are Sir Edward Cassel, Sir Edgar Speyer, Sir Alfred Mond, Baron von Schröder, Sir Karl Meyer, and a good many more."

For the May number of *Justice* he wrote a wise and hopeful article upon the collapse of International Socialism, pointing out how Germany, which had taken the lead in promulgating Social Democracy, had now twice in succession destroyed its own work, in 1870 and in 1914. (But the real destruction of International Socialism began, as he very well knew, in 1910, when, by the predominating influence of Germany and the cowardice of the other nationalities, he was driven off the Central Bureau.) Certainly the outlook in 1915 was terrible.

> " Socialists everywhere are driven into the conflict, and fight vigorously on the issues involved as French and Germans, Teutons and Slavs, regardless of their previous declarations on the solidarity of the human race. . . . We all know that the workers of the world have no sound economic or social grounds for antagonism. The attack upon Belgium and France was dead against the true interests of the German people—*but that did not arrest the rush on Paris.*"

Nor did considerations of proletarian solidarity hinder German soldiers later on from dropping bombs on the East End.

The leading events of 1915 are like beads on a string, dissimilar, with no connection between them except their successiveness in time. The ruling classes suddenly displayed a great wish to save the workers from the perils of alcoholism, and this they showed, not by reduction of overtime, improved working conditions or the abolition of slums, but by combined advice and insults, which exasperated Labour generally, and made them insist more than ever upon the Englishman's time-honoured right to get drunk. After this ugly little home squabble, in which neither party behaved well, came the sobering and horrible news of the sinking of the " Lusitania." Creatures of logic, the Germans seriously believed that all *was* fair in war, and acted upon the saying. They hardly realise, even now, how much this particular event, and the striking of medals to commemorate it, has done to make them accursed. It was so very little worse than all the rest ! " *J'accuse* "—the indictment of Prussian policy by a German—appeared shortly after and was received in Allied and even neutral countries with an enthusiasm that astonished the author.

At the end of 1920, or perhaps early in 1921, I remember hearing an intelligent German visitor complain to Hyndman that his countrymen were now everywhere unpopular as immigrants. They were naturally disliked as competitors, he said, on account of their superior skill and industry, and they were socially unwelcome in foreign communities because of the reputation of being " Barbarians " and " Huns," which they had undeservedly gained in the Great War. Hyndman, I think, proved to our visitor at once that other countries really paid very little heed to either of these drawbacks; what America, for instance, really disliked was the tough and resistant nationalism of the German immigrant. The children of the Fatherland were such aggressive patriots and took so long to become Americanized! No country welcomes foreign settlers who are determined to remain foreign.

However, the two reasons given for German unpopularity seem to me to offer some explanation of the peculiarities of the average educated German of the ruling caste. He is, broadly speaking, a man of highly-developed intelligence and highly trained skill, in whom all the perceptions, emotions, instincts and inborn faculties, which, taken together, we call *character*, as opposed to *intellect*, are, somehow, still in an elementary stage. Socially he seems often stiff, undeveloped, and primitive, or else unrestrained and brutal; he has extremely little power of adapting himself to other races, and when he loses self-control he certainly is more barbarous than his contemporaries in other nations. There must be a quite extraordinary national lack of perception about a people who, as Kautsky, their wisest apologist, allows, contrived to set the whole world against them.

In dealing with subject races, the Germans, by their energy, industry and intelligence, confer truly immense benefits upon those peoples who are, as they think, under their tutelage. Roads, schools, banks, Universities, technical training—all these advantages were not so much showered upon as pumped into the subordinate Czechs, Serbs and Croats, Alsatians or Poles. Their very literature was ordered, compiled, and translated so fully that to this day anyone who wishes to learn about the folklore or mythology of the obscure European races needs only to refer to the German authorities. From the Finnish Loitsurunoja to the Serbian songs of Kralje Markovic you will find fairly accurate versions of all of note that has been written or sung by Finn, Esthonian, Lett, Magyar, or every kind of Slav. Surely these little folk should rise up and call the German name blessed? No, alas! for the benefits are conferred with intolerable condescension, or with absolute fundamental ignorance of human nature.

And when their well-meant efforts are rebuffed, they are not only roused to barbaric anger but, afterwards, childishly hurt! There is no other word for it. "Nobody in Europe loves us"—this is the literal complaint of a German author in the 'eighties, who is writing about the ungrateful Slavs. And this most singular, most bitterly ironical vision of the maltreated German benefactor recurs at intervals in all their speculative nationalist writing. *L'Allemagne incomprise!*

My only excuse for this departure from the proper business of a memoir is that the whole political history of Europe from 1914 to 1922—and how much longer?—turns upon the question, "Did the German ruling class seek to dominate Europe? and will they try to do so again?" Hyndman and the Social Democratic Federation gave one answer to this question; some English Socialist bodies have given another. Yet, when the latter sob, "Capitalism! we were *all* to blame!" it really seems too facile and incoherent a reply: it dispenses one from trying to understand the German outlook, or even the English one. But if *we* shirk the trouble of thinking matters out, certainly the Germans will not! Hitherto all their mental training, which began under Frederick the Great, has tended to develop their skill and their intelligence at the expense of their character. In a year or two the leaders of the German nation will realise this; and we shall see some very interesting schools of pedagogy and psychology, working away upon the "formation of character," trying to shape the bounds of unknown mental forces, and finding out what directs the vague perceptive undercurrents of the mind. Now, broadly speaking, the average Englishman lives and works with his *character*, and is mightily distrustful of his own intellect, and of other men's also. That is why pure Social Democracy, which appeals almost exclusively to the intellect, is bound to make very slow progress in England; except when it chances to be set forth by men like the early Chartists and Hyndman, who drove home their intellectual convictions on their hearers by the sheer unconscious power of their own characters—and did not know it.

Hyndman had been working hard for a long time, and I, deeply resentful of the waste of spring and early summer days in the heart of Town, carried him off rejoicing to Monk's Gate. This was a little house in a large garden, set in varied and beautiful country three miles east of Horsham. My husband was then a good walker, and although he absolutely forgot the existence of the country when in London, nobody enjoyed meadow and woodland more freely than he at that time. Looking back, I fancy that I must have really communicated my own passionate love of landscape to him in those days, just as he forced me, by way of sheer sympathy, into some degree of musical appreciation. But later on, as I subordinated myself to him, love of landscape waned in us both, and I think our companionship alone took the place of everything else.

In 1915 we enjoyed a hundred delightful scenes together. We discovered the forest valley when the Arun rises in a little lake; we gathered wild strawberries on "Plover's Plain," while the curlews wheeled and cried in the westering sun; we explored green woodlands, and found a heathery hillock, where by some accident of sound, we felt rather than heard the vibration of great guns beyond the sea. One fine evening, after a day of rain, we came across a path between high flowering hedges, where an astonishing assembly of butterflies had met. Quantities of Peacocks and Red Admirals were dipping, sipping and fluttering about the tall branches and thistle-plants that grew there in purple bloom. They were quite undisturbed by our presence, turning and flickering under our delighted eyes, their red patches shining like jewels in the low sunbeams and the dew. My dear old man was just then as carelessly happy as one of the butterfiies in those pleasant places, I am sure.

We had not begun to feel the "*res angusta domi*" of a fixed income and expanding prices yet. During this year and the following Hyndman cherished the happy delusion that two or three business undertakings successfully followed up would place us beyond the reach of all but the greatest financial catastrophes. How far he *believed* this, how far he was just keeping up an agreeable game with himself I really do not know. But these recurrent "attacks of financial interest," so to speak, worried me greatly, for, although they entailed no loss of money, they were sheer waste of time, and they obliged him to frequent company unworthy of him and his position, as I thought. Yet his wide knowledge of commercial enterprise was extremely useful to him at various times; and I presume some of the schemes which he formerly had assisted with his knowledge did at *some* period repay him for his trouble. But nothing of the sort happened in my reign!

The reason may be that he was really caught in a run of bad luck, as he believed, or else he judged the schemes presented to him on their own merits, and paid little heed to the characters of the men controlling them. Certainly he had no power to detect a financial rogue, though he could recognise a political rascal at the first glance. One is reminded of the ancient Indian story of the lion who knew the poisonous snake from the harmless ones, but was quite unable to discriminate between noxious and inoffensive insects—however dangerous the former might be. The attacks of financial interest went on, recurring however at longer and longer intervals, until the last two years of his life.

But in these, as in other matters of amusement or licence, he set strict rules for himself. He never admitted friends or Party comrades into these transactions, not even when he apparently believed with all his heart and mind that these were destined to glorious success. Also, he never dealt with anything even remotely resembling war profits. And always, when handling an enterprise such as the Gattie scheme, which really would be of benefit to humanity even under the capitalist system, he steadily refused to have any personal interest whatever in it. Thus limited, the attacks of financial interest became only a troublesome pastime involving no pecuniary outlay, but the loss of more precious things, time and thought. And the solitary benefits we acquired from them during six years were some gardening instruction, and a very fine bed of violas.*

Neither landscape nor butterflies nor country friends were allowed to interfere with Work. During this year Hyndman wrote nearly all those essays on current events which were collected in the little volume called the " Future of Democracy "; and he began to assemble material for what has, so far, proved his " best-seller," the " Awakening of Asia." I was able to be useful to him in all the technical business, so to speak, of the making of books, and he allowed me great freedom in this. He " thought in Latin "; I, like many English people, " think in German." Sometimes, writing of generalities or the summary of brisk events, he would come near the precision of his favourite, Tacitus, so far as the English language allows; sometimes, also, when he wrote rapidly, his sentences took an abstract form, a construction difficult for the unlettered reader to follow.

Except the last edition of the " Economics of Socialism," all his books went three or four times through my hands, in manuscript, type, and proof. I saved him, besides, the arrangement of chapters, and the troublesome survey work necessary to see that the thread of argument runs clearly on and that instances do not contradict nor examples overlap. When the reading world begins to shake off the stupefaction of those miles and miles of printed matter produced for the quarter-educated, and once more observes Style, they may be curious to note how far Hyndman and I influenced one another in our different ways of handling English words. To-day, however, criticism is so lax that a whole chapter in my husband's "Clemenceau" written by me, with no attempt to disguise my own style, passed undetected, as we knew it would!

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* An opposite view of the merit of Hyndman's financial activities will be found in the two volumes of his Autobiography.

What an amount of solid literary work Hyndman produced in the last seven years of his life! The "Future of Democracy," the "Awakening of Asia," "Clemenceau," the revised and expanded "Economics of Socialism," and that *magnum opus* the "Evolution of Revolution"; besides all these there are essays enough to make up another volume, a fragment of the proposed History of Ireland, which is complete in itself as far as the early tribal period goes, and that most charming survey of general literature, the "Books of a Lifetime"! And innumerable *Justice* articles into the bargain. All these things, and his public services also, were, to my recollection, done easily enough, and, up to the very end, with no consciousness of fatigue. I was a stern guardian of his health, and a relentless believer in the value of daily exercise and such fresh air as London can give. We soon acquired the habit of the afternoon siesta, beside a wide-open window in nearly all seasons, a habit which I warmly recommend to all brain workers who are no longer young. Wrapped up as if for a sledge drive, with a hot bottle or a lamp at hand, even the December air is wholesome and health-giving; a light, brief sleep, thus taken, partially or wholly in the open air, is the most refreshing thing in the world.

We returned in the early autumn to Queen Anne's Gate, and Hyndman went heartily to his War Emergency work. Throughout 1915 that Committee, in all its printed and platform utterances, vigorously supported the principle that wages must be adjusted to a decent subsistence level for the working man. This is hardly more than the old Minimum Wage writ large; yet, obvious as it seems, neither this nor the similar principle of "Work or Maintenance" have ever been fully accepted by a capitalist government. They will claim that the workhouse and the guardians are proof to the contrary, but legislation is full of their ingenious attempt to shift responsibility for those whom the system leaves permanently underfed and unemployed.

Now, as Hyndman has often said, the adjustment of wages to even a high subsistence level is a bad system, because it works both ways. If wages must not fall below the amount necessary to keep the worker and his family alive and efficient, then neither need they rise to the point where the worker can enjoy a few superfluities and some leisure. The wage-earner acquiesces in the condition which keeps him permanently in a state of dependence and inferiority towards another class. However, bad as it is, while we live under capitalism, the minimum wage principle lays some responsibility on the employer and on the State; therefore the Workers' Emergency Committee did their best to have it enforced.

Patriotism was now stirring the pool of the British bourgeoisie, sometimes with very quaint results. A creditable number of middle-class men enlisted; nevertheless, as Hyndman truly said, the proportion of working-men volunteers to the others was 24 to 1. At first we looked a little shyly at these figures, but our old man proved quite right; the *Fortnightly Review* quoted them and they are generally accepted.

Meantime, a great many people of leisure who did not go to the war were genuinely anxious to do something for their country at home; some took in Belgians, some worked for hospitals, some refused alcohol—and Sir William Bull, according to his own statement, gave up Old Brown Windsor in the bathroom and took to yellow soap! But neither he nor the members of the Anti-German League boycotted a certain large firm of food contractors and teashop holders who incurred the maximum penalty for supplying bad meat to the troops.

The Great War went on; the Carpathians, Serbia, the Dardanelles all became in turn centres of anxiety and despair. There was—let us call it no worse name than profiteering and mismanagement at home—and in October Hyndman's article entitled "Cæsar's Wife" should fairly have involved him in two dozen libel cases from the most powerful people in the land! Yet, bad as he knew things to be, he never doubted of ultimate victory for the Allies. But about this time he began to foresee the possibility of that great and salutary weariness of war which fell upon the nations at the end of 1918, and has so far affected them all (except the Prussians and the Magyars). "If the German people showed any desire for a fair settlement," he said, "there would immediately be manifested in all quarters a vigorous effort to put an end to this stupendous war."

1915 ended with an extraordinary and misbegotten display of patriotism by the Home Office which forced Hyndman into the defence of an unsatisfactory case and a most exasperating defeat.

Miss X., who had so pleased him two years before by her agreeable if ill-timed recitation of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," was known to be acquainted with some Indians who criticized British rule; but, when we heard from her in the summer, she was fully and quite unpolitically occupied in a remote hospital as V.A.D. However, early in September, she was suddenly arrested in her home in Z——shire. She was kept in a cell in London three days, then taken to a police-station and then to a Home of Internment, where she remained, under very unsatisfactory sanitary conditions, till some time after the end of the war. She was asked questions by an Advisory Committee, *but no direct charge was ever made against her;* and her friends learned, after much difficulty, that she was to be kept under restraint indefinitely "as a measure of precaution." *She never had any sort of trial at all.*

Miss X.'s case, as first presented to us, appeared admirable, but we found out in course of time that she had done two extremely silly things. "Silly" is the exact word for them: they were kindly meant, heedless, and politically innocuous. She was a clever, high-minded woman who knew nothing of the world. My dear husband raised a fine clamour, interested the leading newspapers in Miss X.'s case, gave the Head of the Police some wholesome advice to think over, and, in a word, pulled so many strings that the authorities were uneasy and on the point of letting Miss X. out. But, just at the critical moment, we received two telegrams from Miss X. at the Home of Internment, bidding us most urgently to drop the case!

When I hear the ties of family affection praised I always think of the X. home. Miss X. had an elderly father and, I believe, two sisters of the small provincial, leisured middle class. These people left the defence of their sister and daughter completely to others, they withheld their countenance and consent from all measures taken to get her out, and they induced the poor, dear, foolish soul to send us those two telegrams which entirely stayed our proceedings! In fact, the X. family agreed with the Home Office that Miss X. should be detained at the Home of Internment, in unhealthy surroundings and in what, from the bourgeois point of view, was unspeakably bad and harmful company, for nearly four years. Such is fatherly and sisterly love. It was, of course, Miss X.'s own fault, since she allowed her family to work upon her affection and sense of duty so much to her own detriment. But she was frightened, in bad health and, I believe, so innocent that she did not know how very trifling socially her heedless acts had been. And thus, alas!—far worse than Miss Malecka—she made fools of herself and of us.

So ended 1915.

CHAPTER IX

Conscription—The Blockade Controversy—Party Troubles—The "British Socialist Party" Splits—Formation of the National Socialist Party—Mind and Body—Easter Week, 1916—Railways and Food—Blood, Fire and Dullness—Two French Types—A Good European—A Missed Opportunity.

The difficulties which the question of recruiting for the Great War presented to Socialists were feather-light compared with the iron problems of Conscription. The position of the I.L.P. and of the Pacifist section of the B.S.P. was plain. They had declared against any and every sort of military action, including, with simple and ruinous logic, all armed resistance to aggression; and went about suffering from the amiable delusion that a soldier under command would refuse to shoot down a defenceless man, if the latter stood still and looked at him with folded arms. But the Social Democrats, who had so long advocated a Citizen Army and praised the general scheme of Jaurès' *Armée Nouvelle*—the Social Democrats who said that every fit man ought to be trained to defend his own country, were committed to the principle of compulsion; and something more than a mere outcry against militarism was expected of them.

We had to make it clear that the proposals for military compulsion before the country were unnecessary, undemocratic and bad—far worse than the French method of conscription, in which there is some attempt at equality of service, and half the officers are chosen from the ranks. The measure presented to the House of Commons at the beginning of 1916 merely compelled a fairly large number of men to enter the Army as it then stood, an organisation which had grown, hugely but quite casually, from circumstances and necessity. And, by the unconscious irony of party politics, the very men who found themselves forced to bring in this militarist measure were those who had, a few years earlier, violently objected to the Social Democratic proposals for Citizen Army training, Asquith, Grey, and Lloyd George.

Conscription of men for the army was obviously the only means of making industrial conscription possible; though Hyndman sometimes doubted whether those who proposed and supported compulsion understood the policy which the vast economic forces of the war had laid upon them. Were he alive now, he would already have begun to survey those forces, material and psychological, distinguishing between the great nationalist and racial movement, whose power, after more than a hundred years, is yet unspent in Europe, and the disturbing, but not consciously warlike tendencies of Capitalism in its first stage of decay. He might have written in these days what he sometimes put in words then; Capitalism will never willingly allow *another* Great War, because, in times of national life-and-death-struggle, individual enterprise is sharply restricted, competition gives way to collectivism, and even monopoly falls under State control. "Look back," he said in 1921; "the last three years of the war here were like a distorted picture of what life will be some twenty years hence, when we are well into the Transition Period, and the State is doing the greater part of the production and distribution and handling the capitalist machine! In war time the workers' standard of living was comparatively high, rationing ensured them a better quality of food than before, and they knew their own value and were fairly independent, since unemployment did not exist. In spite of conscription, in spite of vexatious hindrances to personal liberty, in spite of infamous corruption, dastardly incompetence, and fearful waste of life abroad, the people of this country were cared for then as never before."

Conscription, therefore, however partially and abominably carried out, was a current in the stream of collectivist tendency, as well as a recognition of the principle of universal citizen defence. I am trying to set forth the very mingled feelings and arguments in Hyndman's mind at this time, and after the measure was passed. Late in the previous year he wrote to Clemenceau:

"Lastly, as to our disinclination to adopt conscription. How can our present 'Ministry without a Mandate' enact conscription for this nation, when our working-class, which has furnished fully 96 per cent. of our troops, is bitterly opposed to it? A Referendum must be taken on any question of compulsion. . . . But the time is ripe for a thoroughly democratic Citizen Army. Unfortunately, our Imperialists are opposed to a system of service, which, by putting arms at the disposal of a free people, would threaten the overlordship of landowners and capitalists—while the people themselves do not appreciate the difference between the two forms of compulsory service, and are afraid that, after the peace, they will still be kept under military discipline and upper-class control."

In May he wrote:

> " For myself I am the more incensed at this selfish madness of the rich and fatuity on the part of the poor, insomuch that I am not in the least opposed to compulsory military training for all citizens above the age of 18. I have been in favour of it for just fifty years, since I discussed the whole question with my old friend Giuseppe Mazzini, when I returned from the campaign of 1866. But a genuine democratic Citizen Army under the control of the whole people—all citizens and all soldiers—is very different indeed from this wretched martial law conscription. . . .
>
> " There is no set of men and women in this island more eager to win the war against the Germanic Powers than we of *Justice* and our comrades old and new. For many a year the living and dead of our Party warned our folk of what was coming, all in vain. Now many of the same Labour leaders who sneered at us are voting for conscription without any safeguards whatever for their class. We oppose the blind militarist infatuation of these men to-day as we denounced their blind pacifism yesterday. . . . But the vote in the House of Commons is the travesty of working class opinion in the country and a bad omen for eventual success."

Amid all their excellent economic work the War Emergency Workers' Committee found time to issue a sound pamphlet on Conscription and on the kindred plan of industrial compulsion, combating both proposals, but not venturing (even under Hyndman's guidance!) to put forward a scheme for a Citizen Army. A characteristically Fabian suggestion for the conscription of wealth was published instead. The Labour Party condemned the Conscription Act at a special Labour Congress by a very large majority; nevertheless it became law. And, as usually follows in England, the consequences were neither so black nor so white as anyone expected. The workers merely shook their long ears, turned their backs to the thunderstorm, and when called upon, scrambled together, and " went over the top " just the same as before.

But while the workers were doing a good deal more than their share of the fighting, " the governing classes " were, so Hyndman declared, really committing more than their proper share of the blunders; and he considered that acting upon the Declaration of London was the biggest blunder of all. Such a policy was, in his eyes, the work either of knaves or fools—there was no alternative. Had he been writing of the dispossessed classes he would have leaned to the latter conclusion; but, since those who directed the action of our Navy in accord with the Declaration were most emphatically Possessors, highly-educated, highly-bred, and with all possible sources of information at their command, he concluded, perhaps a little hastily, that they were knaves. My dear husband never would allow enough latitude for sheer incompetence, dullness and stupidity. To stupidity *all things* are possible—and this should be engraved upon a shining gold dado, in letters of lead, in every chamber where Cabinets are wont to meet. Hyndman's most widely-experienced friend once described to us how he saw incomprehension settling like a London fog over the brow of a weary Minister, and one of the representatives of the Foreign Office simply refusing to think, like a petulant child. Sheer dullness, an ill-thought-out fear of offending America, and a blank, terrified refusal to look German facts in the face, might all account for the circumstance that the Declaration of London (which according to Sir Edward Grey " never had any legal validity ") was adhered to for so many months of the war.

Briefly put, Hyndman's case against the Declaration amounted to this: While England imported five-sixths of her necessary food-stuffs from overseas, exceptional measures for her protection were necessary, and these, by the Declaration of London, were given away.

This Declaration, first drawn up in 1909, meant that neutrals should be considered before belligerents in all future wars: that private property at sea should be exempt from capture: and all doubtful questions of prizes should be decided, not in our own Prize Courts, but by a nebulous International Justiciary, which, being a tribunal of neutrals and antagonists, might go against us.

The abstract justice of the Declaration was admirable, and it was an agreement which a self-feeding, self-supporting England could rightly have endorsed. Under some curious illusions as to the source of our food supplies, the Government accepted the Declaration—but the House of Lords refused it—and so we went into the war with the Declaration of London *un*ratified, and need not have paid any heed to it at all. Yet, being either excessively scrupulous for abstract justice, or in great fear of the neutrals, or having some unusual interest in private property at sea, the Foreign Office persuaded the Government to decree by an Order in Council, and without reference to Parliament, that the Declaration of London should be acted upon, as if it had been fully ratified.

By indirect consequence of this, more than sixty per cent. of the vessels captured by our navy were released at the order of the Foreign Office, without being brought before any Prize Court at all. Through our adherence to the Declaration, imports of great value to Germany were constantly allowed to pass, and one article of primal military necessity, whose circulation we could certainly have prevented, was permitted to reach its destination unhindered for a long time. All this, said Hyndman, amounted to treachery; and certainly it looked as if the Foregn Office had carried chivalry towards enemies and neutrals to an unduly high pitch. No doubt generosity was its own reward.

We were perpetually receiving strange and exciting information at 9 Queen Anne's Gate upon this question of national treachery, but as a rule we never could get the last, small, necessary link to complete the case. And it was just as well for our informants that we did not. People who understand these matters need only be reminded that odd accidents sometimes happen to those smaller persons who have it in their power to discredit an essential Government Bureau. So, when confidential Mr A., edging forward his chair, whispered to us of B., who had first-hand information from C. about an Allied hospital ship, under Captain D., which received Transatlantic stores and conveyed them through neutral waters into German hands (E.) somehow—well, we knew, after two or three disappointments, that, when called upon to bear witness, some one letter of the Alphabet would fail. (And yet that very tale, hospital ship and all, did actually turn up, authenticated, in the newspapers just four years and a month or two after the end of the war.) It was like a ghost story. We often and often listened to the man whose friend had seen some modern form of blockade-running, but we only once spoke with the beholder of the matter at first-hand himself—and then some other link failed. The history of the " import of primal military necessity " appears on nearer view to end no better than the rest.

Upon a raw and gusty day there appeared in our parlour a young, plucky, but unhappy French gentleman, who had just crossed the Channel by torpedo-boat in a raging storm. He had come in consequence of my husband's representations to the French Government to enquire about this primal military necessity—which was a special lubricant for machine-guns and other complex instruments of destruction, based upon linseed oil. If this were kept out of Germany—and it could be absolutely kept out, so our informants declared—the war would be over in six weeks! Inquiries were set on foot, statements confirmed, and the French Government made very serious representations to the English Cabinet, which promised to put an end to the direct importation of linseed oil by Germany.

They did so; and our young French friend returned to his country, much to our personal regret. He was a Socialist, of course, and a man of that adventurous strain which is now much more common in France than we islanders suppose. He began his political career at the age of 23, by fighting an election as deputy in a remote and mountainous French district, upon a hundred francs and a borrowed bicycle—and he won it well.

But now comes the sequel of the story. Once more, chivalry towards the enemy and an almost morbid regard for the rights of neutrals affected our Foreign Office and our Government. The necessary linseed oil somehow found its way unhindered to Copenhagen, whence with little delay it reached its original destination. Doubtless the Government were influenced by other considerations than those which we were permitted to know. We may also believe that considerations of kindred nature caused those erroneous reports which were first circulated about the Battle of Jutland.

These international matters were broken by our visit to Burnley—my first, and Hyndman's fiftieth or thereabouts. He has described that grey, clattering, grimy Lancashire town himself in the Autobiography. For me, it lacked the horror of endlessness, which London and the numerous, almost linked-up cities of the Midlands possess: I could not see despair in a town from which one might so easily escape to the moorlands upon every side! However, Burnley folk do not look unto the hills from whence cometh their salvation; and I soon found reason enough for commiseration and horror there, as in every factory town. Hyndman, gazing with Morris from a green upland upon the steaming smoky dale, called the factory chimneys "stakes, upon which successive generations of the workers and their children had been impaled." Years later, he and I stood in the same place together and recalled those words of his. But he, indignant as ever at man's cowardly resignation in the face of remediable disorder and suffering, yet remembered Verhaeren's poem:

> "Sur la Ville, dont les affres flamboient,
> Règnent, sans qu'on les voie
> Mais évidentes, les Idées."

The City! centre of power, energy, creation, order, thought and aspiration, effort and destruction; to-day, perpetually drawing in fresh force from the country-side and grinding its workers to dust; but to-morrow, certain, under the improved order of things, to fling these workers out again, periodically and inevitably, to renew their strength in the open fields and the sun.

Burnley will go down to history, along with an Oriental city of wider fame, as a Town of Lost Opportunity. It is true Hyndman was popular there; he was as well-known, so he told me, as the town pump! The little dark, old-fashioned, inadequate inn was crowded at all hours with his friends and admirers during his stay there: the very tram-drivers and conductors all greeted him, and the large town theatre was filled to its utmost capacity with a paying audience to hear him speak. Nevertheless, after more than twenty years' political education, Burnley sent a very worthy henchman, a good typical representative of its better self, to Parliament—but not Hyndman.

Speaking frankly, as a bourgeoise, I had then, as I have had always, good reason to be dissatisfied with the relation of Hyndman's supporters—he would not like me to say followers—to himself. They always took their Grand Old Man so very much for granted! and all that he did and suffered for them they accepted, quite simply, as their right. I imagine that is the experience of every man who devotes his life to the emancipation of a downtrodden class, made spiritless by generations of anxiety and dependence. They have no standard by which to measure him or his services; whereas a bourgeois following are always quick to see when they have found a valuable leader, and most ready to make the best of him. Well, it was natural, almost touching, that they should take him uncritically, as children do a father: natural also that they should sometimes be like adolescents, in whom the simple instinctive loyalty to a parent is outgrown, and the intelligent, full appreciation of a most exceptional father has not yet begun. Outside the Party, it was inevitable, no doubt, that Hyndman should be mentioned in the same breath with clever office-seekers or sincere, yet mediocre and puzzled men; but within it, and from those whom he himself had educated, one looked for better understanding. But they made disconcerting use of his own maxim, "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his need" when they deduced a sort of equality of service and a most ungainly democracy from it—apparently considering some estimable but limited X. or Y. as good as he. I have had to bite pieces of my tongue off to keep quiet when I heard this expressed; and I could not even make furious comment upon it afterwards to my old man himself!

But a naturally impulsive and terrier-like temper has sometimes been tried too far! on one occasion with a very funny result. At the end of 1915 or early in 1916 my husband went with me to Islington to speak. The meeting was held in a B.S.P. branch hall, and a number of unpleasant young Pacifists from within and without the Party were present. However pacific my own sentiments may then have been, I strongly resented organised attempts to break up public meetings, and personal abuse. One of the cross-bred specimens there called my husband a liar. Hyndman did not hear it at the time, and the chairman passed it over. I waited a few moments, and then (like Abner Dean of Angel's) "raised a point of order" calling upon the chairman to make the offender apologise or withdraw. I salted my words by an allusion to the apparent immaturity of the disturbers, which, as I rightly judged, would sting them more than anything else. There was a little confusion: the Pacifists defended their chief representative, and I think there were cries of "Older than you, anyway!" But the chairman was weak, Hyndman preserved a judicious silence, and nothing was done. So, remarking, " Then I must turn him out myself," I jumped off the platform, reached up to the collar of the offender, who was a long, slack cockney, and urged the amazed creature towards the door! Remonstrances, apology, and much laughter followed. But it is sometimes worth while to make oneself ridiculous; and Hyndman was not displeased at the conduct of " his bantam hen."

In 1916 German peace proposals were tentatively thrown out, but 1917 was the year that blossomed with them. Upon the first hint of these overtures, Hyndman roundly declared that the Germans now certainly realised they never would win the war; and to this statement we mostly returned temporising or deprecatory answers. Yet time proved it true. The various " International " Congresses, whose open or concealed intentions were to bring about a German peace, had begun in the previous year, and some five were held before the end of 1916. They did a great deal to make Socialism ridiculous and Socialists suspected and misunderstood. At best, those who attended them were obliged to affect a superhuman detachment from the conflict; at worst, they were showing anxiety for the success of the most efficient military and reactionary power in Europe, and either position was difficult for a plain man to comprehend. It was curious, also, that there had been much more violent disputation at the old pre-War Socialist gatherings on economic and theoretic questions than there was at these Peace Congresses over the war.

However, the first of these gatherings, the Conference of Socialists from the Allied nations, held in London, February, 1915, was a different matter. It was, frankly, a meeting of Socialists who found themselves upon the same side in the conflict; and the gist of their resolution upon the war was that " The invasion of Belgium and France by the German armies threatens the very existence of independent nationalities, and strikes a blow at faith in all treaties. . . . The Socialists of Great Britain, Belgium, France and Russia, demand that Belgium shall be liberated and compensated . . . and that, throughout all Europe, from Alsace-Lorraine to the Balkans, those populations that have been annexed by force shall receive the right freely to dispose of themselves."

And now it was our business as English Social Democrats to give an example of wisdom and unity in Congress ourselves. Hyndman and I went to Manchester with very mixed feelings. A split he knew was inevitable, for that divided body, the British Socialist Party, which had once represented so gallant and so unwise an attempt at Socialist unity, could no longer go on; but where the line of cleavage exactly would fall, and whether the relief of getting rid of the singularly unpeaceful Pacifist element would be too dearly paid, we could not tell.

Some ninety-one delegates met at the Caxton Hall in Salford, and trouble began ten minutes after the meeting opened. Briefly, the cause of dispute was that the Pacifists, supported by the Executive, wished to exclude the Press, and the "Pro-Ally group," led by Hyndman, desired an open Conference. As Jack Jones said, it was one of the first principles of Democracy, and much more of Social Democracy, that political bodies and their committees should conduct their business in public. The matter was hotly discussed, but the explosion came when a delegate in bad health, suffering slightly from the "persecution mania," said that "Colleagues of these men," apparently indicating Hyndman and Irving, had urged the police to take action against B.S.P. members. The uproar that followed was quite a relief. Hyndman rose to speak and made himself heard, in spite of noisy protests, and two votes were then taken—first that the chairman leave the chair, which was rejected—and second, that Hyndman be refused a hearing, which was passed by a small majority. A final vote for complete exclusion of the Press was carried by sixty; and the Pro-Ally group, some thirty men and two women, led by Hyndman, left the Conference.

And then, so that the needful touch of humour should not be wanting, the B.S.P. Conference, having excluded the English Press, admitted a representative of *The Jewish World!*

These events are nearly seven years old now—and what has become of the B.S.P.? Yes; what *has* become of the B.S.P.? Some have returned to the Social Democratic Federation, some have given up Socialism: one, I believe, joined the I.L.P., and a few went into capitalist politics, and two or three were quite unreasonably imprisoned, but the majority became Communists, and long may they remain so!

Social Democracy in England resembles a machine which is always drawing up fresh material, and always throwing out unsatisfactory substances. People of anarchist disposition, those who are anxious "to make twelve o'clock at eleven," that minority who desire to let themselves and the majority loose into the Millennium, against the majority's will—in a word, all those who forget Marx's principle that no body of men can *make* a revolution until the economic forces are ready, will sooner or later forsake Social Democracy. We Social Democrats must patiently and tirelessly work out Hyndman's further teaching upon the Marxian principle, that, unless the majority *understand* the economic changes now taking place in Society, and *prepare for them*, the revolution will be followed by chaos, bloodshed and violent reaction. Economically, England is nearer to the change from Capitalism to Collectivism than any other Western State, but politically and mentally our people are the least prepared. However, Marx and Hyndman both, relying on the astonishing adaptability of Englishmen, believed that in this country a bloodless, orderly revolution, carried out by an intelligent people, might indeed take place.

But the Communists of the B.S.P., though occasionally quoting Marx's words, had no use for his wisdom; and being mainly "Pacifists and direct actionists" they tumbled headlong into the arms of the Russian Bolshevists two years later. Enough of them! We marched out of Caxton Hall, and the B.S.P. remnant tried to sing "The Red Flag" *at* us, but we had begun first. To each party, no doubt, the third line of the chorus

> "Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,"

seemed singuarly pointed and appropriate!

Assembled in Deansgate Hotel, we invited the Press; and, after making it clear that a large number of Social Democrats were giving practical support to our views on the war in the trenches at that moment, we formed a temporary body, "The National Socialist Advisory Committee." We notified the International Socialist Bureau of what had occurred and applied for affiliation to the Labour Party. We received sympathy, congratulations, and applications for membership from all over England; and in fact the rupture between the two sections of the old B.S.P. had come about (as an economic development should) so clearly and inevitably that all concerned understood it, and the only wonder was that the actual moment of change had tarried so long. The number of those who left the Conference was certainly much less than those who remained, but we of the National Socialist Party had two priceless assets, Hyndman and *Justice*. And so the Social Democrats weathered one more storm and carried on just as before. This letter, written a few days before the split, shows how our old leader regarded the situation:

"April 14, 1916.

"Dear Mr Gould,

"Thank you for your letter. It is impossible for the Socialist movement in this country to go on as it is going, without coming to a complete collapse. We are divided among ourselves; a large portion of believers is entirely out of touch with our countrymen; the old enthusiasm and idealism of the 'eighties has died down; the younger men have neither the vigour nor the self-sacrifice of the early days; and the war, with its unobserved but rapidly increasing dangers, overshadows all thought. What our men may bring back from the front none can say. Violent reaction or complete revolution I think. For the time being at any rate the outlook is gloomy.

"But it is at a time of this sort that fresh forces are developed and new conceptions come to birth. I agree that our greatest need at the present time is a group of men and women who are inspired with a great cause, have learnt to trust one another, and are sufficiently well known to the outside world to command respect. That, I think, we have got. But, mostly, they are people past the prime of life and possessed of small means. Therefore, it seems to me, we have, as soon as possible, to recall the best time of our party and to appeal as Social Democrats—Bronterre O'Brien's name of 1839—to all and sundry to rally to the old flag. A mere group, however good in itself, is not wide enough to attract outsiders. At Manchester I will try to put my views, which I do not think differ much from yours, before the 'loyal' delegates.

"Mere pacifism will never influence great masses of mankind. It is, in fact, absurd to preach the class-war at home and non-resistance abroad. But the Germans have shown us that mere education and knowledge are not enough; there must be some religious social feeling. That is the difficulty. The Germans deify the Kultur-Staat.

"Yours very truly,

"H. M. Hyndman."

The name National Socialist Party was a source of exasperation to some of us; but doubtless Jack Jones was wise when he maintained now, and again a year later, that "Social Democrat" would at this time only lead to confusion and misunderstanding among our dear, muddle-headed countrymen. We acquiesced; but *Justice* remained as it had ever been, "the organ of the Social Democray," and Hyndman always spoke of himself as "a Social Democrat." In later years he generally summarised Social Democracy thus: "It is an attempt to lay the foundation of a real science of sociology, which shall enable mankind, by comprehending their past and present, to control, within limits, the development of their own society in the near future." Socialism is nowadays often carelessly used to signify merely aspirations for a better state of society, and a series of palliatives for the evils arising from present social arrangements.

On the Continent to-day "Socialist" and "Social Democrat" are carefully distinguished; and our European comrades *quite* understand that, although the English Labour Party figures in one of the "Internationals," its members are anything but Social Democrats, and only very partially and doubtfully "Socialists." We islanders are certainly amazing creatures, and Great Britain is a very strange land!

But also, from the landscape point of view, it is a very beautiful one; and nothing in the world revives and encourages the heart cast down

"By city walls and ever-blinded men"

like springtime on an English countryside. And therefore, as soon as might be after our return from Manchester, I took Hyndman to rest in the Shere valley again.

My dear old man had stood the long worry and final shock of our Party transformation uncommonly well. It was always so with him. He could throw great troubles and disappointments over his shoulder, and, quite literally, think no more of them. Whether this resulted from sheer strength of will and philosophy, or from that habit of "moving very freely in time" to which I have often referred, I do not know; and I cannot tell, either, if this was the result of conscious self-development or not, for he was altogether unable to talk about himself or describe his own growth. However, when I knew him, no spirit ever had a saner and finer piece of mental machinery—if I may use the simile—to work with than he. So far as I can tell, he first realised the full bearings of his hereditary family trouble while he was at college; but the great specialist, Henry Maudsley, reassured him upon his own account, and he seems to have worked out then, or soon after, certain sound rules of conduct to which he generally adhered.

Hyndman never, I think, put his own philosophy of life into so many words, for he would not do like most of us, great or small—he never surveyed his own life and times with himself for hero. If he troubled to look at Hyndman at all, he took that personage in simply as part of a movement, or, rather, of "*the* Movement." Consequently one has to arrive at his philosophy, or rule of life, from his actions only. Put into words, it would amount to this: "Accept every emotion that comes to you fully, enter into it with all your heart and soul—but do not *act* until your reason has tested the quality of that emotion through and through." It is not unlike Wordsworth's definition of poetry—the remembrance of strong feeling in a period of reflection and tranquility.

Such a rule applies to the great things of life—to those large moments of exaltation which come at times of stress, wing-like, giving the troubled mind another sphere of view. If we could apply it to small things, we mortals should become, for perhaps the first time in the history of our planet, *wise*. But even the greatest of us seldom do so. Therefore I was often left wishing that Hyndman had also worked out some sensible rules for the physical direction of his life! In this respect he had had a very bad start; for the grandmother (whose opinion of him in early youth has already been quoted) certainly brought him up disgracefully! This sturdy, wilful, but extremely sweet-natured little lad, who might have been trained to anything by sheer affection, was packed off to a boarding-school at six as "unmanageable"; and throughout his boyhood he was treated alternately as a young ruffian or an invalid, when there was no sort of ground for regarding him as the one or the other. He did not get a fair start with his various tutors, and was frequently and foolishly shifted. The only sensible thing his guardians did, allowing him to travel through Germany alone at the age of sixteen, happened by carelessness and not design. Their mistaken views about his health and the extraordinary hygienic superstitions they forced upon him produced a sort of faint latent hypochondria—he was always, subconsciously, expecting to be ill, as attentive readers of the Autobiography will discern. Thus, admirably as he had ordered the upper storey of his brain, so to speak, where the conscious will reigned, the lower storey was encumbered with fantasies, and it was, therefore, extremely difficult for him to react against any little ailment, or to take full advantage of a superbly vigorous and healthy frame.

It is curious to think that I am still personally indignant about the bad management of a little boy who was born in 1842! I never realised the long years between us except once, when we were talking of Charlotte Brontë, and he said, "I was nearly five years old when 'Jane Eyre' came out." "Jane Eyre"!! I looked at him, for a second almost with horror, and felt as if I had dropped into starry space, and married the Victorian Age!

Let us return to the Shere Valley and the spring of 1916. The weather was kind, and we spent whole days along the northern hillside, in the beech-woods and on the open downs by the Pilgrim's Way. Hyndman, for all his South Sea travels, did not know how to make a woodland fire, and excused his ignorance by the plea that tropical fuel looked very different! Nothing is so companionable as a good fire under the open sky. It furnishes you with warmth, light, sound, scent, and occupation; it is charming, capricious, kindly, or wilful like a woman, according to its own mysterious laws. Fetch dry furze that blazes up with a great golden flame, crackling beech-twigs, big silvery deadwood of the birch, with pine-branches for lasting; and then there comes a fine red heap of glowing embers, clear as jewels among the charred log-ends and powdering white ash. Beyond this lies a view, thrown into the remoteness of a pictured scene by the vivid foreground; a falling grey-green slope, fields and tiny houses in the valley and a thread of silver stream; more fields, and then dim velvety-blue woodlands all up the other side, to a solitary line of firs, sharp as lace upon the crest. Tobacco and other faint burning aromatic smells are light upon the air; and close to you a dear voice utters, rather sleepily, some perfect commonplace. Will not those pleasant hours make atonement for all the bitter Conferences in the world?

Hardly had we forgotten our Party anxieties when we were recalled to larger issues by that ill-fated, tragical, and curiously irresponsible affair, the "Dublin Revolt." How it came about, and, above all, what Sinn Fein really expected to make of it, is a puzzle still. As Hyndman said: "Much more than a reverence for Ireland's history and language, and an eager desire to control their country's destiny at any cost, was needed to give such a revolutionary effort any chance of success. Jim Larkin's tour in America and the hope of aid from Germany seem to have made the Sinn Fein leaders believe that Providence would be, for once, on the side of the small battalions who were so miserably armed. But James Connolly cannot have been thus deluded. Though he had long gone out of our movement, he did thorough good service when there, and was unquestionably an honest, determined, and capable enthusiast, with brains. . . . But he had lashed himself up to the conviction that unorganised force could hasten on economic and social growth."

The affair looked much more dangerous to outsiders than it did to ourselves; and indeed an eminent foreign Socialist then in London hurried round to us at Queen Anne's Gate, just as we were going to bed, in much excitement and some fear, lest the ruling classes might organise a general massacre of all that they conceived to be the politically disturbing elements in London! He came to offer us his help; but Hyndman reassured him, and said that the mismanagement at home, which had just brought about the surrender at Kut, was far worse for England than all the firing in Dublin.

As we know, savage and horrible reprisals followed; there is something in the air of Ireland which seems to make her Scottish and Saxon invaders lay aside justice, honour, and even decent humanity. The shooting of Connolly in prison, the murder of Sheehy Skeffington by an English officer (who has, it is said, now been replaced in his former position in the army) are among the countless horrors of Irish history which we, and the Irish, would fain forget if we could. (They must be a forgiving race, after all; had I been an Irishwoman, there are very few Englishmen indeed whom I would have taken by the hand!) If our truly "honourable and gallant friend," Sir Francis Fletcher-Vane, had not kept up the most vigorous and tireless efforts for an enquiry into the Sheehy Skeffington case (at serious cost to his own career), the Royal Commission, which reluctantly investigated this and certain other inexcusable acts of the English Government in Ireland, would never have been called. So far as I remember, no sort of atonement was ever made to Mr Skeffington's widow; she was, indeed, subjected to some official persecution in 1917 and later on.

Well, 1923 opens on the Irish Free State, and 800 years of alien misrule in Ireland are closed. How very quietly the English—that remarkable, incalculable, and sometimes admirable people—have acquiesced in the situation and withdrawn! It is just possible that, when far greater economic changes are before England, the ruling classes may acquiesce in the altered situation, and once again withdraw from all untenable points quietly and without fuss.

But "vested interests" and ancient forms are still very powerful here; and there was hardly anything to beat our English railways in 1914 for old-world dignity and repose. In 1916 they slumbered fitfully still; and Hyndman, who had tried to stir the general public to realise their defects so long ago as 1892, was still repeating the heads of his denunciation—since the causes of it were unchanged—after two years of the Great War.

"Heavy English freight charges, and the English railway habit of giving specially favoured rates to goods from abroad, together form a great system of protection in the interest of the foreigner, and a deadly hindrance to home production." This, with antiquated, wasteful machinery, the destruction of canal transport, and some other grave administrative drawbacks, was well exposed by Hyndman in a couple of articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, and in many *Justice* notes. But, true to his principle of always giving constructive as well as destructive criticism, Hyndman also set forth the merits of the Gattie railway system, which had been shown to us both in an electric working model, within a huge and draughty shed, one icy March morning of the previous year. Enthusiasm and warm intellectual interest alone kept him from "catching his death" on that occasion! He was convinced that the Gattie system would, as Mr Roy Horniman maintained, "make the railways pay for the war"; and he wrote about it, and worked for it at intervals during the rest of his life. But, as inventors know, one of the many drawbacks of the capitalist system is that any new invention, however power-saving and beneficial, must, when adopted, cause the destruction of a great deal of machinery, the displacement of skilled labour, and the ruin of a number of vested interests. Consequently many valuable devices are bought up and kept out of the market, indefinitely, by the owners of those businesses which would be damaged if these inventions came into general use. So the community misses a good thing, and suffers as a whole, but certain groups of directors and shareholders continue to thrive. Thus the Gattie system is still untried; English railways came under State control for a time, and were returned to private ownership; and "English fruits and vegetables often lie rotting on the ground, because the freight to London is prohibitive, while foreign eatables of the same kind are passing up to Covent Garden at much lower rates." So Hyndman declared in 1892; things were unaltered in 1916, and are very little changed to-day.

The food question, quite apart from transport, would, as the Workers' War Emergency Committee foresaw, very soon become serious, for the activity of the German submarines was growing apace. Nevertheless, seedtime and harvest, and seedtime again, went by, and millions of good English acres lay waste, or poorly cultivated. Our visits to Monksgate each summer afforded us glimpses of agriculture in Southern England, where it was often still true that, if a Saxon churl of the year 1060 or thereabouts could be transported to the present day, he would pick up all that there was new to learn on an average Sussex land-holding in a week's time.

Beyond Plover's Plain were grass fields and a derelict farm, sad beyond words to Hyndman's eye, yet so beautiful, now that Nature had her will of the place, from the wild rose bushes by the reed-grown pond to the ruined, ivy-covered barn, that he was forced to confess, "You know, we shall be sorry when this is put to rights." But did the human melancholy of the scene add something to its charm? Was it more beautiful because of the "sense of tears in human things"? Hyndman had forgotten the source of that lovely rendering of "Sunt lacrymae rerum"; so next afternoon, sitting in the sun under the rose-garden wall, I read to him "Geist's Grave":

"That liquid, melancholy eye,
  From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seems surging the Virgilian cry
  'A sense of tears in human things.'

“ That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay
And temper of heroic mould
—What, was four years their only day ” ?

—I broke off to give some biographical details of “ the Dachshund, Geist ”—who had, indeed, been known to my mother. (He was a charming little dog who fell a victim to mange.) This led us away from philosophy; I was told to “ read that last verse again,” and then my husband said decidedly, “ That’s *you*.” He was not given to analysis of character, so I took it as a compliment; and then we fell to discussing the shadow of late Victorian melancholy that had fallen upon my contemporaries and me, leaving my dear Chief so wholly untouched.

When I was young, intelligent people had cast off the illusion of a beneficent, or even weak but well-meaning, Creator, and a future life which would perhaps make amends for this. Man, in the fetters of Circumstance, Environment and Heredity, stumbled through a world of disorder and cruelty, towards the ultimate darkness which, he faintly trusted, would be rest. But the bleak despair of this outlook produced, by reaction, its own stoic courage; and we latter-day Victorians shouldered our burdens, carried those of others and did our little best in trying to amend evil, with what the soldiers call “ gloomy grit.” I believe this is a quality inherent in the Saxon or Scandinavian races. It has inspired many Wessex and even Early English poems, while the “ Wanderer ” “ Sadly oaring the fallow sea ” and the great Beowulf epic itself are full of this spirit. Others beside the unknown author have drawn a grim comfort from one ancient Northern poem, with its enumeration of the woes that befell gods and heroes, and the dogged refrain :

“ Such things Tyr overbore : this will I too overbear.”

My husband knew and valued this Saxon stoicism, still powerful in our much-mingled island race. He often cited John Bates, in *Henry V.*, as a perfect type of the English soldier, even now, who goes grumbling into battle, fights like ten heroes—and comes grumbling out :

“ The King may show what outward courage he will : but I believe, as cold a night as ’tis, he could wish himself in

Thames up to the neck: and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventure, so we were quit here."

Can you not hear the mood of a million English soldiers yet unborn, in that grudging voice?

But Hyndman, for all his Scandinavian appearance and strongly Saxon or Danish ancestry, had absolutely none of the gloom that rises from the low, misty shores of Jutland, or the North Sea clouds that hang round Bowlby Head (Beowulf's traditional tomb.) He may have sprung from Wessex folk, but his tribe must have mingled with the bright blood of the Latins or with ancient Rome. Certainly he was a man of the South, to his followers; and his unquenchable gaiety, his magnificent vitality, his never-sleeping rage over disorder and suffering were the amazement and the glory of our lives.

"*Sunt lacrymae rerum*"? Not for Hyndman. Not tears, but a sense of blood and fire in mortal things! Blood of human cruelty and injustice, but fire of human aspiration, with the white splendour of Man, made perfect by the full knowledge of himself and his world, at the end.

—"Cruelty, injustice, and dullness; the last is parent of the others, and certainly the greatest and most enduring of the three." Who first said this I do not know; but experience repeats it a thousand times. I have recalled favourite lines from the Dunciad to myself for solace (or whispered them to Hyndman) when we found ourselves at Conferences wherein "good solid Trade Unions, with no Socialist nonsense about them" prevailed. It took all Hyndman's energy, and more, to stir these assembled leaden feather-beds! And in the matter of Food Prices and Wages, that very picked body, the Workers' War Emergency Committee, set out a far-reaching policy for Labour, which, if followed, would have hindered many after-war evils, and built a good foundation for Collectivism. But the bulk of Labour opinion was quite unready; they understood high wages for the organised workers, but were quite indifferent to low prices for the good of the community all round. At this time Hyndman wrote:

"Trade unionism itself is partly to blame. Social Democrats are bound to support trade unions as the only organised force of the workers under capitalism, not because we like an Aristocracy of Labour or consider strikes a good weapon, but because any class resistance to capitalist oppression is better than none. Unluckily trade unionists do not try to combine the whole of the workers in a solid body for the overthrow of wagedom, but look first to the increase of their own wages. They are bemused by the money-wage, just as those who try to help them on bourgeois lines are muddled by the money fetish. Even during the war, a large section of trade unionists prefer a rise of wages, which only benefits themselves, to a restriction of prices, which would help the wage earners of every grade. Naturally capitalists are glad to see their propertyless tools acting upon these futile lines. Anything which maintains wage-slavery prolongs the reign of the profiteer."

Six years after this was written, with all the bitter experience of four years' peace, the ideal of the majority of the English workers is unchanged. Their millennium would be a condition of high wages and individualism, in which the " weekly screw " was large enough to pay amply, not only for football, racing, cinemas, and other pleasures, but for schooling and doctoring as well, with full liberty to exercise individual judgment, in the case of the children, for instance, about conferring these benefits or not. Just as the bourgeois do, that's all! Wages would be paid by some vague entity—" The Company " or " The State "—and there would be numberless gradations of wage-earners from the really wealthy skilled artisan to the unskilled worker at subsistence level, with a whole social hierarchy, in which every degree was strictly observed throughout general intercourse, in housing and even in dress, corresponding to all these distinctions of wage. Such a millennium is not even original; it is only a Labour version of the social organisation unconsciously built up by the bourgeois workers of varying grades of gentility in large manufacturing towns. But alas for the Labour man! his ideal is now very much farther away than it was four years ago!

To Hyndman, with his aspirations towards one large, self-supporting, self-governing community, living in equality, space, beauty, brotherhood, and leisure—" all for each and each for all "—the social ideals of the average worker and the average bourgeois were alike small, horrible and deadly dull.

Returning to London, his attention was diverted for a time from economic to psychological and even national interests; certain deep-rooted racial differences which cannot yet be ignored were brought home to us in a very telling manner by the visit of our French comrades Weill and Cabannes.

These men were both soldiers and Socialists, sent, I think, by the Confédération Générale du Travail to address the English workers, with the intention of attacking Pacifist groups and clearing away the most unjustifiable impression, which had been spread by other unconscious friends of Germany, that France was not putting forth her best energies against the enemy. Our old comrade Headingley—the prince of impromptu translators!—accompanied the two on their tour—and had, towards the end of it, a great deal of trouble to keep peace between them!

I am, of course, exaggerating. But the fact is, if two men had been deliberately chosen from the opposite extremes of the French race, in order to be contrasting and even antipathetic to one another, no better choice could have been made than Weill and Cabannes. The latter was a small, dark, nervous, sparkling, round-headed man; Weill was tall and rosy, large and quiet, fair, long-haired, and perhaps a trifle elder-brotherly in manner. He was an Alsatian with a good deal of German blood, and Cabannes was a man of the Midi. Two such embodied contrasts could only prove either complementary—soon to become warm and life-long friends—or antagonistic and well-nigh personal enemies; there was no middle way for them. It was humorous, but instructive, to see them violently differing from one another on all matters of individual judgment, tactics or feeling, yet perfectly united on the main issue. They were Frenchmen and they were soldiers; that was all in all—

“ Pour la belle France
Qu’il fait bon souffrir ! ”

As Hyndman has often said, what totally dissimilar races have been melted together to form France—and within a more recent period Italy—and Germany in later times still! Yet France, Italy and even Germany, are each an undeniable homogeneous, national whole. No doubt many well-meaning people sincerely believed that Austria-Hungary would in time also become a national and patriotic entity—a three in one, as the ill-fated Francis Ferdinand hoped. But in 1914 the Dual Monarchy was “ a bundle of nine races and eight languages, in unstable equilibrium, with the dynasty and the army for support.” This daring and complex illustration was uttered in Queen Anne's Gate by a Southern Slav, justly proud of his command of English.

In the winter of 1916-1917 all the Slavonic peoples who were so desperately fighting for their existence had representatives in London; and the more advanced of these gathered gladly about Hyndman, talking over problems of race and economics, in French, German and Italian as occasion served. Certainly at one time exemplars of the "nine races and eight languages" were to be found at our tea-parties, and Russians as well. The chain from the Baltic to the Adriatic was absolutely completed, in the spring of 1917, by the presence of the quaintest little lady from Latvia. She was a small, emphatic, straight-haired person, with tiny white, square hands, who had come to "make propaganda in England for the Lettish folk." She set about it in the most businesslike manner; and after some of the charming but quarrelsome and unpractical Slavs, it was a pleasure to meet a creature who knew her job so well. Thanks, doubtless, in part to her efforts, Latvia is now a flourishing little independent Republic.

Dr. Seton-Watson, whose name, I had found, was one to conjure with in Jugo-Slavia, had captured Hyndman for the Serbian Society, and came often to our gatherings. So did that now most happy and famous man, Thomas Mazaryk. But what tribulation and anguish he passed through! How nobly and unhesitatingly he faced the worst of all trials and surmounted them! I wish we might have been in really close touch with him then; but fate determined that his older friends should be his mainstay. Mazaryk and Hyndman ought to have known one another deeply and well; yet, as it happened, they only met a few times, like the Kings of the East and the West, honouring one another greatly, recognising each other's splendour, but coming from different sides of the world, and only destined to have some few short hours of converse in a lifetime, though so much akin.

I am glad to remember that all his days Hyndman was a great deal of an European—nay, a citizen of the world—as well as an Englishman. Being not solely an economist and the founder of Social Democracy here, but a historian of humanity as well, he had been all his life deeply interested in the struggles of subject races, as well as in the world-wide cause of an oppressed but slowly-awakening class. We English are called insular; yet among no other people will you find so many individuals who have devoted good part of their energies to the service of some different race. Wherever I have wandered in the far corners of Europe—from Tornea to Cattaro, from the Arran Isles to the Dobrudscha—I have always heard, sooner or later, of an English man or woman who has "discovered" the tribes of this lonely place, written about them, taken them kindly, but with a faint touch of disdain, under his protection, and fought their battles in his own country for the rest of his life.

Such was Hyndman; recognising the psychological factor in history, he saw that wide nationalist movements and racial forces could not yet be wholly ascribed to some material or economic origin, and he took a vigorous, human, individual interest in these forces themselves. He began long ago with Italy, and still liked to say, "I am an old Italianissimo" fifty years after. He worked all his days for India: his Irish record is famous and, strange to say, not quite forgotten by those whose cause he served; he had fought for the nations as well as for the individuals who were suffering under Russian rule: and now, in the Great War, he gave his warmest help, with tongue and pen, to the peoples of Central and Southern Europe, beaten to the hills and half dead, yet inevitably making themselves free.

So much happened to Hyndman and his Party in this year, so many pages were written, so many people seen, and such a quantity of words were said, that some must be left out! One series of events this autumn, though merely forming an incident in the chain of war brutalities, was, I think, specially important in shaping that public opinion here and in America, against which even the Pacifist press worked in vain. When the citizens of Roubaix, Tourcoing and Lille, with young people, almost children among them, were being snatched violently away from their homes and sent to work in the interior of Germany, this really did cause a grave sense of horror in those who looked on. It was strengthened by the publication of the Report on Alleged German Atrocities. Everyone knows that the advance of a conquering army through a hostile population is accompanied by—accidents, let us call them—of which soldiers never willingly speak; yet if these occur too frequently, or seem likely to affect public opinion at home, a drastic example is made of some offenders. We keep up the decent pretence that such things do not happen in civilised armies. But the German policy of frankly accepting these " accidents " as part of the business of warfare, advising them, organising them and carrying them out efficiently, did make a number of hitherto indifferent people feel that there had grown up in twentieth-century Europe an odd, dreadful race—mingling with us as equals, but Asian and alien here.

I have noticed that feeling in many persons, simple or wise, ever since; and Hyndman had it always at the back of his mind, much as we both liked and admired the Teuton, when we travelled through Germany in 1921.

The year drew on to its close, the cost of living rose, notch by notch, like the tide against a wall, and Food and Labour became both matters to be treated of in capital letters. There was a change of Ministry which seemed quite important at the time. Hyndman's opinion of Lloyd George has been already cited, but he wrote on December 14, " *If* Mr Lloyd George will make a clean sweep at the Foreign Office and put some energy into other departments, particularly Agriculture and the Board of Trade, he will begin to earn the gratitude of the whole nation. The war can be won abroad, and *lost at home.*"

Our new Prime Minister had the clever idea of calling in some Labour leaders to give their advice, since we were in full Cabinet crisis! and everyone likes to be useful at such hours. Unluckily, there was a really much more important matter on hand for Labour at the moment, a National Food Conference, with 1,000 Trade Union and Co-operative delegates assembling in the Central Hall, Westminster, on the same date. So, when duly summoned to Downing Street, in the course of that very meeting, certain Labour men rose up, with the solemnity of potential Emperors, and left the conference.

Hyndman was present, representing the National Socialist Party, and made some vigorous objections to the ploughing up of the people's commons, when so much good private land lay idle. " The Commons across the way are the ones who need ploughing up," he said; and the violent applause that followed showed how the meeting felt.

It was one of those rare occasions when the rank and file of the Labour Party are ready to assert themselves. They had been annoyed by the portentous departure of the Chosen to consult with Cabinet Ministers; and they were quite ready for a sound resolution, reminding the Chosen that they were, after all, delegates of the Labour Party and responsible to the nation. In fact, a motion calling upon them to consult Labour before pledging themselves to any Ministerial policy would have been carried more than unanimously, as Irishmen say.

Hyndman had such a resolution in his mind and on the tip of his tongue; I was beside him and burned with anxiety that he should propose it. But our old chief was always constitutional. We Social Democrats were not Trade Unionists or Co-operators, he said, and not yet (I think) officially joined to the Labour Party; in any case he did not consider it wise to propose the resolution himself, but he would go and suggest it to Smillie.

He did so; but either the latter did not realise the impatience and irritation of the meeting, or else he considered that the chosen Labour men should not be hampered in their action. Smillie declined to move in the matter, and so the meeting broke up with little or nothing done. I can only relate the event from my own recollection, for there is no record of it; but I still think that Hyndman's self-restraint lost him a great opportunity of winning the support of that meeting and of Labour generally. Such a resolution would have been popular and democratic—demagogical perhaps?—and a smart, clever man in Hyndman's place, just seeing the opportunity ahead, would have proposed and carried it. But Hyndman, as we are all proud to think, never stooped to do the smart, clever, popular, temporary thing in his life.

CHAPTER X

Republicanism—The Principle of Nationality—The Russian Revolution—We Move to Hampstead—Stockholm—Bolshevism—Handling Men—Jack Williams—End of the War Emergency Committee

Once again I had my will, as in 1916, and took Hyndman to a little farmhouse on the hillside near Westcott, " to break the winter " for a fortnight or so, and enjoy the open weather before snow and frost and east winds set in. That year, if I remember right, the end of December and nearly all January was unusually mild. Thrushes sang, the honeysuckle was in full leaf, and day after day, the bare trees lifted up their exquisite tracery against a clear blue sky. Our dwelling was not far from the old Evelyn property; and a very ancient road, " Wolven Lane," led up, through woodlands overlooking a well-tended valley, along the crest of grassy slopes, where a strange single-jetted fountain sometimes played. It gave Hyndman a curious pleasure to watch this lone and beautiful thing, as it sprang up in living silver against the dark woods and the vale. Sometimes, with the day before us, we followed the path right on, and reached my favourite spot, a little dark rushy pool, surrounded by dwarf oak-trees, high on the open moor. My dear old man was still a good walker, and those were " gold and silver days."

The familiar spirits of localities were not unknown to Hyndman; he understood quite well that the little pool on the hill-top had its guardian, and that a friendly one; he recognised the sinister magic of yew-trees, and he could perceive that a certain tumulus in Deerleap forest (Meredith's " Woods of Westermain ") was, in some aspects, sacred. But, in spite of his Irish mingling, I do not think he knew " a gentle place " when he found one. He had also a store of quaint, primitive beliefs of his own; and gave them a momentary credence, so to speak, a touch of the faith which he accorded to those provoking hygienic superstitions I have mentioned. He was glad to see the new moon, if not through glass, a crescent feather of light; he was quite seriously distressed when he thought I had broken a mirror, glad if a rook flew across his path, and a little troubled if he had dreamt of cloudy water or blood. Who will account for the presence of such things in so well-ordered a mind? I can only say that they cropped up from his sub-conscious being; and it was difficult, impossible even, to induce him to reason them down. We have each got some insane point in our mind, like the blind spot in our sight.

In that eventful year, 1917, three matters dominated all our thoughts, Russia, food scarcity and the raids. Russia was easily and terribly first.

In January, 1917, Hyndman had news, much more than he dared print even in *Justice*, about the peace terms then being arranged between the Tsar's Government and the Kaiser, on lines most advantageous to Germany. Whether this was the correspondence of Protopopoff with von Lucius, or some subsequent understanding between the two Powers, I cannot remember; probably "secret" relations went on for a long time. Hyndman took occasion of the dismissal of King Constantine from Greece to write an article on the Downfall of Monarchy, in the tenor of Lavrenius's celebrated prophecy already quoted.

It was difficult to foretell the imminent descent of Habsburgs, Hohenzollerns and Romanoffs from their thrones without referring to our own thrifty, tactful and modestly Teutonic Royal House. "Capitalist Republics," he said, "have not hitherto been so advantageous to the workers as to rouse great enthusiasm for a purely political change, such as the deposition of a King. Yet Englishmen generally feel that, whenever they are ready to discharge and pension their Royalties, they can easily do so." In a later article on the same subject he recalled how the old Democratic Federation, at its first Conference in June, 1881, refused a resolution in favour of a British Republic, upon the commonsense ground that the Federation was engaged in founding democratic Socialism in England, and Republicanism was not an immediate practical object. In 1884, he said (in effect), "Seek first the sound economic basis of your Commonwealth, and all these political improvements will be added unto you."

This attitude has often puzzled our foreign comrades. In European States, certainly, the first step towards equality, liberty and fraternity has usually been the establishment of a Republic; but "the English always do things upside-down."

Our Royal Family have apparently had for some time a prudent sense that their tenure of office might not last for ever. Edward VII. is reported to have said in his youth, " When *I* come to the throne, crowns will be going by competitive examination." But his worthy mother, after the first twelve years of her reign, felt as firmly established in her seat as a sturdy tree, and saw the storms of '48 pass by. Onlookers always thought the change might come to-morrow —or the day after—but certainly not to-day! Thackeray was writing to my grandmother (then Constantia Becher, his first cousin once removed) upon her approaching marriage in 1848; and, after due congratulations, he passed on to a consideration of the disturbed period, ending in these terms: " As for an English Republic—of course it must come, but I don't think you or I will live to see it. However the little Ellicotts doubtless will."

The " little Ellicotts " are approaching the end of their mortal term, and there is no sign of that British Republic yet. As my dear husband said, for the performance of all social functions, well trained, unobtrusive, agreeable-mannered Royalties are certainly far better than any nervous President, very conscious of his important office and its temporary character. But healthy prolific Royalty with no Malthusian scruples is, I objected, much more expensive than a President. " Not very much, when all the waste of time and energy in recurring presidential elections is taken into account. The real danger is that some Royalty may develop a talent for political or financial intrigue. Old X. sailed uncommonly near the wind during the war! The simplest way of effecting the necessary change would be to make the Heir to the throne, who seems to have inherited his Grandfather's social gifts, Life-President of the British Republic, when his time comes." Nevertheless no State, no group of people whatever entered the Great War with the definite intention to abolish the three Royal Houses of Europe! There must have been, not only economic forces, but a sub-conscious, irresistible tendency of the populations themselves in this direction, since the war, started by the German monarchy for its own security and aggrandisement, ended in the destruction of that Monarchy and two others as well. A by-product of the cataclysm!

Another, far more important, by-product first began to take shape in 1917. Talking with me (alone, I think) on our return from Czecho-Slovakia in 1921, Hyndman referred to our earlier dream of a chain of free Slavonic States from the Baltic to the Black Sea. He first put the possibility of this into words in 1915, but he certainly never expected to see it fulfilled within four years. And, though he considered correct racial adjustments less important than economic ones, this gave him great joy. Yet, as he pointed out, the re-arrangement of Europe, so that political frontiers coincided, broadly speaking and in most places, with racial boundaries, has happened without the intention, and often against the wish of the Great Powers who drew up the Treaties of Peace! It is another instance of the steady, overwhelming, sub-conscious trend of the people themselves, not acting through any one special agency, effecting more than even the leaders of the subject nationalities, even Mazaryk himself, had hoped to bring about. It is the triumph of the "Time Spirit" (as Matthew Arnold might call it) of nationality, which has been slowly growing in Europe for more than 120 years.

And, as Hyndman would say, triumph is followed by decline; what comes next?

He was too wise to put any dazzling prophetic generality into words. But he once said that the present period of *individual* national development, so to speak—the growth of numerous smaller States, anxiously building themselves up within their political and economic barriers—might be compared to the competitive period of industrialism. Monopoly in this field must be combated, but co-operation heartily encouraged. For this reason he viewed with the warmest approval Mazaryk's and Benes's policy of commercial treaties, even between countries politically hostile, leading up to a large Zollverein of contiguous States.

All this, truly, refers to 1921, but it first came into view in 1917, when every neutral country and all the Socialist bodies were busily sketching ideal Peace Treaties. From the beginning of 1917 indefinite peace proposals darkened the air, for Germany's rulers were beginning to realise that they would never win the war, and might easily lose much of what they held. The dry-rot among the rank-and-file of the army, which my husband foretold to the Prince of Wied in the summer of 1914, had already begun: but the politicians of Germany thought they might save the situation. And in Hyndman's eyes it was very clear that the Government of this country—and the reigning family also, naturally enough—wished to avoid the effective defeat of Germany.

It does not follow that the motives of those concerned were utterly and entirely corrupt. More disinterested men, in their place, animated like them by one strong principle: "*Keep the present system in being whatever happens*," would probably have done worse. The very fact that, for some of them, serious material interests were involved, made the action of the Cabinet more cautious, if not more upright.

However, it was impossible for any whole-hearted man—much less a leader of men like Hyndman—to take such a view of the crimes and blunders of 1917. He called them downright treachery of the foulest kind; and though nobody dared act upon his words, no one contradicted him.

In the spring of 1917 other bodies besides the Social Democrats expressed serious disapproval at the way "the business of war" was being carried on. Hyndman sent me to attend a very curious meeting about "the Unseen Hand" at Queen's Hall. The audience was certainly a large body of average people in a genuine, if confused, state of indignation, but what was the platform driving at? Were the speakers in earnest at all? One gentleman read a very long, dull, but quite coherent speech; another was—how shall I say?—in a state of advanced festivity, quite incoherent, and delighted with himself. The meeting resolved to ask for a Royal Commission; but, when a more practical resolution was proposed, the platform would have none of it, and the audience went away feeling like flat ginger-beer.

By March 15 the Duma was suspended, the Council of Empire also, and a Russo-German peace was expected every day—nevertheless English newspapers which ought to have known better (and probably did) continued to write articles in support of Russian royalty. It seems pretty clear that the good old plan of provoking an insurrection and then shooting it down was tried by the authorities in Petrograd, yet this time the result was contrary to their expectations. With very little bloodshed, the Russian army suddenly made the Revolution a possibility, and then an accomplished fact.

For us, how wonderful those March days were! A Russian Provisional Government, with Miliukoff and Rodzianko, much more with the Social-Revolutionary Kerensky and the Social Democrat Tcheidze in power! The political prisoners free, Catherine Breshkovsky brought from Siberia, autonomy promised to Finland, and exiles hurrying back to their own land again! Greetings to Russia from Social Democrats and Socialists everywhere—and the most astonishingly mixed expression on the faces of members of the Cabinet! It would take a sublimated Marcel Proust to tell us what they thought and what they said. We Social Democrats could only declare, " It seems like a dream "—and a dream, alas, it presently proved to be! At the time Hyndman's demeanour was rather surprising to those who knew him well. He was anxiously and doubtfully glad, reminding us not to expect too much, not to imagine that the people of Russia had made the revolution, nor to fancy that 160 millions, 80 per cent. of whom were almost unlettered peasants, could become Socialists, or even Constitutional Democrats in a day. Meantime, our rulers here told one another that it couldn't last; and the German Government drew up special peace terms to be offered to the pacifist section of Russian Socialists.

Then Hyndman and I went to see Plechanoff and his wife, who were in London on their way back to Russia, and I had a further glimpse of that incalculable thing, the Russian idea of secrecy. Hyndman once kindly promised that I should collaborate with him in an article upon " Conspirators we have met." His were many, mine were few; but we agreed in thinking that the Russians, who perhaps ran the worst risks, were the most careless of all.

On this occasion their casual ways were only funny. Plechanoff's visit to London was supposed to be a secret, his going to Petrograd was a secret, with whom he was going and how he would get there was all a secret too. But Plechanoff and Madame were staying cheerfully in their own name at the Ritz, and they discussed the question of transport and companionship quite openly in the public lounge over tea.

Plechanoff was the most able and thoroughgoing of Russian Social Democrats, a familiar figure at International Socialist Congresses and a man who had suffered much for his country and his cause. He did not go with unclouded hopes towards Russia, and gave us some hint of the source from which her future troubles would come. " Your Pacifists here are babes to the Russian Zimmerwaldians," he said. " Our variety are frankly pro-German. Most of them are now " (end of March) " hurrying across Germany with the full help of the German Government, in order to be able to slip into Russia and carry on their anti-national propaganda. . . . The Russo-German pacifists in Zürich openly say that they would help restore the Romanoffs, who were going to make peace, rather than see Russia continue at war with Germany! A propaganda of this sort, conducted with unlimited funds, may be extremely harmful to Russia."

Then, having talked over this and other practical matters, Plechanoff dimissed them, with the air of a person who lays aside an account book and opens a volume of poetry, and settled down opposite to my dear husband for a nice, long, comfortable, thorough-going argument upon the Materialist Conception of History, for the rest of the evening.

The Plechanoffs went to Russia (alas, for him!) but the Hyndmans did not accompany them, as had been first proposed. A delegation of English and French Socialists agreed, a few days earlier, to go to Petrograd, bearing fraternal greetings to the Provisional Government, to find out what was really happening, and to do all in their power, there and at home, to help Kerensky and the others upon their very difficult path. And who so experienced as Hyndman? Who else had deserved so well of Russian Social-Revolutionaries and Social Democrats? Who else, too, was so conversant with European affairs? Therefore, when I returned to Queen Anne's Gate from an errand one afternoon, I found my dear husband looking rather guiltily expectant, and a young French Socialist Deputy who looked anxious and expectant also. The Deputy laid the whole situation before me, and asked, with very proper French formality, whether I would allow my husband to join the delegation to Petrograd.

"I told Monsieur X., my dear," said Hyndman, "that it rested entirely with you."

I was taken by surprise, but I answered discreetly: "Yes, if I may accompany him, and if it will not be too much for his health."

However, it was soon clear that a journey across March or April seas, in a destroyer, and over disturbed northern countries by very sorely-tried railway lines, would not be the right thing for a man of seventy-five. The Party Executive Committee, being consulted, took this view, and frankly said that Hyndman must not run such risks, except for a matter of overwhelming importance. My dear husband was disappointed, for he had thoroughly looked forward to the adventure, as such, but I am now extremely glad that he did not go. Apart from the dangerous discomforts of the journey, Hyndman would have been inevitably much depressed by realising how bad things were in Russia, how unstable the Provisional Government was, and how little help could be given. Even the journey across Finland, just then the most advanced country in Europe, governed by a Council of which half were Social Democrats, would not have made amends.

Our comrades, Thorne and O'Grady, both Members of Parliament, with Stephen Sanders, a good Fabian friend, and Moutet and Lafont, deputies, with Cachin (who has since followed strange gods), all arrived in Petrograd in the middle of April. And then the I.L.P. did one of those things which only a body of rather religious men, who do not understand that they are suffering from sheer, common malice in their souls, can do. Apparently, after trying to discredit this delegation in their journals, the I.L.P. wired to Petrograd that the English Social Democrats were Government agents, not representing Socialism or Labour ! ! This quite singularly disgraceful lie was especially dangerous because, all over Russia, the words " Government agent " meant simply spy. Happily Hyndman sent a weighty and furious telegram straight to Kerensky, repudiating the charge and establishing Thorne and O'Grady as Social Democrats and Trade Union men—Thorne having thirty-five years of Party work to his name ! Speaking of this affair, at a meeting held in June to welcome the delegates back to England, Hyndman described it as an infamous and dastardly piece of blackguardism, which nobody could deny. I never heard that the perpetrators of it expressed any contrition. And yet the I.L.P. probably contains a larger number of earnest, believing, and high-minded men than is usual in political groups !

At that time the English people generally did not care a farthing who ruled Russia, so long as her armies went on with the war. Yet the majority of the governing classes were in unconscious accord with the Russian pacifists at Zürich, and would gladly have seen the Romanoffs in power again—German peace and all. How can we blame them ? The Haves are much more class-conscious than the Have-Nots ; and an attack on Property, anywhere, sends a thrill of fear and rage through the yet undisturbed Possessors. The same persons who, it is said, cried " Better William Hohenzollern here than a Land Act " ! in 1910, would have replaced the Tsar by force of arms—if they had dared.

Thorne and O'Grady brought back the best news they could, yet it was clear that the Russian people were simply unable to prosecute the war, even if they wished to do so. The Tsar had left military affairs in such an inconceivable state of waste, disorder and corruption, that for the last three months starved men had often retreated, armed only with sticks and stones. However, the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils, which had come into existence, welcomed our delegates and told them that "so far as the Russian peasants were concerned, there would be no separate peace."

In everything that Hyndman wrote and said about Russia at this time he kept two points to the fore; and, if we had all realised them as well as he did, we should have been better prepared for the course of events in the next few years. The first was that the Russian Empire had been bankrupt for a long time before the war, and agriculture, upon which an immense majority of the people depended, had steadily deteriorated. The second was that the Russian peasants were absolutely determined to possess the soil. Whatever Government confirmed their unquestioned ownership of it they would maintain; whatever Power, from within or without, appeared likely to dispute their hold on the land they would oppose, tooth and nail. One step at a time. The Russian moujik learned in the next two years that it is a good thing to own the land, but much better to possess the fruits of it undisturbed.

By August it was quite clear that only a very strong and ruthless Government, with solid army support, could hope to retain hold on Russia. The Provisional Government had the defects of its qualities: the open neutrality and concealed enmity of the other Allied Powes was extremely discouraging; and it is probable that Kerensky simply did not feel his administration powerful enough to deal with the Bolsheviks. We noted with interest one day that all the chief opponents of the Provisional Government had German names. Among our Russian political friends two or more cognomens for use under different circumstances were, literally, *de rigueur*; but the fact that Trotsky was also Bronstein, Zinovieff really Apfelbaum, Litvinoff Finkelstein, and Meskoffski Goldenburg, was unpleasantly significant.

Hyndman's attention was happily diverted for a few days from the threatening condition of Russia and the follies of the Stockholm Conference by a domestic change. We left

Queen Anne's Gate for Hampstead, and by the middle of August we had successfully accomplished " the great trek " into the promised land. For a year or more we had gone, on many a fine day, to explore that curious and charming locality, which has so precise a quality of its own. Parodying the famous saying " Roi ne peut, prince ne daigne, Rohan suis "—this hillside pleasaunce of Northern London might thus describe itself:

> " Campagne ne peut,
> Banlieue ne daigne,
> Hampstead suis."

And, certainly, if Hampstead were anywhere else in Europe, English people would go hundreds of miles to see the two great views from Jack Straw's Castle, north-west and south-east, views than can be seen almost simultaneously by merely turning the head. Where else can you glance, from the sunset itself, red over hills and woods, up to the far faint line of the Chilterns, and then away southward, under the afterglow, across a misty plain of infinite dwelling-places and a sea-bound river, to the low hills again?

Already we knew Hampstead, or so we thought: not only the green and brown hollows of the Heath, but the disappearing Georgian houses, the fantastic climbing streets, the absurd little buildings piled on top of each other, looking at first glance as impossible as a dream, the triumphant individuality of these surprising roof-gardens, these irresponsible wooden additions to a sober house-front, and the several narrow bye-ways with steep stair-flights leading to upper places adorned with flag-staffs, where the air was so clear that one expected to hear the sea. All this was Hampstead; and here we prowled about, in mild communion with house-agents, while my dear old man consoled my often disappointed hopes by saying, " We shall find exactly what we want in the end."

And we did. The Office of Works took 9 Queen Anne's Gate off our hands, we lost one house at the very last moment, and I took John Masefield's former home in Well Walk, Napoleonically, by telegram, after ten minutes' inspection more or less. But nothing could have suited us better.

Hyndman, who was staying at Monksgate, accepted the choice in childlike faith. The only restrictions upon my negotiations with house-agents had been (a) He would certainly not like an abode which was one of a long similar row, and (b) He had a shy preference for what his Great-Aunt Maria would have called " a good address." The shade of this admirable lady (" long since with God ") was always invoked by us both to decide what was or was not finally correct. And Great-Aunt Maria would certainly have called Well Walk " a retired and elegant resort." So, with the help of my good friend and housekeeper, I furnished No. 13 as rapidly as possible, and established Hyndman's own simple household gods in two big rooms, looking different ways, so that he could always have the sun. And when I brought him up from the country and led him in, he said—just a few perceptible seconds *before* I had opened his library door:

" What a charming room ! "

Life at Hampstead was a great change for him and certainly added to his health and enjoyment. Together we brought the little jungle of a garden into order, and that autumn he trenched and double-trenched with method and zeal. He was delighted to find that his younger wife, like the elder, was something of a gardener, for he had a great love of flowers. It was that nice, simple, untutored love, which passes over the scrubby little denizens of a rock-garden to rest, in full-hearted appreciation of broad colour, upon a fine mass of geraniums or a bed of blazing dahlias. His niece, Susan D'Albiac, and her friend Clara Bryan, who are successful rose-growers, gave us help and advice; and in a couple of years we had reason to be proud of our cultivation of some of the bigger, easier roses, our Paul Crampels, and our violas.

It was worth while toiling to please him ! Never did I meet anyone with a more constant and generous enjoyment of those rare, fine things which we call " simple pleasures," good weather, summer time, and a little space of flowers in bloom. To say " he was like a child " enjoying them is not a fair simile, for children are often restless and capricious in their delights; he was more like a creature from some far country, taking the joys of earth in a fresh, untired way, with interest that does not grow old.

And this freshness went through his whole life and work. How shall I rightly convey the impression of it ? Yet all who came in contact with Hyndman will know what I mean. By his inspiring vigour, his ever-renewed enthusiasm, he suggested, from first to last, a youthful being of some larger, nobler race, whose sweep of vision was wider, though not so complex as ours.

. . . Am I tending to deify the subject of this biography? Perhaps; one must take the risk. But, as opportunity served, I have studied and appreciated men: some I have known closely, and it is no use pretending that Hyndman was like the rest! For seven and a half years I had the honour of living with an unusually simple and magnificent kind of human being. Looking back, one finds that he left upon those who knew him well the same impression that Goethe did; here was a man who appeared to be cast in a larger and broader mould than his contemporaries. You cannot lay your finger upon this or that arrestingly great line or passage; all you know is, that anyone who will read through a good part of what he has said and done will get a certain sense of mental freedom, and will realise that the world about him has grown finer and much more alive.

Residence at Hampstead made our former flights into the country unnecessary; and the only change of air we took in 1917 and 1918 was a visit to Dorchester. In spring and perhaps in autumn I would feel "the wander-fever" and say, "I must have a day or two in the Country" (with a capital C); but some hours with the bicycle in the Shere Valley, or on the Hertfordshire borders would keep me quiet for the rest of the year. Hyndman used to make ironical allusion to our "six-weeks-holiday" compact, knowing well it was never to be kept! With his unfailing wisdom, he understood that Landscape was his only rival; and though openly, aggressively jealous of any other distraction, he never put any check on these flights. But, as I have said, companionship, anywhere, grew to be more dear to us than everything else.

My hours of wandering had one cloud for us both, anxiety. We were far too imaginative; and when parted we suffered from those irrational fears that all lovers know—each dreading to find that some ill had befallen the other on his return. It is appalling to think how, in spite of the closest intimacy in thought and affection, every human being does, in reality, live isolated in a lonely fortress, from which he can only communicate with his fellows through the senses, and not very clearly even with these. Words are often ill-defined and misleading, and people who are in close touch sometimes convey their feelings and impressions, though not their thoughts, to one another without them; but who can tell how lines and colours—the image of a rose, for instance—do *really* appear to his closest friend? And who can be sure that, if the one dearest to him were being put to death just outside the reach of his sight and sound, he would be instinctively warned?

These and other kindred fears are all against reason; or perhaps it is more true to say that they must be faced with reason, since they are part of the dread possibilities of life. The wise man will meet them calmly, knowing that he has some inner strength, which will carry him through these and other great misfortunes at need—the strength of a calling which must be fulfilled; but weaker ones know that if such misfortune comes with any suddenness or horror, it will be the end of them. And, strangely and pitifully, they try to arm, or at least to prepare themselves for it. Some father has written very tenderly and truly of his great affection for his little child; and how, being occasionally afflicted with these fears, he would try and face them by saying to himself as he turned homeward, "My child is dead." But what was the use? Things went no better with him when he met his fate. Nothing can give shelter when the realisation comes at last, like winter daylight into a darkened room: "My one and all is dead."

Is it necessary to record the various "International" Socialist Conferences which did or did not take place in 1917 and 1918, and the various peace overtures made by the Allies? The only difference is that the former were open and ridiculous, the latter secret and futile; both had the same object, which was frankly and engagingly put by one of our rulers to a financial friend, "We want to let Germany down easy, so that things can go on much as they did before."

How Hyndman regarded all these attempts at peace-making, official or Socialist, is summed up in the words of Demosthenes: "I know well that anything yielded, in passing from war to peace, is lost to the careless side; since, when people generally have once made up their minds for peace, they will not renew the war for the sake of what has been sacrificed; this, therefore, remains in possession of the holders." These words are quoted at the head of Hyndman's article on the "Stockholm Conference," which first appeared in *Land and Water*. In this he showed how Germany, unable to propose definite peace terms, had succeeded in getting a peace propaganda entirely favourable to the Central Powers considered in every country in Europe. The neutral States, although they had prospered greatly by the war, were beginning to feel the pinch of it; and in each Socialist Party, neutral or Allied, were a number of anti-militarists, desirous at any price of stopping war. "So Scheidemann and a comrade were sent off on a fishing expedition to the Neutral States, to prepare the way for a really imposing 'International' Socialist Peace Conference." Dutch invitations were issued for a gathering at Stockholm, and Hjalmar Branting, a Swedish Socialist of very high reputation and a strong pro-Ally man, was induced to preside. But all Socialists ought to have been warned by the fact that Trœlstra, the Dutch Socialist Deputy, went to Berlin and had a long interview with the German Foreign Minister there.

Well, the French, English and Italian Governments refused to give passports for this gathering: the English Labour Party, after a great deal of backing and filling, decided not to attend, and, what is more important, Plechanoff and Guesde were strongly against it. So the Stockholm Conference was never held. (And in January, 1917, Bethmann-Hollweg had told Gerard, the American Ambassador, that the German peace terms meant commercial and military control of Belgium, a new French frontier, and a very small Serbia.) A rather miserable Inter-Allied Socialist Conference took place in London, and the Socialists of Belgium, Great Britain and Italy issued a long, wordy Manifesto, amounting to nothing particular. But it did at least begin with the statement that "the victory of German Imperialism would mean the defeat and annihilation of democracy and liberty throughout the world." So Hyndman returned from the two days of discussion not depressed. But he said that he infinitely preferred "the old Social Democracy of Marx, Bebel and Liebknecht, Germans though they were, to the new Socialism of Caillaux, Almereyda and Morel"! The one and only material result of this Conference hangs upon a wall of my room; it is an excellent snapshot of Hyndman with Colonel Cresswell, the South African representative, walking away from the Conference.

At the end of the summer of 1917 Hyndman received another invitation to travel. Mario Borsa, a leading Italian Socialist, urged the English Ambassador at Rome to find out if my husband, that "old Italianissimo," would come and make propaganda among the workers in Italy. It seemed a pleasant suggestion, for he liked the country, the language was still very familiar to him, and it was clear, to those who looked below the surface, that some vigorous Allied effort was necessary to counteract German influence in the army and among the peasants. But the Foreign Office, being a human institution, is capable of bearing a grudge; and Hyndman learned privately that, whatever the English Embassy at Rome might wish, the Foreign Office here would certainly not assist or favour a gentleman who had so freely criticised that institution. Very probably the word " subversive " occurred in conversation between two important persons. So we took the wise course and declined the offer first.

Three months afterwards some bad reports which had reached Hyndman about the Italian army were confirmed by the news of Caporetto. He took this disaster unusually to heart, for he knew the hills of Gorizia so well! and it was like a renewal of the far more excusable Italian defeats of 1866. He and George Henty had tramped the country around Gorizia as war correspondents, and Hyndman, who had an old campaigner's eye for the military possibilities of landscape, knew of many a place among those mountains where a small, determined Italian force could hold an Austrian army at bay. Without treachery, either among the officers and the rank-and-file, or among the hill-dwelling peasantry, such a wholesale and horrible rout, he said, was inconceivable. German financial influence and anti-national pacifist propaganda had long worked side by side in Italy as elsewhere.

Without following the internal affairs of Italy closely, Hyndman always took a peculiar interest in the affairs of that country. He suffered the disappointment of those who, having worked for the freedom and independence of any race, find that the heroic subject people, once full of fraternity and virtue, becomes, in less than a generation, an aggressive, class-ridden little State, precociously ripe in all the ills that capitalism is heir to, particularly corruption and intrigue. However, one trouble drives out another; and Caporetto was forgotten in the dismay that fell upon us all at the Bolshevist *coup d'état.*

What had been happening in Russia? There was a brief, promising period while Plechanoff was Minister of Labour, and Kerensky Prime Minister, when light, and division of function, appeared to be creating themselves out of the formless void of a huge bankrupt Empire. The peasantry were quietly attending to their own business, getting hold of the land by a brisk expropriation of the aristocracy on all sides. But, in spite of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils, the army was very much the same as before; and, what is worse, a great many spies, agent-provocateurs and Black Hundred men, abruptly thrown out of work by the Revolution, rejoicingly found well-paid jobs with the Bolsheviks.

Matters grew desperate when the leaders of the Bolsheviks, having been lightly sentenced, were set free again, and when Kerensky and Korniloff quarrelled. After that we watched Russian affairs, merely hoping that the catastrophe would happen soon and clear the air. And it did.

The Petrograd " Soviet," assisted by the army, overthrew the Kerensky Government, and arrested nearly all the members of it, except Kerensky, who escaped.

Thereupon some kind of governing body crystallised round the persons of Lenin as Premier and Trotsky as Foreign Minister. This body, called " the Soviet " by some and " the Bolshevist Dictatorship " by others, has always appeared to be in the most frightfully unstable equilibrium, and everyone, including my dear husband, at first said that it couldn't last a week, a month, or a year longer. But it did. Russia may cease to exist as a State, and the Russian people may be nearly all exterminated, yet so long as food, clothing and some kind of amusement for the Red Army can be got, Trotsky and Lenin will hang on to power. Was the success of the Bolshevists due only to " contributory negligence " on Kerensky's part, or to something more?

Who can yet tell? Kerensky came to see us several times in 1918, and my husband formed a fairly definite estimate of his character. I also built up two or more theories about him which are, his friends tell me, unjust and ill-founded. Kerensky had a rather singular beauty, his fine eyes and striking features appearing in curiously low relief and softened, as if, within the wonderfully regular oval, the planes of the face were all one. He looked like a man of Tartar blood, drawn on ivory by an eighteenth-century painter of miniature. Hyndman was most anxious to help him, as an individual, and as a possible means of overthrowing the Bolshevists, but in both capacities he was difficult for English people to work with, since he always seemed to be acting upon the dictates of an irresponsible, or at least unaccountable, inner voice. Apparently, during the time that Hyndman was in touch with him, he missed two good opportunities of winning the sympathy of English Labour by sheer caprice. My husband said that he was " as instinctive as a woman, and no arguments were of the least avail; but he certainly had a genius *somewhere*." However, this did not come when called upon. We found his friend and supporter, Dr. J. O. Gavronsky, far more comprehensible; indeed Hyndman had a very high opinion of his judgment, and remained in touch with him long after Kerensky had left the country. Gavronsky had shown most unflinching courage in the secret revolutionary movement under Tsarism, and in these later days he gave proof of a rarer quality among revolutionaries—commonsense. Yet, when all is said, they were both *Russians*—which means that my dear husband would sometimes look up despairingly from a Memorandum of theirs, exclaiming: " It's very serious, and full of most important matter—but, to my mind, they *will* always begin a thing at the wrong end! "

Apart from this, Russian politicians, be they of the extreme Right or the furthest Left, often seem to have a peculiar power of fighting two apparently contradictory campaigns at once, and secretly treating the ally as an enemy, and the enemy as an ally. Such was the policy of the Bolshevists towards the German invaders of Finland; and the famous traitor, Azeff, while feigning to serve the Revolutionaries as a spy among the Tsar's officials, did for a little while deliver objectionable Tsarists into the hands of Terrorists, and Terrorists themselves into the hands of the Imperial power almost alternately. It is possible that Kerensky may have tried, in the interest of the Provisional Government, to play an equally daring double game with Lenin.

That invaluable gift, " knowledge of character," seems to pierce through the outer shell of nationality and go straight to find out the qualities and instincts of the real opponent or ally. But what constitutes this knowledge, or the ability to understand and manage other men? It is quite common; every efficient chairman of a committee must possess it to some extent; and I am convinced that a man's success in almost every department of public life to-day depends on this quality alone. The very highest example of it is to be found in the person of a pre-eminent English politician, who, it is said, has such a marvellous eye for character that " He sizes you up as you enter his room, and makes himself appear, for the time, just the sort of man you would like, or at least understand." (Even Clemenceau, after weeks and months of exasperation, was forced to laugh and say, "Et X., quel sombre raseur! Vraiment, je préfère ce petit bougre Y.Z.! Il est canaille, mais il est rigolo!")

But there are some leaders who, even if they possess insight into the characters of others, disdain the use of this gift. It is not by playing skilfully upon the ambitions, weaknesses or even the amiable qualities of the persons they meet that these men gain their driving force. Apostles, revolutionaries, emancipators of race or class, pioneers of God or man, all those who are inspired by an idea, or dominated by an ideal, have one aim alone, to give their hearers a clear vision of the faith. It is for their followers and lesser men to induce and concede and conciliate, if they choose: the faith has need of many instruments, doubtless, some to command and some to persuade. But the business of the religious or secular apostle is to set his revelation clearly before you: if you are ripe for understanding, the mental transformation will take its own way: if not, the pioneer's work lies further afield.

In speaking of Social Democracy, to which, indeed all conversation sooner or later came round, Hyndman's method was, I believe, always the same. It did not lack "epieikeia" or "sweet reasonableness," but this was certainly not its leading quality. He began with facts and commonsense; he then addressed himself to his hearer's reason, and later, or perhaps concurrently, he would appeal to what, for lack of any clearer term, I am obliged to call "the *best*" in a man, his moral and spiritual sense, or, as some would term it, "his soul." But so dispassionately, so purely, if I may say it, was this done, that it all formed part of the appeal to Reason; and yet, whatever his hearer had left of aspiration, enthusiasm, ideals, or even the plain wish "to leave the world better than he found it," awoke in him, and responded, for the time, to Hyndman's words. I have looked on and seen this again and again. Both men, I am sure, were unconscious that the one was appealing to the other's moral sense; and, indeed, my dear husband always professed to know nothing about morality, and was mightily suspicious of any references to "duty," "God," or the like. People who came to him with too many of those words in their mouths sometimes got a disturbing reception! In the same way, this man, who was the best of fraternal comrades, whose nature and wisdom enabled him to practise mutual affection as a fine art, was furiously intolerant of the common, cant use of the word " love "—even " brotherly love."

In his later years he certainly mistrusted people of religious temperament who appeared to be converts to Social Democracy; and we must allow that the experience of the Party with most of these afforded good ground for such mistrust! Similarly, he spoke during my time as if there had been little sympathy between himself and Mazzini; although, by reflection, and putting many slight memories of conversation together, I am convinced that this was not the case. Perhaps the reason is that those who asked him about his recollections of Mazzini were usually the wrong people! Until I knew Hyndman, I myself was quite unable to feel any enthusiasm for that magnificent Italian patriot, because I found the group who chiefly admired him uncongenial. But when I recall how my husband described him to me, with those eyes " whose darkness was of the forest and not of the night," and compare this with the chapter on Mazzini in the " Record of an Adventurous Life," I feel sure that his intercourse with that great man, so many years ago, left an enduring impression on young Hyndman's " moral and spiritual being " (I apologise to his dear shade for using the term!) Certainly he wrote of Mazzini with a deep and sincere reverence which is absent from his account of Marx, great though his intellectual admiration was for the man who organised and formulated the principles of Social Democracy.

Mazzini had also, he said, an extraordinary power of compelling other men to do their very utmost in furthering the ends which he had at heart. Was this partly due to his conviction that he, Mazzini, knew the intentions of God, and served as an instrument for carrying them out? However it arose, such power of compulsion was a thing that Hyndman himself might admire, but would never emulate. He had too much respect for the freedom of another person's individuality to direct the force of his own will upon them, or to play on their loyalty to himself, as he might easily have done. With him it was indeed " all for the Cause "; and he trusted that the Cause, itself and alone, would inspire men and women to make great sacrifices. And so, in truth, it has done.

Yet Hyndman's gift of addressing himself to the best in others and compelling it to reply had some practical drawbacks. He made no distinction of persons. Even men who came to see him with a fixed purpose, or a secret axe to grind (and some uncommonly discreditable axes, too!) were for the time fascinated, and laid their tool aside. For a few moments they did indeed become what he took them to be; and they were often counted as possible converts. The admiration for his character and abilities, which they could not help manifesting, strengthened this happy but mistaken impression. And then, having left the house "they straightway forgot what manner of men they had been" in Hyndman's presence. Financial adventurers, even, were thus temporarily transformed; but it did not hinder them from carrying out their unpleasant schemes later on. Lord, Lord, to what rascals of accredited capitalists, doubtful politicians, profiteers, money-seekers, and even disguised German emissaries, have I given tea in my time! Happily, though they might come once, and even twice, they did not return.

In 1917 we lost a man whose whole life was a tribute to Hyndman's power of making converts and inspiring "men of the lowest origin," as the Victorians would say, to become apostles of our austere and selfless creed. In November Jack Williams died. He was almost past work, his exact age unknown, but well over seventy, yet he would still attend meetings, sell *Justice*, talk persuasively to half-convinced listeners, and "do his bit." He joined the movement in 1881, coming, I think, from the Rose Street Club, which was the only place in London (or England) where anything approaching to Social Democracy might be heard of, before the Democratic Federation was formed. As Hyndman said: "I doubt if there is any worker in the Socialist movement for whose death more men and women will deeply grieve than for Jack Williams. . . . He was a most lovable man in every way, as kindly as he was determined, as sympathetic as he was uncompromising. Probably no one who worked so hard for his class as he ever made so few enemies. Side by side with him we have all fought the uphill fight in thorough good fellowship, and our objects, hopes and ideals have been always the same."

Hyndman went to speak at his old friend's funeral at Walthamstow, and a very characteristic gathering it was. Like the members of a large family, we English Social Democrats are never assembled in full force except at Conferences (which are the christening-parties of new policy perhaps) and at funerals. What a very little way modern citizens are yet removed in their essential customs from primitive man! A feast and a burial are still the chief occasions of our tribal or social life; yet, as our society tends to move away from family or clan association, and fall into groups of people united, not by blood, but by some common conviction, the funeral rites must change their character. The burial of a Social Democrat is an occasion stripped of all ornament, all ritual, and all emotional appeal, except the profound faith and sincerity of the speakers and those who hear. There is usually no religious ceremony. By the graveside the leaders speak of the departed man, his services, his character, the hard things he has endured and the work he has done. Hopes of personal re-union, or future life, are never heard, yet in each utterance, in every mind, there is, not hope, but certainty of the union of dead and living in the force which carries us on. " Founding a great policy is like planting the seed of a huge tree. We who stand here will never behold its mighty branches, but our children's children shall find shelter beneath them; and in its life our aspiration, our memory flows on."

Jack Williams was one of those contemporaries whom my dear husband has so vividly sketched in the " Further Reminiscences." He used to speak of him as he did of Davitt, and a very few others, *con amore* in every sense of the phrase. Hyndman was interested in every man, he appreciated a good many, but he was only attracted to a very few. This is one of the points on which a woman, writing about men, is at a great disability; the two sexes do really differ very much in their estimates of friendship. Women who are attached to one another seem to need more constant intercourse and to show far less trust in one another than men do. Two men, who are lifelong friends and understand one another thoroughly, will, apparently, not take the slightest trouble to meet for years (unless some work or pastime is involved); yet, if chance brings them together, they openly delight in each other's company, and the death of one will be a silent but deep loss to the survivor.

The year 1917, on reviewing it in memory, seems to have been full of men and events, rather than movements, and political rather than economic forces held Hyndman's attention. But all the while the submarine menace was increasing, food was growing seriously scarce, and there really was a time when, as Hyndman knew, only about three weeks' store of corn remained in the country. It should be remembered —I hope I have stated it before, and I mean to mention it again—that, in September, 1914, the Workers' War Emergency Committee, foreseeing the inevitable shortage of supplies, called upon the Government to acquire all the waste and idle land in this country and use it for growing food. The Committee were briskly told by the authorities not to be so foolish; and similar demands and almost similar answers were repeated until the autumn of 1917. Meantime, at the end of March the same Committee advised a system of municipal and local distributions of bread, flour, sugar and potatoes, which, if then adopted, might have spared much of the red-tape and annoyance of the ration-cards which came later. In October this excellent body, now committed, for better for worse, to a sound Social Democratic policy, urged the Government to take a short and wholesome way with the monopolies of land and ship-owning, and, by a bold, but perfectly possible act, to use the vast organisation of the Co-operative Wholesale Societies, with due control and support, against the whole array of profiteers. "At present," said the moving spirits of the committee, "we are muddling along with a blundering, wasteful and ineffective bureaucratic State Socialism, which is overwhelming us with a huge mass of un-coordinated parasitism. Since the railways, the shipping and the State-equipped factories have been partly withdrawn from the shareholders, it is high time that we set to work on collective and co-operative lines."

As I have related, the War Emergency Workers' Committee had no actual power, but by 1917 they had acquired a great deal of influence. No wonder that the unhappy Ministers, whose only aim was "to keep the present system in being whatever happens" at home as abroad, were driven to say, "This will never do!" and very glad they were to hear a confused echo of their sentiments arise from the Labour benches. Probably in October or thereabouts it was decided that the War Emergency Workers must cease to exist.

And all this time, while we poor housekeepers were racing here, there and everywhere, or standing indignantly in queues for a quarter of a pound of margarine, the nights, and now and then the days, were filled with dread and terror from the sky. We looked on the glorious full moon as a traitor, and rejoiced only in fog and cloud. The autumns of 1916 and 1917, together with the winter of 1917-1918, make up, to my memory, the great raid period, but for other people, it may be, different times stand out. During our life at Queen Anne's Gate I can only remember one raid with much clearness, and that was in early days, when the Zeppelin came down at Potter's Bar. There were no injunctions to keep indoors then, for I, certainly, was on the roof, and saw the terrible thing burst into fire, like a burning cracker, break in two, and fall.

All my other raid recollections belong to Well Walk. Like the majority of English households, we took these dangers very quietly. My housekeeper and her daughters, two pretty girls in business, used to come downstairs and make tea in a ritual manner; our other helper, who was the only person in the house with a definite notion of what would happen to her after death, and generally, I suppose, "in a state of grace," was usually, I grieve to say, far more upset than anyone at the prospect of quitting this life for the next. As for Hyndman, he was superbly indifferent to the fall of bombs and the chance of annihilation—not even shaken in his nerves next day. He never stirred from his bed, saying truly that it was the most convenient place to be killed in; he slept peacefully between the warning and the arrival of the first bombs, and then, being wakened, he reached out for a book, and took little more notice of passing events, unless to call out, "Rosalind! Come away from that window, I tell you!"

I had that monkey-like curiosity and absence of fear which Arnold Bennett has described—and then, the whole scene was so incredibly strange! To the eye there appeared nothing but tranquil midnight beauty and peace: the pale, empty road, the motionless black trees and silent houses, phantom flowers in shadowy gardens, and a silver moon riding in the clear, dark sky. Yet this picture of stillness was framed in a Babel of terrific clamour—an elemental banging, thundering and rolling; dumps, thumps and crashes; crazy batterings, and the recurrent, long, whirring, almost human howl of the aircraft by Jack Straw's Castle, which we used to call "The Dog on the Hill." These infernal nights were the wildest accompaniment ever dreamed of to the declining year.

THE GRAND OLD GARDENER

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CHAPTER XI

The World of Books—The Foreign Office and Russia—The Present-Day Politician—Camille Huysmans—The Food Consumers' Council—Through Disaster to Victory—Thomas Hardy—Hyndman on Russia—Clemenceau—Mazaryk.

The old year ended with anxiety and disappointment for us and the new year began with disappointment and anxiety. I wonder if the large issues and the public misfortunes which lay heavily upon our spirits were more bitter than family troubles would have been? How would Hyndman have borne with dull, foolish daughters, or rebellious sons? *Justice* and the Social Democratic Federation were sometimes called my step-children, but we were in actuality childless, and both of us, I think, almost devoid of parental instincts, besides having little tribal feeling. My husband's Aunt Margaret had been very dear to him, and he was, in far-off days, attached to his brother Hugh; but his " subversive opinions " had estranged him from the rest of his relatives for a long while. Now, indeed, the younger generation were realising, very leisurely (as relations do) that a famous man had sprung up among them. This branch of the Hyndmans was dying out, however, and there remained only three or four young people, whom we occasionally saw gladly enough.

Our winter evenings at Hampstead passed as they had often done at Queen Anne's Gate, in reading together after the day's work. Looking back, how curiously severe Hyndman's taste was! Not everything, even in the glorious field of English literature, will bear the test of being read aloud by a man of fine critical power, keen sense of rhythm and construction, and a most acute understanding, a very Ithuriel's spear to distinguish false art from true! Much as he appreciated the use of words, mere beauty of sound could not enchain him; we put aside the " Maid's Tragedy " in spite of many lovely lines, and so we did the " Jew of Malta," but the treasures of Shakespeare were always a sure find. Hyndman led me to perceive that what readers now so greatly prize in Shakespeare, the marvellous character-drawing, was held a mere by-product of his art in Elizabethan

Social Democrats by means of "Comrade" Parvus. Also representatives of Germany, Austria, Russia, Bulgaria and Turkey went to open peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk.

Meantime, Hyndman and Gavronsky did not let the grass grow under their feet, and the former was in brisk correspondence with the Foreign Office. The Bolsheviks had been only a few weeks in power; some sections of the army, with all the democratic political groups, were against them and in favour of continuing the war, while the peasantry were chiefly indifferent. The Ukraine, the Caucasus or Georgia, and Siberia, where most of the resources of Russia lay, were still independent, anti-Bolshevik, and anti-German. But the "Red Guard," which formed the chief support of the Bolshevists, officered and trained by Germans, was then a really fine body from a military point of view.

Looking back, it certainly seems as if what Gavronsky proposed—an expeditionary force consisting of Russians now abroad, *equipped and transported, but not otherwise assisted by the Allies*—would probably have rallied all the independent movements within Russia, maintained some kind of a Russian front, and prevented Germany from withdrawing Eastern troops to make her terrific attack upon the Western front. In January, 1918, two things were just possible: the overthrow of the Bolsheviks by the remnant of the Provisional Government and the indepenedent provinces, or the estrangement of the Bolshevist dictators from Germany. Men like Radek, who have since become pillars of the present Russo-German policy, then wrote strongly against Germany; and other things show that Lenin *might* have seized the opportunnty to lead an anti-German movement—even had it first appeared in anti-Bolshevist form!

Simple Englishmen thought then, as they had done a few months earlier, that Russia might have whatever Government her people fancied, so long as they kept up the Russian front. But Cabinet Ministers have weightier matters to consider than a mere loss of men.

From the interesting correspondence between Hyndman, Gavronsky, and a certain Minister, it seems that Gavronsky's proposal was not dismissed at once. Had Hyndman pulled a few strings that were within reach of his hand, and gone to and fro a little—had he realised *where* the point of importance actually lay—perhaps Government consent might have been won. The crux of the matter was this: the Cabinet generally believed that, whether the Tsar made a German peace or not, money invested in Russian concerns would be safe as long as Tsarism lasted, and Russian loans would ultimately be repaid. They also thought that the Bolsheviks were only an unpleasant prelude, very unpopular, and likely to be soon overthrown, to the restoration of Monarchy, now that they had done their work in upsetting the Provisional Government. The English Cabinet distrusted the latter body profoundly; first because it was " mixed up with the Socialists here," and secondly because it was likely to refuse to shoulder the staggering load of debt which Tsarism had contracted. As Hyndman rightly urged, any attempt to pay this off, even in a very long term of years, would put a millstone round the neck of Russia for centuries. Our rulers had a notion that the Provisional Government were all " people holding Mr Hyndman's views," while about the Bolsheviks they had no ideas at all. So they committed themselves in January, 1918, to a masterly policy of inaction as far as Russia went, while making extremely ridiculous attempts at a secret peace with Austria, and trying to reach some understanding with Turkey.

A telegram was sent to President Wilson from Hyndman, as a Social Democrat, and Gavronsky as Commissioner of the Provisional Government, " protesting against any identification of the Bolsheviks with Democracy," and stating that Russia would give hearty support to the Fourteen Points. A few days later the Labour Party showed certain yearnings towards Bolshevism by inviting Litvinoff to a conference at Nottingham. Hyndman very temperately suggested that they should invite Roubanovitch as well, to prove that English Labour was at least taking no sides, but that was not done.

Some weeks afterwards, the Cabinet decided to get in touch with the different districts of Russia which did not recognise Bolshevik authority, but it was too late for this to be any use, since the Germans had already obtained all the advantages they could from the Ukraine.

About eight months later, British troops, American troops and Japanese troops (of which more hereafter) were all engaged in fighting Bolsheviks and pro-Germans on Russian soil. In January the Cabinet had decided that it was " contrary to the principles of British diplomacy " to aid Russians to intervene in their own country. By September Allied armies were fighting in Russia, and the rank-and-file faintly trusted the larger hope that they were struggling for the democratic re-organisation of that unhappy land. Certainly the "regional independent governments," such as the Siberian Co-operative Republic, Tschaikowsky's province at Archangel, and the Georgian Republic, all soundly anti-Monarchist and anti-Bolshevist, were with them, but most unfortunately a large Monarchist body, under Alexeieff and others, now definitely reactionary, was apparently with them also. And these Monarchists and their successors were openly receiving support from the English and the French administrations. Why? The answer is in Hyndman's words:

"The real reason for this Monarchist policy in London and in Paris is finance. The bankers and loan-mongers want to get 'their' interest on 'their' money. Policy follows cash with assiduous zeal. It is thought that investors have a better chance of squeezing interest out of the poverty-stricken peasants of Russia under a Monarchy than under a Republic. France has lent Russia upwards of a thousand million pounds, and the bulk of the loans are held by the small French bourgeoisie and the French peasantry. The Rothschilds also hold piles of Russian securities in their vaults. We English lent Tsarist Russia some hundreds of millions sterling at the beginning of the war. The new Muscovite Monarchism" (that is, the proposed dictatorship of Alexeieff) "now being subsidised from our Exchequer would be nothing better than an international bailiff to force wealth out of misery."

There is no need to dwell upon the disastrous effect of the Allied intervention in Russia. One filibustering Russian general after another came to the fore; and, however else these differed, they all followed the same lunatic policy of trying to evict the peasantry from the lands, and restore the former more or less aristocratic land-owning class. Now the Russian peasants had at last got hold of their own soil, and they meant to keep out any force, native or foreign, Tsarist or otherwise, that tried to get it away. True, it came to them from the Provisional Government which made the Revolution and not from the Bolsheviks, but that was yesterday's job: to-day's business was just to keep what they held.

Thus, when representative Bolshevists complain of the Allied invasion of 1918, they display a quite Western hypocrisy, for this was the one thing that established Lenin and Trotzky firmly in their seat.

I could draw much further interesting matter out of the letters before me, but it is sad reading. The Minister appointed to correspond with Hyndman, and make out what case he could for the Cabinet, had a hard job, and, to his credit, acquitted himself very badly in it, for he was new to his surroundings and, as politics go, quite an honest man.

In February, it seems, the English administration began actively to encourage the Japanese Government in a strong advance westward from Vladivostock. No wonder Gavronsky wrote despairingly, " The move in the East will naturally be interpreted as a desire to occupy Russian territory, and it can only increase Bolshevik and German influence."

In corresponding with the Cabinet Minister above mentioned, Hyndman pointed out that the encouragement of this advance obviously made it far more easy for Japan to dominate China, as she certainly intended sooner or later to do. The cut-throat terms presented by the menacing little Island Power to the huge, unmilitary Empire passed almost unnoticed in the stress of the Great War; but Hyndman, who did literally survey mankind from China to Peru between 1914 and 1921, has set forth Japan's Twenty-One Demands (January, 1915) very clearly in his " Awakening of Asia." He had long been greatly interested in Japan. As a politician he had watched the quick racial development of the people, the increase of population, Japan's growing importance in Asia, and the determination of her statesmen from 1895 onwards to grasp control of Chinese affairs. Certain Japanese leaders visited us, at Queen Anne's Gate and in Well Walk, who, while apparently regretting the Imperialist and aggressive policy of their country, considered it an inevitable consequence of growth. The menace to America and to North Australia was discussed, and the whole trouble of Japanese immigration brought down to two factors: race-prejudice, and the fear of cheap yellow labour, used to reduce the white standard of living.

Hyndman was wont to cite Japan as an example of rapid, bloodless economic revolution, for the change from feudalism to capitalism within so short a time impressed him greatly. Nevertheless, as he knew, the " democratisation " of Japan was an utter fraud, and its Europeanisation did not go very deep. Administrative power remained in the hands of the old aristocratic families, although the symbols and the social structure of aristocracy had gone. From many points of view the transformation of Japan is regrettable, although the smoothness and celerity of the change must be admired. " Wonderful that within the space of less than fifty years the inhabitants of a group of poverty-stricken islands, having rice as their main currency, should have become one of the leading Powers of the world ! " So said Hyndman in a review of Pooley's " Japan at the Cross Roads " ; and he always held up that country as an instance of the possibility of an intelligent, well-organised political and economic revolution —even here—when the time was ripe.

The " Awakening of Asia," which has proved Hyndman's " best seller " so far, had been written soon after the " Future of Democracy," and was ready to publish before the end of 1917. But it contained so plain a tale of the Opium Traffic in China, and of British rule in India, that Messrs Cassell feared to bring it out until the war was over. My dear husband bore the hindrance (and the pecuniary loss) most philosophically ; he had reason to be very proud of his work, and he knew that a few months', or even years', delay was of no account to it at all.

In February, also, we received private news of an extensive mutiny in the Austrian Navy, off Cattaro. But it happened a few months too soon, and the leaders, really startled by their success, made the fatal mistake of coming to terms, and taking an Austrian official's word. This, together with Hyndman's knowledge of the wide-spread and imminent revolt of Slavs within the Austro-Hungarian Empire, made him particularly furious with the undignified negotiations of the English Government for a separate peace with Austria. The very tools chosen were so perfectly inadequate ! " After all, you know, fancy Smuts trying to deal with Mensdorff : and then, when *that* failed, sending out Kerr." To a man who, in his youth, had been acquainted with the highest circles of diplomacy, and in almost daily touch with the confidential adviser of Salisbury—that super-subtle Venetian—it seemed like trying to smash an ancient brazen vessel with a clay pot.

" But do you really think that the old-time, skilled, gentleman-like diplomacy did any better for England in the long run ? "

" No ! Castlereagh cared not a whit more for the welfare of the English people than Lloyd George. Yet he and his like, brutal as they were, acted in the interests of a class with historical traditions, a record, and some acknowledged duties; while the present-day men think of their own and their friends' pockets—nothing else."

Hyndman's letters to Charles Edward Russell during 1918 are extremely outspoken, and quite invaluable as a record of the true currents of the time. But I hesitate to reproduce them in full here. Hyndman himself had occasional brief, dazzling flashes of worldly wisdom; and while the men whose policy he rightly condemns still represent the free choice of the only working-class political organisation in England, there is little to be done. Their followers do not *want* to see them as they appeared in the dry light of a piercing intellect of far wider scope than the views of other men. Hyndman sometimes looked back at human events as a being might do who beheld, like an intricate web of beams, the play of terrestrial and atmospheric forces, magnetic, electric, radio-active, and all the rest, while hardly noticing the material things—house-walls, flesh, substance, cloud—which conceal these forces from our eyes. Besides, he never could understand that a man who had once or twice proved himself a rascal, might yet be, nine times out of ten, much more dullard than knave!

An old comrade, one of those who followed Morris into the Socialist League and has since returned to us, now bore very fine tribute to Hyndman's continuous wisdom and foresight, in a letter to *Justice*. Congratulating those who have kept *Justice* going, he says: "H. M. Hyndman's name as editor or contributor has always been associated with the paper. I can recall the early, stormy days of the Social Democratic Federation, and I feel that there is one thing above all others which should be said of Hyndman. It was a time of bitter class-feeling, arising from the terrible distress caused by the 'Unemployed Question.' Many young, hot-headed enthusiasts were in the agitation, and prepared for any wild extremes. Hyndman was then as strongly and clearly opposed to Anarchism as now—and, by his courageous and persistent good counsel, the minds of these young men were turned to sane, constructive channels of thought. England has seldom been nearer to violent and futile revolution than in those days. . . The Social Democratic Federation was the parent of all the existing Labour and Socialist bodies, and all the leaders learned their first lessons there. Hyndman saw, and counteracted fully thirty-four years ago, the beginning, in England, of tendencies that may yet result in tragic evil to the Russian people. . . . He has taken no new stand in the controversies of the war. He has always opposed every kind of political extremism that pointed to social disruption and anarchy. . . . It is only the experience of these three years of war which has made me, who once differed strongly from him, realise how much is owing to Hyndman. . . .

" Another less important recollection of those days: His contempt for the administrative capacity of our middle-class was very pronounced. It is amusing to remember what he said of it thirty years ago . . . and his prophecy of what educated middle-class talent would achieve in circumstances like the present proves so nearly correct that it is almost absurd to recall."

Early in March we received a very remarkable visit from a Belgian Member of Parliament, former Secretary of the International Socialist Bureau, " on close terms of conversation with Scheidemann, Südekum & Co. . . . hand-in-glove with the I.L.P., the B.S.P., Morel's Union of Democratic Control "—and with the Pacifist French groups then under the influence of Caillaux, as well. A clever man, a good speaker, a good writer, but under the sway of ambition—very eager to play a great part in the future of the world, and convinced that Germany would still have most weight in the reconstitution of the International. This man was Camille Huysmans; and he came in the forlorn hope of persuading Hyndman to throw his whole power into the support of an immediate peace by negotiation with Austria and Germany! They had a three-hours' conversation, a little of which I was privileged to hear.

M. Huysmans declared that Germany was still immensely powerful, and all that we had heard about internal disaffection, shortage of food, and the imminent break-up of Austria was a traveller's tale. He hinted at the good understanding between Germany and Bolshevist Russia: he hinted also (but this I did not actually hear) that our own rulers and the remaining supporters of Caillaux were certain to bring about a peace later on, after a crushing German victory, when terms might be much harder than now. My former Russian friends would have said that it was the sort of conversation an " agent " has with you in your cell; telling you how the chief comrades have given in, and you—if you continue to hold out—are only making it much harder for all the rest! Further, M. Huysmans was quite convinced that the American intervention, if indeed it ever took definite shape, would be of no use at all. He naturally knew all about the £3,500,000 which Bernstorff had spent in propaganda in America, and about the clever and beautiful Belgian lady said to be assisting him, who was in a position to influence the Belgian Socialist Party. M. Huysmans perhaps overrated these forces—America is a very large place. Finally, he came to England with the plan of an immediate Internationalist Socialist Congress, which should, after preliminary understandings with all the countries concerned, draw up terms of peace—terms to which, he could be practically sure, the Central Powers would agree. Think, what a triumph for International Socialism! how this vast Society would at once leap into its rightful place of power, as the only body able to make peace, and one of the great forces controlling the world! And then—but this was certainly never put into words—Hyndman himself would regain far more than his old influence, if he would only now place himself on the side of that country which had been for years dominant in the International, which had cast four million Social Democratic votes before 1914, and must eventually win!

It was a bold, statesman-like proposal, and, if Hyndman had given his adherence, I can very well see that it might have been carried out. The pro-German fractions of the Socialist parties in each country, even in those that had suffered most, were very strong, pro-German capitalism everywhere was also immensely powerful, and the pro-Ally men were mostly fighting at the front. Also, international finance was thoroughly tired of the war. The heavy industries were making money, but the banks were uneasy. If Germany suffered, how could the present system be kept in being there, or anywhere else? In short, by March, 1918, nearly all the conscious forces in Europe were working for peace; but, like a rock rolling downhill, the subconscious determination of the people gathered on.

M. Huysmans, as we see, made out a good case, but I, endeavouring to look intelligent behind my teapot, was amazed that our dear Hyndman could listen so patiently. The pale March sunshine filled the room, an early daffodil fluttered in the wind, a few voices from the Heath and passing cries came up the quiet white road, where everything looked as still at it does now. No one would have dreamed that our country was nearing the most dangerous weeks of all the Great War, nor that a very momentous proposal was being made in that sunny room.

Our visitor's errand was a failure. Politely, almost cordially, Hyndman saw him down the steps, came in, and promptly wrote various letters and telegrams which contributed to the defeat of M. Huysmans' plan.

All this time, home affairs were pressing enough. Reluctantly, in response to the endless thunderstorm of complaints about food-shortage and defective rationing, a body was called into being to act as a lightning-conductor for these. This was the Food Consumers' Council, which was free to consult documents and statistics, issue reports and give good advice—nothing more. It was in touch with the Food Ministry but not under its control. Three members of the Workers' War Emergency Committee were elected to the Consumers' Council, and the former admirable body gradually ceased to exist. Why? As the author of the "Water Babies" said, touching an incidental moral in that delightful tale, "you must read this book through seven times, and then think for yourself."

I have given a too-brief account of what the War Emergency Workers' Committee recommended should be done in the first three-and-a-half years of the war. Mr Middleton's letter to the Ministry of Food (printed in the Appendix) is a fair summary of the Committee's work. Had prompt and business-like attempts been made to carry out their recommendations, there would have been something approaching to system in the handling of food (and in many other matters), instead of chaos, and very serious public annoyance and discontent.

Hyndman delighted to remember that when he first joined the Consumers' Council he entered an assembly which regarded him with curiosity, hostility and fear. When he left it, two-and-a-half years after, this unwelcoming group had become all warm admirers and friends.

The matters under consideration, though exceedingly important, were undeniably heavy, stodgy, uninspiring; and even serious evils in the substance or handling of food do not, somehow, arouse a thrill, unless these actually cause the death of their victims. So, I imagine, the Council were soon quite grateful for the regular presence of so irregular, lively and acute a spirit as Hyndman. Not only did he bring gaiety with an occasional welcome jest at our Administration's expense, but he informed such featureless things as flour, jam, cheese, bacon and suet with interest, beside placing them correctly in relation to the Individual, the State and the Capitalist System, by the light of Marxian economics. Many of the members of the Consumers' Council now learnt to see life steadily and see it whole, as regards production and exchange; and, though I doubt if more than two of them ever joined the Social Democratic Federation, the body realised, in actual practice, what Collectivism and Socialisation meant, and what the Co-operative Commonwealth might be.

So far as I can tell, the two most striking personalities at that Council were my husband and Lady Selborne. The latter (a co-opted member) and himself were frequently at loggerheads, or rather at rapier-points, for she was a lively and courageous person, an extreme, consistent reactionary, and not ashamed of it. The type is, alas! dying out. She believed firmly in "the ruling classes," and was ready to fight for their privileges, while, like Hyndman, she was not afraid to be in a minority of one. If the Haves were all of this sort, it would be much easier for the Have-Nots! We should go through a few clean, hearty, pitched battles, with no quarter asked or given; and then, having learnt from history just what degree of brutality and treachery the nobles allowed themselves in dealing with a common herd, we should look out for it, inflict a sharp lesson, and finally settle down together and build the Co-operative Commonwealth!

Early in the year Hyndman returned once more to the charge on the Land question, upon the simple, undeniable thesis, "If the English *will* grow landowners, instead of food supplies, upon the soil of the country, and *will* import five-sixths of their corn from abroad, then England *must* be mistress of the seas in the very fullest sense, or she will starve." "Social Democrats," he said, "demand the nationalisation of the land, meaning that the products of the soil (and the minerals beneath) should be under the full control and administration of the whole community. Mere confiscation of rent is not nationalisation. . . . Tillage of allotments, though agreeable to the individual, is no solution of the land problem. . . . Private tenant-ship with the State as landlord" (a plan now adopted in some European countries) " is not full nationalisation either. . . . But co-operative production on the land and in factories, under the control of the community and local councils, the goods being communally distributed, would rapidly provide food necessaries for all."

This subject brought Hyndman into collision with one of the great Scottish landowners in the pages of the *Times*. Correspondence between a Social Democrat and a capitalist in a capitalist organ, is obviously a foregone conclusion of defeat for the former. When his opponent has answered the Social Democrat once or twice the Editor declares that this correspondence is now closed, and, naturally, leaves the capitalist with the last word. How could it be otherwise in an organ of his colour? I have never known the Social Democrat left victorious in such an encounter but once; and that only because his opponent was kidnapped (by an Anarchist, who almost wept at finding he had unwittingly done a Social Democrat a favour!) We knew what was likely to happen when the controversy began; and the *Times* behaved with unusual scurviness in cutting off the correspondence, to Hyndman's detriment, after the very first round. As he taught me, one should put *all* one's powder, or vitriol, or whatever method of argument one employs, into the first two letters. Then, whatever the opponent says, the case has been stated, and somebody will be convinced.

Little, however, did these personal annoyances matter in the Spring of 1918. There is no need to recall the anxieties and disasters of that time. On March 28, when things looked particularly black—although, as Hyndman said, the last series of gigantic battles for German domination had only just begun—the Executive of the S.D.F. all signed a Manifesto written by our old chief, called " The Coming of Victory." Seeing *through*, and not *with* present events, as Blake would have said, he was aware of the vast, dumb, unconscious force of the resentful European people, united in slow determination against German pressure, in spite of the temporising, mediating efforts of Governments above and Internationalists below. Were these mediating efforts, these counter-currents perhaps so mischievous that, taken together with the apparent huge administrative incompetence of this country, they might rouse a terrified mob, in a moment of sudden disaster, to cry, " We are betrayed! " ?

This was what Hyndman sometimes feared. He remembered Paris in 1870, when, as he said, a few men shouted "Nous sommes trahis!" hardly believing themselves—and it was true. Disorganisation, horror and massacre follow hard upon the raising of that cry.

"That is why," he writes, "I hope to see the establishment of a Ministry of the People by universal vote. . . . No such Ministry could do worse than the governments of the dominant class have lately done. . . . Let us see how common Englishmen can administer their own dangerous but not desperate business. Then—if things do go wrong in France and Flanders—if Paris is battered down, and the Channel Ports seized—if the Germans imagine that their day of triumph has fully come—then they will find that we of this island are still worthy of our fathers and that, with France and America, we should still fight on until the greatest menace humanity has yet seen is crushed down, once for all."

Evidently the men at the front felt thus. But it takes thought, as well as courage, to establish a Ministry of the People; and it is clear that England's day for thinking has not yet come.

A little later, when the outlook was perhaps most desperate, the Party sent a telegram of heartiest congratulation to Sir Douglas Haig upon the magnificent stand which he and our men were making for the independence of the country, "in a fight which would ultimately secure permanent peace for universal Democracy and the Co-operative Commonwealth."

Now, when the seriousness of that time is past, a little, ill-conditioned demon whispers in my ear, "J'aurais bien voulu voir sa tête quand il a lu ça!" Sir Douglas Haig knew something of H. M. Hyndman; but I do wonder what ideas (if any) he attached to the terms "National Socialist Party" and "Co-operative Commonwealth."

Weeks passed, the tide of danger began to ebb, and early in the summer Hyndman's doctor and I decided that a brief but complete change of air and occupation was necessary for him. So I carried out a long-cherished design and took him down to Dorchester to make the acquaintance of Thomas Hardy and his wife.

Hyndman knew nothing of the country of the Great Downs (Wilts and Dorset), well as he knew the Little Downs of Surrey and Sussex. To a landscape lover the different aspects of the earth within a particular zone are like a group of friends, recognised and joyously greeted wherever they appear, even in the farthest, strangest land. The spirit that reigns over the moors of North Jutland and even

> " Kaleva's own barren heathland,
> Where the yellow grasses quiver "

in the home of the Finns, is one with the power that shapes the wide, brown, treeless commons beyond the New Forest, and broods over Egdon Heath. The beech trees of Bosnia are elder brothers of those that crown the Sussex hills; North, South, East or West, the pinewoods tell the same solemn tale; and along the Bulgarian shore of the Danube I saw great, gentle, rolling slopes, like gigantic Downs. So I presented Hyndman to my old Wessex friends: and Egdon Heath and Maidon Hill held converse with him. Then, too, the ancient Roman in him stirred; and he was far more at home by fosse and dyke, and pacing round those huge earthen ramparts than I. " You were a little blackhaired Celtic girl from the woods, fighting like a wild-cat, and I carried you in through this gate."

The sight of Maidon captured his fancy and his thought; if he envied Thomas Hardy anything, it was the daily view from his gateway of that ancient hill, over cornfields and pasture against the southern sky. We visited the vast amphitheatre outside Dorchester by twilight; and, if it was indeed crowded with viewless ghosts, they saluted a former comrade and chief. We paced the stately tree-shaded Walks of the town, we took the carrier's cart along the Kingsbere road to see the Memorial to seven brave Dorset labourers, who were transported in the early years of the Victorian Age because they claimed a fraction of that liberty which was the birthright of the well-to-do. And we met a rather tongue-tied branch of the Agricultural Labourers' Union and bid them be of good cheer.

At Dorchester there was a large German prisoners' camp, and not far away a luxurious home of detention for captured German officers, so we were told. I am sure that the Dorchester folk, like ourselves, would not have found the chivalry displayed to our captives excessive if we had only known that English, French and Belgian prisoners were receiving like treatment in Germany! As it was, even the sober

Wessex people were moved to wrath; and there happened a brief show of popular indignation one day. The civic sense of Dorchester was awake in other directions; and Mr Hardy told us how he had been specially called on to the bench, as Magistrate, to deal with a very peculiar case, where the ex-Mayor himself was convicted of outrageous profiteering! "All the Dorchester people were mixed up together" and nobody but Mr Hardy and his friend Colonel X. were bold enough to act as Magistrates in a case involving the ex-Mayor! They fined him £25; and the unfortunate and erring man may be cruelly certain that his case will not be forgotten, since it is almost the only time that Thomas Hardy sat upon the bench.

I really think we spent every afternoon at Max Gate! Mrs Florence Hardy's relation to her husband, in age and—service, shall I call it?—was not dissimilar to mine; and we were both delighted to see that our two great men were well pleased with one another.

The weather was kind, and we often sat in that amazingly quiet garden, which, modern though it was, had in some measure the sense of steadfast watching that, Ruskin says, belongs to an old house. Even there an ancient Roman warrior had been found at rest, "lying on his side in an oval scoop in the chalk, like a chicken in his shell, his knees drawn up to his chest, and the remains of his spear against his arm." A perfect thicket of sheltering trees girdled in the house and the lawns, and against their roots the flowers found it hard to hold their own. And almost every evening, my dear old man, who was no tree-lover, drew a deep breath as we stepped out into the open fields, and said, "*Why ever* doesn't he clear some of them away?" Had I brought my husband to Max Gate in east-wind time, he would have learnt to bless those trees!

Hyndman's conversations with Thomas Hardy often rose "higher than the sphery chime," to the heights of philosophy; and though Mrs Hardy and I doubtless loved Virtue, as Milton enjoins, it did not teach us "how to climb" successfully enough to record what they said. I learnt that Hardy was the most complete Monist my husband had ever met, and I did not wonder that Dr. Saleeby's attempts to convert him to Dualism had been a failure. I knew from "The Dynasts" and many of the poems that Hardy's theory of the Universe was akin to that of von Hartmann and

Schopenhauer; and, in a humble, popularised form, this had long been my own philosophy of life. Hyndman, not sharing it, had yet stated the case for me, as well as it can be stated, in his survey of "Prometheus Unbound" from the "Books of a Lifetime."

"All life on earth exists and dies and is born again in other forms, amid the like conditions, in order to undergo suffering and to inflict similar woes upon itself. . . . From one end of sentient existence to the other there is a continuous gratification of predatory instinct, to which man is as much subject as the rest. Passing on from one bootless eternity to another, world without end, in the constant clash of interests and antagonisms of being, but always with a vast preponderance of sorrow over joy—no wonder this is spoken of as the philosophy of despair, by those who demand of Zeus's Nature more than that nature can ever concede. All this, as I read it, the modern Promethean would destroy for ever, and reconstruct, not only for the benefit of man, highest of the mammals, but in the hope of pervading the whole process of material evolution with the spirit of mutual help and love. This being so, Prometheus, Man's tortured champion, and Man himself, stand up against the Universe in permanent criticism and revolt."

Wherein did Hyndman's own philosophy differ from this? With the best will, and as the result of many questionings, I cannot exactly say. I think that, in consequence of an aspect of life more detached from humanity, more conscious of absolute forces and impersonal powers than the view men generally hold, he took less note of death and suffering—less account, indeed, of Man himself. And yet who so furious at the torments man inflicts upon weaker men as Hyndman? Still, he perceived clearly that in the long course of æons, Man would not be Creation's last word; nor were Man's rights and wrongs, nor even the pain or joy of sentient creatures, the most important thing. There was something beyond, something that mattered more.

The two gentlemen were a great contrast as they sat philosophising in the sun, against the green background of leaves. Dane or Saxon in his fair colouring, my husband's broad head and leonine silvery beard seemed to take and hold the light; Hardy, dark and small, with his keen bird-like face, was a Celt, a man of the forests and the shade. Two very different subjects roused him, and then the swift glance became a wider gaze and one saw that his apparently black eyes were really deep blue. These subjects were Philosophy and—the Art of Dancing! He was well pleased to hear, even at second hand, of the modern diversion—though, compared with country and figure dancing, *steps* it had none; but nothing, he said, would ever equal the old three-time waltz, that swinging Teutonic measure, rhythmic, sentimental or voluptuous, just as you please, and half as old as time. Dance and song used to be the widespread arts of the countryside; and here in Dorset, where the English peasantry had latest died out, they lingered still.

Hyndman and Hardy found that they had some acquaintances in common: Morley, Meredith, who read Hardy's first novel in 1868, and advised him not to print it, because it would spoil his further chances, and Lady St. Helier, my husband's oldest and perhaps truest friend. The scythe of Time cuts an ever-narrowing circle about a man as he gets old, complained these veterans; and we women, who could not claim much more than twenty years of maturity, sighed in sympathy.

One day they talked of the "Dynasts"; and my husband invited Hardy, as cheerfully as if another fifty years lay before them both, to write a second Dramatic Epic, about the Great War. "Too near," said Hardy, in effect. "One cannot yet know the truth and look down upon the whole." But Hyndman was prepared to maintain that the crash of forces had been so long foreseen and so inevitable, that, neglecting mere despatches and details, which were not essential, one could already form a conception of the whole. And then they passed on to historical determinism and its limitations—a new atmosphere, I think, to Hardy, but to Hyndman high, familiar ground.

Much more I could relate—visits to scenes familiar in the novels, to Yell-ham Wood, and a trip to Weymouth, misled by Hardy's account of the place, which I believe he only saw as it existed a hundred years ago! We fled from it to the long curving shore above the sleepy grey sea, towards haunted Worbarrow Head. Dorset, which is very ancient England, and Roman Britain, had almost as much to say to my dear husband as Thomas Hardy had, and the fortnight there might furnish recollections for years.

Hyndman and I were bound to return to London for the celebration of "le quatorze juillet" in Trafalgar Squire. It was a good idea to hold a great Pro-Ally Labour and Socialist demonstration on the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. Thorne, O'Grady, Tillett, Jack Jones, Simons the American, and several others spoke; but until the last moment it was doubtful whether Hyndman's friends could allow him to face the rough and rainy weather. Once again, however, he mounted the familiar plinth.

To the older Social Democrats Trafalgar Square has become as familiar as their own parlours—more so, even, for these often change and pass from one suburb to another, and now the family sofa will be established in the north-west corner of the room, and now in the south. But the Nelson plinth never changes its place, however much the crowds about it vary in convictions and in size. Generally speaking, Trafalgar Square affords a good broad test of the power of any movement. You could not yet fill it properly with vegetarians, nor with supporters of the Union of Democratic Control. But a small, extremely unpopular group can, if well-organised, get the Square overflowing with a hostile or humorous crowd. On the other hand, no Partly Popular movement will make a Trafalgar Square gathering anything but a failure. The S.D.F., though not greatly loved, is very widely known and deeply respected throughout the Labour and Trade Union world; and thus meetings called in our name, or upon our initiative, in that famous assembling place have always been a success.

It was four years since Hyndman had spoken there—and what years!—but though his beard was whiter, his vigour of principle and purpose was unchanged. "This day of celebration of the French Republic," he said, "is ours too. The fall of the Bastille was the death-knell of feudalism, and the fall of Germany will mean, in the end, the fall of Militarism and Capitalism as well. The French in their Revolution declared the Rights of Man; the Allies now declare together the Rights of Nations, and the free peoples of Great Britain, the Commonwealths and the United States are with France as never before."

"But," he went on, "our governing classes don't want Germany thoroughly beaten," and he developed this theme, with names and facts, briefly, but so thoroughly that I began to expect we should be arrested and charged with treason-felony, or something like it, on our way home. Hyndman, however, was known to remember certain very curious things; and governments are such interdependent machines that it would not have been safe to interfere with him.

Then we took up the melancholy tale of events in Russia, and all the sound and fury of war along the Eastern front. Plechanoff died at the end of May, on the Russo-Finnish frontier. Grave ill-health, and possibly death, was a foregone conclusion for him when he left the South of France in 1917 and hurried to Russia; but he held office for a short time under Kerensky as Minister of Labour, and went on publishing " Edinstvo," (Unity), which upheld the necessity for a Revolutionary Coalition Government and National Defence, until illness, aggravated by Bolshevist persecution, put an end to his work. His death was a sorrow but indeed no surprise to Hyndman. To Plechanoff and Kropotkin, as well as to Roubanovitch, my husband owed some of his knowledge of the economic conditions of Russia; and he described the situation of that vast, unhappy land in an article in the *Quarterly Review.* (It was a preliminary sketch for his great book on the " Evolution of Revolution " and bore that name.) " Russia has a huge rural population of some 165 millions, of various races and nations, two or three centuries behind Western development, heavily taxed, and appallingly poor. The landless proletariat of the great cities, only nine per cent. of the total population, is endeavouring to apply the latest theories of scientific Socialism to a state of society unfit for them in any political or economic sense."

" A ' dictatorship of the proletariat ' when these are in the minority," he once said, " is really no more beneficial to the whole State than a dictatorship of the aristocracy. It only gratifies a rough sense of justice in the moment, when, as an Irishman would say, we see the under-dog getting the upper hand."

He described the emancipation (and taxation) of the Russian serf: the gradual change of production for use into production for profit; the drain of agricultural produce to pay for exports, the terrible decline of agriculture itself under Tsarism, and the hopeless bankruptcy of the State long before the war. " The Russian Land Revolution begins under conditions which may first bring about anarchy and then reaction." He contrasted the position of Russia with Germany, where, almost with the rapidity of Japan, an economic evolution had taken place. Rapid expansion of factory industry was not (as in England) accompanied by agricultural decline. Far from it, the improvements in agriculture, with State aid, during the two decades before the War were marvellous to behold. In Germany only political development lagged behind. "Germany's political forms are so handled as to hinder all democratisation, however much they facilitate State-administered Collectivism." All the advanced political thought in the country was, somehow, diverted into theory, turned into the making of Socialists who were of no practical use, and who, when the Emperor called, voted the credits and marched out to war.

The Lichnowsky Memoir and many other side-lights on German mentality came out in these days; but, apart from warfare, the incomprehensible complexities of Russian psychology were more important to English Social Democrats just then. Kerensky was invited to address the Labour Party Conference early in July, "as a distinguished visitor." The I.L.P., pro-Bolshevik and pro-German though they were, behaved very well. "I was amused," said Hyndman, "to see them vigorously applauding the head of the great Socialist majority of the democratic Constituent Assembly, which their pet Russian Bolsheviks had dispersed by fiat of machine-gun." Indeed the whole gathering welcomed Kerensky with a fervour that raised the incident to the level of a great political event.

As Hyndman told us: "The man himself confirmed the impression made by his record and failure. A clever, capable person, full of zeal, idealism and desire to benefit his fellows, but not provided with the relentless determination called for in revolutionary times. . . . One faculty he possesses which I have only seen displayed in equal degree by two other speakers. Though addressing his audience in a tongue not understood by more than half-a-dozen there . . . his personal magnetism got firm hold of the unemotional British Trade Unionists. His pistol-shot paragraphs went right home. They actually applauded more when he sat down than when Henderson very impressively read the written translation. It now remains for him to do something much more than declare that Russia will never accept the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk."

Kerensky's special task then and at the Inter-Allied Congress in September, was to explain and defend the fact that the "Union for the Regeneration of Russia" (a coalition of the Socialist, Democratic and Liberal Parties) was partly responsible for calling Allied troops into Russian territory. This action Hyndman himself never defended or approved. He had done his very best to force our Government to facilitate the passage of Russian troops abroad back into Russia, as I have shown, but he knew that when foreign Powers forcibly interfere with the internal affairs of a State they always court disaster and are generally repelled. Besides, the Union for the Regeneration of Russia, and perhaps some of the independent " Regional Governments," were unable to free themselves from complicity with Alexeieff and other reactionaries trying to set up again the old régime.

That Conference was held in the early days of July; our own first yearly gathering, after the split and reconstruction at Manchester in 1916, took place in August at the Town Hall in Stratford, when Will Thorne was Mayor of West Ham. With the extension of citizenship and public life so many quiet private persons now attend Conferences, and can never be quite sure whether they do so from pleasure or from the sternest sense of duty, that I need not try to recall the peculiar kind of abstract excitement, varied with extreme fatigue, that usually prevails. There are not many things that I recollect clearly about our 1918 Conference, but there is one little conjugal scene that we have often laughed at together since: it was Sunday morning, Stratford was a long way from Hampstead, 'buses and trains had not fully agreed, and this is always a wife's fault. Imagine us two in Houndsditch at ten o'clock—a perfectly empty, still and peaceful thoroughfare, gloriously full of sun, and Hyndman striding angrily ahead down the middle of it, flourishing a light overcoat with one arm and denouncing inaccuracy and incompetence to the world at large!

From March to June—and from June to October—what a change! " Fortifications declared to be impregnable were taken in their stride by the Allied Armies, and whole stretches of town and country devastated with bootless malignity by the German troops were swept clean." First Bulgaria, then the unlucky " ramshackle Empire " of Austria gave way—the people of the latter feeling that even the Allies and the emancipated Slavs could not inflict harsher conditions than those laid upon them by Berlin!

" Nothing short of unconditional surrender, the abandonment of such positions in Germany as are called for, the complete withdrawal from all conquered territory, the transfer of German navy and mercantile vessels to make up for those piratically sunk—nothing short of such terms is a reasonable basis for an armistice. Germany must be convinced that so vast a war of unprovoked aggression simply *does not pay.*"

So wrote Hyndman in the second week of October; and, in ten days more, those events had come about which, I think, gave him the warmest and most lasting satisfaction in the closing of the war. The independence of the Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs was proclaimed in the Austrian Reichsrath; and Bohemia, with Mazaryk at its head, was free!

The German Independent Social Democrats issued a very healthy manifesto, asking for a Socialist Republic "which alone guarantees the world against the ravages of war." (There was a pardonable confusion of cause and effect here; for when the peoples of Europe have become wise enough to found one or more Socialist Republics, war will be as obsolete as cannibalism.) Then came that remarkable move by which the Germans, beaten in the fields, showed themselves still masters of political strategy. With amazing promptness and unanimity, Kaiser Wilhelm II. and every minor German prince and potentate one and all abandoned their thrones! The Reichstag, the Prussian Landtag and the Herrenhaus ceased to exist; and a Government consisting chiefly of Majority Social Democrats—forming a Republic supposed to be peculiarly acceptable to President Wilson—came into power.

It is difficult to describe Hyndman's feelings on Armistice Day. By some unconscious exercise of prescience, maybe, foreseeing how much that had been gained by war would be lost in peace, he was anxious and dissatisfied. He knew already some of the reasons which had guided Foch and Clemenceau, the insuperable drawbacks of a triumphant march to Berlin, and peace terms dictated from there. And he had always declared that, when the French Republic succeeded to Napoleon III., the German Government should have been ready to parley with those who had not made the war. This principle applied now. But he understood also, that, since Germany had not been invaded, a large number of Germans would learn nothing, and, their faith in militarism unshaken, would very rapidly forget that they had lost the war.

Further, he had the best of grounds for distrusting the man who must be England's representative at Versailles. Big Business, Hyndman knew, would, in cold fact, be settled by the Big Three alone; and if Clemenceau, as he said, *was* France, and Wilson probably stood for a large body of opinion in America, did Lloyd George really represent England? God help us!

Then came the most important consideration of all. How far would Labour, not to mention Social Democracy, have any voice in the English councils at the Peace Conference? Seeing that terms must be presented to and discussed by the nominally Social Democratic German Government, it seemed in consonance with reason and expediency both that an English Social Democrat of vast experience, and not prejudiced in favour of Germany should be present as an adviser, if nothing more. His claims were urged, as far as they could be, by persons who had a right to speak, such as his old friend Clemenceau, President Mazaryk, and the representatives of various other Governments beside. English friends of some importance expressed themselves warmly in favour of his presence at Versailles; and weight should surely have been given to the advocacy of the *Morning Post*, which printed a brief and sincere little leader entitled "Why Not Mr Hyndman?" As it happened, the interests represented by the *Morning Post* were not then in power; and, if I have given anything like a true description of the subject of this biography, it is evident that only those few persons who were as honest as himself could desire his presence, in any capacity, at Versailles. To the others his practice of wide views and high principles would be singularly disturbing; besides, he was not supple enough to be cajoled, and far too experienced to be gulled.

Clemenceau visited London, and sent at once for his old friend. There was a very long and intimate conversation between these two veterans, of which a portion was repeated to me. The most entertaining part of it, a survey of the careers and characters of certain prominent English, French and International personages (in which the injurious terms of two rich languages were incidentally used), cannot be given; from the rest it appears that both gentlemen foresaw some consequences of the Peace remarkably well. I infer, though I cannot absolutely state, that Clemenceau prophesied a great set-back of Socialism all over Europe; and my dear husband knew that there would be no escape from the lean years of great economic difficulty and discontent. Both anticipated much trouble from Germany, and even more from Germany's secret friends.

So Clemenceau departed, to face what was probably the most dangerous period of his life; and Mazaryk came and visited Hyndman before his departure for Versailles.

The President's chief object was to establish a sort of Advisory Council of experts in international matters at Versailles, and to press Hyndman very urgently to join it. In this he did not succeed; nor would my husband accept any of the means offered him from other sources for being present there. Hyndman was deeply interested in the future of Czecho-Slovakia; and two and a half years later we were given the happiest opportunity of seeing that our good wishes for the Bohemian people were coming true. Mazaryk's proposals for dealing with the land question, though they did not amount to actual nationalisation, seemed to Hyndman appropriate to the conditions of the country, and essentially sound. (I believe a sketch of the Czecho-Slovak proposal for bringing in the new currency and drawing a capital levy was submitted to him, on this or on an earlier occasion, but I cannot be absolutely sure.) Altogether, that worthy race which formed " the commonsense of the Slavs " was, under its capable leaders, setting out to deserve its proverbial name; and from the very bottom of our hearts we wished Mazaryk and his people good speed.

" There goes a happy man," said my husband. To this day I can recall the President's changed and irradiated countenance as he talked at our fireside in the end of the year 1918. He has had fiercer trials, and, I imagine, greater joy than any man of his time. If Hyndman had not been Hyndman I could have wished him to be Mazaryk.

CHAPTER XII

Intervention in Russia—Direct Action and Reaction at Home—"The Evolution of Revolution"—Food—Post-War Germany—Housekeeping—The League of Nations—Sir James Frazer—India.

In this year, as in the last, the chief political question was Russia, and its self-appointed rulers—or in a too-familiar word, Bolshevism. During 1918 the predominant interest was the relation of the Bolshevik autocracy to the Allied Governments; during 1919 we were generally most concerned with the relation of Bolshevism to the Allied peoples. The one was an outcome of the other.

Hyndman, in an article surveying the policy of the English administration, quotes a certain statement which he received from the Foreign Office; and the opening of this deserves to be repeated, if only for its clarity, decision, and admirable use of words.

" His Majesty's Government, realising on the one hand that the present situation in Russia must of necessity be transitional only, and on the other hand that the supremacy of the Bolsheviki, at any rate in Petrograd and Moscow, is likely to last for some considerable time, consider " etc. And then, as we know, directly the War Cabinet saw a chance of helping the militarist reactionaries, British troops were sent to Russia. This naturally established the Bolshevists firmly in their own country, and assisted them vastly in their efforts to influence International Socialism and the proletariat of Europe. Thus the most important political factor of the day was certainly Bolshevism, or rather, what the Labour and Socialist bodies of the various countries vainly imagined Bolshevism to be.

For the last thirty years a considerable number of thoughtful, or at least warmhearted, English people have suffered from a kind of intellectual Coué-ism. Before the war they (apparently) believed that by continually declaring the German administration to be utterly peaceful and unmilitarist, they would make it so; and in a similar manner they constantly asserted the efficient, benevolent, and wholly democratic character of Russian Bolshevism. In 1919 the legends that Lenin and Trotzky had formed the "Workmen's & Soldiers' Councils," and founded a "Social Democratic Republic," or "a Co-operative Commonwealth," or "a Peasant Republic (!!)" took root and blossomed in the most unexpected quarters. The bloodless and wholly representative rule of these two tyrants was fluently described by many ignorant persons, and by some who really did know very much better.

Hyndman attacked the Bolshevists and their deluded English supporters as vigorously as he did the policy, at once sinister and futile, of armed intervention in Russia. "British troops and money have carried on a campaign in behalf of men whose sole desire is to re-establish Tsardom, or to found a military dictatorship. What is the result? Naturally, the Bolsheviks, who sold Russia to Germany at Brest-Litovsk, can and do pose as defenders of their country against the unwarranted attack on her independence by foreign armies. And now that this shameful action, engineered by Russian financiers of the lowest type who were in constant touch with the War Cabinet, has proved terribly dangerous, we are drifting into hopeless bemuddlement once more. . . . By no fault of ours we common English people who have borne the main brunt of this terrific war against militarism are dragged into a disgraceful and ruinous policy towards our late Ally."

Thus he wrote at the beginning of 1919, and again, and again, until, at the end of November, the British troops were dismally withdrawn.

In the "Evolution of Revolution" Hyndman has reviewed the policy, action and character of the leading Russian Bolsheviks, giving them the fullest credit for sincerity, and criticising Bolshevism, not as the mere façade of painted idealism, covering a powerful pro-German policy, for which some take it, but as a definite theory of government. I will not quote from the "Evolution of Revolution," since it will shortly be possible for every reader of this memoir (and I trust very many more) to get the book easily for himself; but I will give some passages from Hyndman's review of John Spargo's excellent work on Bolshevism:

"Russia is an empire of peasants, 80 per cent. of whom can neither read nor write, necessarily reactionary, and opposed to any complete Socialist programme. They look on the ownership and cultivation of the land as their individual affair. . . . The proletariat is only 5 per cent. of the population, and only a small minority of these understand the Leninist principles of social revolution. Not more than 200,000 persons in Russia (1919) share the opinions of Lenin and Trotzky.

" . . . Kerensky, Tseretelli, and their friends believed in democracy, and called together the Constituent Assembly, that the people of Russian (160 millions) might gradually learn by free discussion how to manage their own political business. . . . It would take two or three generations to evolve a Collectivist community even, not to say a Socialist one, out of such unpromising material. . . . Russia was in the sixteenth-century stage of economic and mental development . . . a sort of stagnant rural chaos, obscured by mental fog. Who should play cup and ball with the centuries, and pour new wine into this very old bottle? Lenin and Trotzky, to be sure! a sort of Caucasian and Semitic Creator rolled into one. Let there be light! And there was darkness. Let there be proletarian order under the middle-class dispensation of Ulianoff and Bronstein! And behold there is anarchy. Lenin and his 200,000 apostles of lightning change made a great mess of it, as those at the top were quite clever enough to realise. So they proceeded, with illogical but accurate estimate of the realities of the situation, to shorten, lengthen, or scatter in pieces all who did not agree with them —after careful experiments upon the nervous system of their opponents, carried out by Chinese masters in the art of such investigations."

(All this is, to express it in a rather Irish manner, even more true of 1923 than of 1919, when it was written.)

" Probably every Socialist living has, at some time or another, wanted desperately to put forward the hands of the clock on the dial of progress, no matter at what risk to the works inside. I have felt so myself! But, as Marx once said to me, ' When you have been *im*patient as long as I have you will find your patience begin.'

" And the greatest thinker of the nineteenth century *was* patient. Certainly he would have been the very last to advise the scrapping of the democratic Constituent Assembly, and the institution of a dual monarchy of massacre, in the name of a Marxism which has nothing whatever to do with Marx. . . .

" I have not space to dwell upon the way in which the

Bolsheviks have turned round upon their own professions of faith. One instance must do. They had always advocated disarmament, and our stay-at-home pacifists have been voluble in congratulations to the meek and mild masters of Moscow. . . . But here are Lenin's own words in 1918 : ' To insert disarmament into our programme is equivalent to saying we are opposed to the use of arms. But such a statement would not contain a grain of Marxism. . . . *Moreover, a suppressed class which has no desire to learn the use of arms, and to bear arms, deserves nothing else than to be treated as slaves.*' . . . . Ulianoff is no hypocrite at any rate !

" But he may be worse. The charge against Lenin is that, pretending to be a fanatical Socialist, he has been in very close connexion, first with the old Tsarist Government through his friend the exposed spy, Malinovsky, secondly with the German Headquarters Staff, thirdly with various recognised spies and agents of the former Tsar's Black Hundreds, and of the Tsar's Secret Police, besides such persons as Rasputin's intimate, Prince Andronikov, Gualkine, the remarkable ' Parvus ' and others beside."

Four years have passed since this was written, and Lenin is now going down the primrose path of capitalism to the sound of the New Economic Policy. There is famine and tyranny under the dictatorship of the Proletariat, just as there has been tyranny and famine under the Tsars. Was it worth while to change ?

What would the peasants answer ? Many are starved, some have given up their holdings and become wandering wage-slaves ; but those who survive would reply, " Yes ; for we have killed our nearest oppressors, and we keep the land."

This review of Hyndman's was read to me, some time before it appeared in print, to cheer my convalescence, in a little bright corner room of a big women's hospital. I can still see those clear, sunny days of belated frost, and the daily arrival of a dear old figure, amazingly like a medium-sized Polar bear in fur coat and galoshes. Who would not get well at top speed to cheer such a visitor ? And so of course I did.

He stood the worry of my operation extremely well (its seriousness being for a time concealed from him), and he won the hearts of all the pretty, young, overworked nurses. When I am betrayed into anti-feminist sentiments, I always except nurses and women-doctors—for whom, indeed, Hyndman, like myself, had a profound respect. I hurried gladly, almost riotously, back to Well Walk, soon found my legs again, and we parted from my medical advisers with expressions of mutual esteem.

Happily my seclusion had not been long enough to put me even temporarily out of touch with Hyndman's work. As Russian Bolshevism developed he recognised it clearly for what it was—Anarchy—the oldest and worst enemy of Social Democracy, appearing once more under a different name. All the merely destructive elements gathered under the Red Flag, all the impatient folk, all the direct-actionists and anti-parliamentarians, all the minority-rulers, some commonplace influences of disorder and at least two agents-provocateurs rallied to the support of Bolshevism in London and elsewhere, followed, as I have related, by many a gentle illusionist. Never was the opposition to Social Democracy so completely crystallised—I cannot say united—as in 1919 and 1920. Then, too, our governing classes, " smarter than a wilderness of monkeys where their own interests are concerned," as Hyndman has said, began that quiet reactionary policy, that combination of sly attack and apparent inertia, which suggests a benign figure saying " Non possumus " with a bludgeon behind his back. No policy in the world is so apt to drive justifiable discontent into hasty violent action. It has been pursued since 1919 by two governments; and how far our rulers understand this, how far they desired, then and now, to provoke rebellion and suppress it by massacre, I really cannot say. They were, and are, heavily in bondage to financial and industrial interests. The latter, much frightened by the war and the rise of wages, began slowly to hope for a return to mid-Victorian conditions, good trade and a standard of living for the workers just above starvation-point. Few of our—what did they call them?—" Captains of Industry " have the sense of their German compeers, who long ago grasped the fact that a starved proletariat means reduced national production.

Starved men *by themselves* will never make a revolution, as we Social Democrats know only too well. The unemployed, the dole-takers, the hunger-marchers, the cruelly-served ex-soldiers are, in the mass, simply incapable of revolting or enforcing reform. They prepare the way for a period of apathy—unless the economic conditions are so bad that the better-paid workers are driven into rebellion. This, Hyndman feared in 1921, would soon be the case; and, as usual, his words are beginning to come true. But in 1919 the people had not had three years of lowering diet and disillusion; and the number of camp-breaking incidents, the succession and violence of the strikes in that year, besides other less obvious and more sinister events, all show that, if Bolshevist propaganda had only had a couple of years' start in this country, civil war might indeed have broken out. A government of obstruction and mendacity, bankers with no discoverable policy and industrialists with even less, organised Labour unable to think outside the weekly wage, a large group of half-hearted and undisciplined Bolshevists within the semi-Socialist bodies, and a handful of active Social Democrats—such, in general, were the forces which underlay the home events of 1919.

The two most important strikes concerned the coal-mines and the railways, and, like most strikes, they turned ostensibly upon a question of wages. The obvious and desperately important national issues raised by both conflicts were never mentioned in the capitalist press, and received little notice in Labour journals. Hyndman put the case for nationalisation of the mines in a series of unpalatable truths which were, maybe, hardly more pleasing to the workers than to the owners. After referring to the vile housing conditions and the terrible loss of life, he added, " Shorter hours and higher wages will not change this abominable state of things under capitalism." He passed to the old-fashioned machinery and waste of by-products, and told how a German expert, surveying British coal-mines in 1912, said, " Twenty years ago we were at least twenty years behind you in coal-mining, now we are at least thirty years ahead of you, and I don't believe you will ever catch us up." " It is well known," said Hyndman, " that a great German combine was negotiating at that time for the purchase of a certain large field of bituminous coal in Wales, at an enormous price. Why? Because they believed that, with their improved system of working still bettered by recent mechanical appliances and scientific treatment of the coal, they could make the by-products more than pay all the expenses. . . . There is no reason," he concluded, " why the ablest coal-miners, and the ablest coal-experts—foreign if need be—should not consult together about the best possible means of handling our coal-fields, in the interest of the whole people. Landlord coal-owners and capitalist exploiters would not be required in such a council. Somehow or another they must be got rid of—as the Sankey Committee decided. We Social Democrats have stood up for political action and Parliamentary methods for forty years, and we stand by them now. But if the serious decision of a National Committee can be set aside and the unanimous judgment of the House is to be upset by trickery and self-interest—then there is only one alternative; not direct action by strike, but civil war under arms. Nothing could be more lamentable: nothing under such circumstances more inevitable."

I have already described the policy of the S.D.F. towards strikes in general. There is little doubt that the growing interdependence of all the trades and trade processes, within the increasing complexity of industrial life, makes the sectional strike at once more serious and widespread and far less effective than it used to be. Perceiving this, Hyndman regarded the use of that two-edged economic weapon, the strike, with growing disfavour. I, being more time-serving and worldly-wise than he, was much afraid that he might, in brief exasperation when strikes were on, say something that would be quoted (or misquoted) against him; and during the railway strike I remember using every possible device of female cunning to keep him at home.

Earlier in the year the Yorkshire miners thought to make their protest against the conditions of employment more effective by allowing some of the mines to be flooded, and this caused a great, and doubtless exaggerated, outcry. Hyndman certainly considered the action most unwise. "It is not the result of trade union deliberation," he wrote, "but a spread of strike fever, in which there is an instinct that the working-class is now strong enough for anything, without a clear conception of what it wants, or a sound knowledge of how to act. The Yorkshire miners, by calling out the men at the pumps, are willing to leave to wreck and ruin the very mines they want to make national property. . . . What sagacity! What intelligence! . . .

"No doubt a good deal of what we say will be echoed by reactionists. We cannot help that. Those who support everything the workers say and do industrially, because they do it, are no true friends of the workers. We want the Labour Samson to see clearly, and sweep the capitalist Philistines out of the temple of industry that he may possess and enjoy the building and all it contains. A blind Samson can only pull down the industrial temple, and, in killing his enemies, bury himself."

The sound wisdom of these words—which the present writer with difficulty accepted at the time—was in consonance with a marked characteristic of Hyndman's—his respect for all useful commodities, great or small. I dare not use the word "property," since that implies possession, and it was in no wise the ownership of a beautiful or useful thing that pleased him, but literally "das Ding an sich," the thing in itself. The world was the richer for the existence of that piece of value, no matter in whose hands it might be. Therefore nothing annoyed him more than the careless or wanton destruction of anything; and he was quite unable to comprehend the curious relief some people feel when a valuable possession of theirs is lost or destroyed—"Thank goodness, one thing less to worry about!" He rightly considered such a sentiment "anarchic." But this feeling is a reaction against the tyranny of property—it is the fear of being attached to possessions and becoming subject to them. He, dear soul! sat very lightly indeed to possessions, to luxuries, and to all the good things of this life. He had once owned them all and enjoyed them heartily, yet he cast them over his shoulder without a thought in the pursuit of a great idea. Then, as comforts gathered about him again, he was gratified, as one is with fine weather, and no more.

He had a little of the primitive man's wish to adorn his female, but he was baulked by the dislike I had for all jewelry, unless of exceptionally beautiful design. And then personal adornment came last and lowest on our list of pleasures. The Garden (with a capital G) stood first.

It is absurd—and pathetic also—that so small a space of ground should give two intelligent people so much occupation and delight. There were tragic moments, when we stood at the window watching a late blizzard pour down snow upon our proud daffodils, their lamentable golden heads just showing above the drift—and when the little yew-tree, for which I had a superstitious reverence, blew down (but we got it up again). The blizzard passed, and Hampstead was a very charming place that spring! We lifted up our hearts with the blossoming crab-trees in the Heath hollow, we rested under the early sunlit green of great chestnut boughs, we learnt (but also criticised) in the walled garden of the manor at Golder's Green. And in our own little plot we raised the finest violas to be seen for miles around!

I wonder still how it came about that we never kept a dog, for we both loved and understood the ways of the canine race. At Queen Anne's Gate we had promised each other, "When we live at Hampstead we must have a bull-dog, a little brindle and white bitch, with Chippendale forelegs, and a screw tail, and we will call her Lady Rose." (I think some irreverent allusion was intended to a novel of Mrs Humphrey Ward's.) Bull-dogs had a special sympathy for Hyndman: I never knew one pass him without a friendly remark—but somehow Lady Rose never materialised. A beloved dog soon becomes a tyrant, a time-devourer, as we had both experienced—and there was always so much to do!

Both "Clemenceau" and the delayed "Awakening of Asia" were published this year; and Hyndman began his *magnum opus*, the "Evolution of Revolution." In years to come our good friend Mr Curtis Brown will be very proud to remember that he welcomed the first draft of this work with insight and enthusiasm. It was a huge undertaking. Hyndman re-wrote the whole of "The First Social Revolution" because he believed that he had not placed the beginning of private property in its right light; and there were some periods, especially that of the transition from the decaying Roman Empire to the feudal system, on which, he confessed, the sum of available human knowledge was insufficient. Also he was persuaded by myself and others to give more attention to the League of Nations and Bolshevism than he had at first intended.

I do wish I could realise how the "Evolution of Revolution" strikes an average capitalist reader! For it begins, simply and frankly, with the primitive communism of all mankind, and draws unfalteringly on through the ages, like the sides of a triangle proceeding to its apex, to the pinpoint of Marxian Social Democracy. And the reader can perceive how, in the author's mind, that pinpoint will expand again, through vast spaces of time, into another triangle of the International Universal Communism of the World. Perceiving this, amazed, breathless (but not bewildered, for the lines of argument are as clear as they are inevitable)—what does the reader think or feel?

Most likely he does not *think* at all. If he has enjoyed some learning in his youth, he thus apostrophises himself:

"Ah! . . . 'There are more things in heaven and earth,'
John Brownlee,
'Than were dreamt of in *your* philosophy.'
. . . Well: it won't come in *my* time!"

Infinite trifles, no less than the stars in their courses, work against the coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth. When rations were scanty and firing also short, the Workers' War Emergency Committee and others formed what were first called Communal Kitchens, non-profiteering establishments, where good food was provided in clean, bright, decent surroundings, with very little labour, at cost price. These excellent places were opened in various parts of London (the "Victoria" near Blackfriars was the most popular) and in the large towns as well. One enterprising municipality turned a tram into a travelling Communal Kitchen, which went its rounds at mid-day and at nightfall, remaining stationary at other hours. These labour-saving, food-distributing institutions were begun in 1918. Why, you will say, are they not a large and integral part of our domestic life in cities to-day? So Hyndman asked, with indignation and regret, but he knew the answer. Because of the Dull Housewife and the Bright Profiteer. The motives of the latter in destroying or acquiring the communal kitchens are obvious—but what went on in that bundle of prejudice, folly and inertia which the average middle-class or proletarian housewife is pleased to call her mind? In the first place, her taste was revolted by the word "Communal," which was neither patriotic nor genteel—so this was changed to "National." Then she didn't *hold* with this public cooking, and if she just didn't happen to have anything ready when the children came home she'd rather send them round to the fish-and-chip shop, or for a bit of brawn and pickle, as she'd always done. She dared say it would save the coal and her labour all right, and of course it was cheap, but *she* knew what the neighbours would think if they saw her going out to fetch the dinner in a basin, and it wasn't what she'd been *accustomed* to, anyway! So, like most institutions that depend for their custom upon the intelligent part of the community alone, the National Kitchens presently languished and died.

Lest it should seem that I take an anti-feminist pleasure in describing the stupidity of the housewife, let us turn to the subject of Rats. Forces much like those which led English housewives to shun National Kitchens worked in the farmer's mind and made him singularly tolerant of rats. (Some day the psychologist will find out why the simpler kinds of human being are so ungrudgingly hospitable to rats, mice, blackbeetles, and the lesser but more horrible parasites. I could quite understand keeping a few harmless snakes about the house—and so could Hyndman, though we never actually did so—but why the foul, destructive, vermin-ridden rodents ? why the loathsomely brisk and glossy blackbeetle ?) There is really not any economic reason for the encouragement of rats—nor are they even indirectly a support of profiteers or of the capitalist system. They continue to thrive on Human Stupidity, against which even Hyndman's wit was vain. 'The Food Ministry and the Food Consumers' Council may pass resolutions . . . but the rats give us of their increase. They are bred for us far more assiduously than if they were pigs or chickens . . . but we can't eat rats, and they are eating us out of a depleted house and a riddled home. Seriously, it is a scathing reflection upon our sagacity that this salacious and voracious rodent should quarter himself upon us, at this time, to the tune of more than £15,000,000 worth of wheat a year. It is not the mere money value that matters, but the waste of good, human food. And then, strengthened by our wheat, Father and Mother Rat go forth and generate just 100 rats a year more ! The marvel is, with this geometrical progression of rattery, that any foothold is left for human beings on these isles." So wrote Hyndman in 1919, but very little has been done.

He worked long and vigorously on the kindred subject of milk. It is generally known that English farmers—who are not distinguished among their European fellows for adaptable intelligence or knowledge of agriculture—did very well during the war. Though usually opposed to all co-operative enterprise, they formed an unholy combination, and presented a united and defiant front to most Ministerial proposals. Hyndman has often described how cleverly they rang the changes on Wheat, Meat and Milk in those days, playing a sort of Puss-in-the-Corner game with the unhappy consumer. If milk prices were controlled, they slaughtered as many cows and calves as possible; if wheat were controlled, they turned all possible arable land into pasture; if meat prices did not satisfy them, they put down their live-stock, and so on. Natural proceedings enough under the law of unrestricted capitalism, " Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost," but deadly for their country's welfare, when oversea supplies might fail.

" Farmers have a geographical and territorial monopoly in regard to milk, for our own island is, so far, our sole source of supply,"* so wrote Hyndman in an article on Milk in the *Nineteenth Century.* He described the vicious circle in which the Ministry of Food and its advisers were forced to move when trying to obtain more milk. High prices must be guaranteed, and the rate is not governed by the requirements of the best farmer but the worst. Then consumers naturally denounce the farmers for trading upon their necessities and the latent antagonism between town and country becomes acute. Workers cannot afford to get milk for their children. And when they do obtain it, 80 per cent. of the whole supply is needlessly and dangerously foul. " 40 per cent. of the impurity is provided for us on the farm, 20 per cent. on the railway, 20 per cent. in the dealer's hands, and the rest in our own homes." After describing the admirable milk system of Copenhagen (first instituted in 1896) and the more recent provision of pure milk in New York, Hyndman came to the unavoidable conclusion that the milk supply must be nationalised. " By neglecting milk, we are cutting at the roots of our national existence as a healthy race."

Plain-spoken and strictly truthful though it was, the article roused very little controversy. We do not seem able, as a people, to taken any intelligent interest in our children's most essential food—nor indeed in their real welfare, generally! It so happens that Well Walk is approached by Flask Walk, a narrow, rather dangerous, and wholly proletarian thoroughfare, where children may be found playing at any hour up to ten p.m. An old Social Democrat visiting us and commenting upon this, led Hyndman to say:

" Do you call England *civilised?* Think how future generations will sum us up: 'They gave their babies dirty milk, and they left their children to play in the streets.' "

Dan Irving stayed with us for a while in the summer of 1919, building up his convalescence after pneumonia. Those who know him will remember that he has all his life cherished a deep, pure, disinterested passion for education, and this, they say, has given him his firm hold on the affection of the people of Burnley. Well, perhaps those who have seen most of " book-learning " think least of it! I recollect hearing my husband put to Irving the terrible, and still unanswerable, educational problem which has arisen out of the War. The Germans were, by common consent, the most highly-educated and intellectual people in Europe; yet they carried on the business of warfare with a deliberate infamy that no other race has yet attained. What is the use of well-planned schooling and wide general culture if the men who received it have universally earned the name of Huns? With them, what particular element of education essential to the development of Humane Man was left out?

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* The importation of frozen, or rather chilled, milk has now begun.

Hyndman and his old comrade talked over the matter for a long time, in a halo of evening sunlight and tobacco-smoke, without coming to any satisfying conclusion. Religion, as men have long acknowledged, is far from being a hindrance to bloodshed, but neither the presence, nor yet the absence, of religion can be quoted as a factor in the general mental condition of Germany, since both the Protestant and the Catholic Churches are upheld, and Free Thought is widely represented as well. A suggestion from me, originally due to a hint of Hyndman's, that German education had systematically developed intellect at the expense of character, received a qualified assent, followed by the very daunting request that I would define the limits of character and intellect.

In 1919 Hyndman certainly expected the German people to recover more rapidly from the war than they have done —or rather than they have given the impression of doing. Perhaps he had an old-fashioned, honest, rather Bismarckian Germany in his mind's eye—a people who would look their defeat in the face, pull heartily together to pay their debts, make short work of profiteers and militarists both, and win the keys of Europe and the world's market by sheer industry and intelligence in ten years' time? I put this to him one morning, and he replied (in effect) that he thought capitalism and international finance had both gone too far. They were hindering the recovery of the country whose restoration was so important for them, and simply turning its industry and intelligence to waste. But he expected that the internal condition of Germany and the position of German workers would soon be much more satisfactory than our own. This view he maintained, although a very gloomy account of Germany's economic weakness was conveyed, " with a strange, hollow and confused noise " to the Consumers' Council.

This was the first move in that policy of " restoring Germany, in order to keep the present system in being " to which the Coalition Government so steadily adhered, for weighty reasons, no doubt.

" The Germans," said Hyndman, " are past-masters in the art of ' putting through.' Anyone who wishes to investigate the conditions of a district or country is warmly welcomed, and allowed to see just what his entertainers wish him to see, and no more." He then gave a very careful review of Mr Wise's Report on the Economic Aspect of Germany, and concluded that the government of that country were " deeply interested in making it out to be desperately poor and quite unable to pay any compensation for past crimes."

These matters held Hyndman's attention much more than the ins and outs of peace terms which might not be kept, and impossible reparation measures which certainly could not be enforced. If the chief racial boundaries were once satisfactorily settled he felt sure that the other questions could be left to the slow, inscrutable workings of the human intelligence—and to economic laws.

Meantime various domestic changes were taking place in his own household, and his wife was for the first time able to put her life on a " sound economic basis " in the Social Democratic sense. That is to say, early in June, I earned my living with Hyndman, so to speak, in a thoroughly necessary capacity, first as house-parlourmaid, and later on as cook.

To my sorrow, he never really liked the situation as much as I did! A few old bourgeois prejudices cropped up in his mind about housework, although I had long been useful to him out of doors as a jobbing gardener without his complaint. Now " every man that *is* a man," as country-folks say, has two primary impulses: (1) to throw something at a cat, and (2) to drive away any woman who comes near him with a duster or a broom—let alone a vacuum cleaner—in her hand! They do not comprehend that the service of the house is, in a secondary sense, *their* service: bright silver and shining furniture all tend, if properly regarded, to *their* honour and glory! But, misunderstanding, they look at us sometimes as a sorrowful god might do, who sees his worshippers led away from spiritual devotion and the contemplative life into ornate ritual, forms and ceremonies. In bourgeois life the husband too often prefers Mary to Martha!

Yet is not this partly the result of Western civilisation? Move a little Eastward, into a simpler and earlier state of society; the men of the Balkan States, bourgeois and even aristocrats, quite understand the importance of a good housewife. I remember, many years ago, parrying the suggestion that I should remain permanently in Bosnia, "in the best Serbian circles," as the phrase ran, by the plea that I was quite unfitted for the honour, being then no housewife at all. The gentle, pained reply, "Aber, gnädiges Fräulein, was für eine Frau sind Sie denn?" always stayed in my memory as a reproach; and I was personally glad when, some years later, I could, by my home activities, take this reproach away. However, Hyndman only tolerated the situation, and was better pleased when I went a degree higher in home-craft, and became cook. True, he sometimes could not realise that dishes must be washed up (why up?); but I discovered in myself a small gift for cooking, and we experimented on simple continental dishes in full amity. And now, for the first time, I really understood German Poetry! The genius of that great but homely language is different from ours. We possess an extremely large vocabulary, and we have distinctly set aside a whole group of words for ceremonial and poetic use; and this is perhaps the reason why, although we have the finest poetry in the world, it has no place in our daily moods and life. But in the German language, a number of good, simple words have to serve in poetry and for daily needs as well. The highest poets use the plainest language and invest it, purely by their skill, with all the charm, fire or exaltation that they need; and consequently, much of Heine and Goethe really cannot be rightly translated into English. Consequently, too, a number of homely words and phrases have poetic associations; and one can hardly plan out a pleasant, wholesome meal in one's mind without recalling "Hermann and Dorothea," let us say, as well. Also, there is something at once friendly and sacred about food to a good German; he thinks it not only foolish but rather irreligious to be indifferent to it. Bread means not merely something to be toasted and buttered, but really the staff of life. And thus (I am coming to the point at last) the German housewife, who sets a skilfully-cooked dish before her husband, feels that she has given expression to a high degree of love and duty; and when it has vanished she says, with a world of tenderness in her eyes: " Nun, hat's Dir geschmeckt?" Evidently those early weeks of my life that I spent in Germany left their mark, for I agree with the Hausfrau that cooking for the object of one's affections may truly be counted among the pleasures of love!

Returning to higher themes, the League of Nations became a subject impossible to avoid. It is curious that three men so different as Hyndman, Clemenceau, and a certain intelligent Englishman who was a trusted friend of both, never spoke privately of that achievement of modern civilisation except in tones of irony or rage. What *is* there about its lofty Genevan atmosphere, the sense of honourable antiquity that already so mysteriously invests it, and the almost ecclesiastical union of high authority, aspiration and impotence which has proved so annoying to some acute and tough-minded men? When Hyndman's sagacious business adviser told him that the " Evolution of Revolution " without a section devoted to the League of Nations would be incomplete, he almost fell into despair, because his own judgment assured him that the wise American was right. Like the Churches, the League of Nations seemed a " divine adventure, nobly planned," which, under fallible human guidance, now served a number of unholy ends, but might be a vast, efficient machine for peace and justice if rightly used. He was sitting at his desk, looking mournfully across a blank page into the last riot of autumn flowers, when I produced for him a good solid skeleton of the proposed section, in the shape of his two-year-old article on the historical origins of the League of Nations Idea. It had been intended for the United States, but the publishers of that country rejected it, because, in the language of one of its natives, " There wasn't enough dope in the thing! It's one of those subjects, sir, on which our glorious people are just now asking to be doped."

The section of the " Evolution of Revolution " was then easily completed; for, as Hyndman said elsewhere, " Social Democrats heartily welcome the attempt to establish a League of Nations for the purpose of preventing war. . . . But it is impossible to rush through, safely, a world-wide arrangement of this magnitude. . . . Meanwhile, had it not been for these interminable arguments on the League of Nations in Paris, peace would have been imposed on

Germany weeks, even months, ago. We have drifted into a bad situation because Dr. Wilson, supported by Mr Lloyd George, would persist in devoting himself to ideal theory, to the neglect of mundane practice. . . . All we get from the proposed League of Nations is an indefinite Arbitration Council, destitute of effective means of enforcing its decision."

"We recognise," concluded Hyndman, "that it is far easier to criticise than to construct—and that is why English Social Democrats have put forward definite constructive methods, foreign and domestic, for nearly forty years. We are anxious to see the League of Nations scheme at least made water-tight. Begin, then, with those powers which have few serious antagonistic interests, and work outwards and onwards. This will take time. But it is better than accepting a series of propositions which our own representatives hesitate to probe to the bottom, for fear of bursting the bubble of their own philanthropic illusions."

As the "Evolution of Revolution" shows, Hyndman, four years ago, expected that the League of Nations would follow, and not lead, the course of events. Like an unarmed Vigilance Committee in a lawless Western mining centre, the League can arbitrate in small cases when the chief citizens are willing to allow it, but must stand aside when these citizens themselves prefer to fight matters out. It is never judicious to carry the parallel between individual and national cases too far, but certainly a Vigilance Committee which admitted one of the notorious rogues of the camp to its own fold and was prepared to welcome another, would be reckoned more daring than wise.

The settlement of Europe gave many opportunities for the work of the League upon disputed boundaries, and possible "mandate" districts. Some of the questions then taken in hand have been satisfactorily settled. The revived State of Poland afforded a fair share of problems; and, in 1918 and 1919, various representatives of that admirable race, which possesses every gift of the gods except commonsense, were often to be met at Well Walk. In 1918 Hyndman gave an address on the independence of Poland, and laid emphasis on the crucial importance of Poland's access to the sea—that is, her possession of the port of Danzig and "the needful corridor." "The canalisation of the Vistula and its connection with the Dniester would bring together the Baltic and the Black Sea. It is a magnificent project, which can only be realised by the courage, genius and capacity of the Polish race. . . . Danzig as a free port, if not a Polish port, brings this great scheme into practical politics. . . It may be argued that we are not strictly adhering to the lines of nationality in handling this question . . . well, that is an issue which I think the Poles ought to face clearly, stating their reasons so that they may be understood by all the world."

I can still see the countenances of certain leading figures among the Poles, standing at the back of a very crowded room, as they heard their boldest dreams thus put into words! With limitations the scheme has been carried out; and perhaps our descendants will see the commerce of Europe transformed by the unhindered communication of the Baltic and the Black Sea.

Sir James Frazer took the chair for Hyndman on the occasion of that Polish address. I cannot remember when we first met him and Lady Frazer; they seem always to have been, like the "Golden Bough" itself, a necessary part of our surroundings, very close and esteemed friends.

In the summer of 1919 they invited us to Cambridge—to Trinity, where Sir James then held a couple of rooms, just above those of a very old Fellow of the college who had been a contemporary of Hyndman in his University days. As chance willed, I have known a number of men, young and old, who enjoyed the splendours and amenities of Trinity College, to whom the library there is, for beauty of colour, construction and surrounding, without and within, the most perfect building of its kind ever made. Hyndman himself has written delightfully of this visit, in the preface to the "Books of a Lifetime," and I will not spoil the reader's pleasure in that passage by my own words.

He never recalled his own University years with much satisfaction, in talking to me. I think he had found his contemporaries too young in mind for real companionship, and only truly enjoyed the days when Meredith stayed with him at Cambridge. Life appeared to young Hyndman in various puzzling and painful aspects during those three or four years. He failed to win a high place in scholarship, as his friends expected, since he was busied in taking stock of himself, his tendencies, and the world he lived in. So far as I can tell, he settled at this time, once and for all, that curious problem of the adjustment of himself to the community, which most persons must, sooner or later, consciously or unconsciously, resolve. " Finding one's own level," as people say, is part of it; and this well-to-do, clever young undergraduate found it with men of recognised genius much older than himself.

Hyndman of Trinity was, I think, a graver and more troubled person than the jolly Hyndman of Seaford, in the company of Meredith, Burnand, the two Fitzgeralds and Vignati. Many are the quips and cranks and merry jests I have heard out of that pleasant time. He has said more than once that the " memory synthesis " alone assured him he was one and the same person with the lad of more than fifty years ago—so difficult was it for him to understand what he had really thought then. Maybe—for his whole intellectual life was a steady unfolding and flowering of new mental faculties; and the work of his very last years was a display of purely literary gifts which he had scarcely known himself to possess.

Speaking of Sir James Frazer, he once allowed to me that he cared less for his very great learning than for the beauty of his style. Had the one-volume edition of the " Golden Bough "—that marvel of abridgement—only appeared before my dear husband's death, it would certainly have found a place among the " Books of a Lifetime." As it is, I am delighted to remember that he urged Sir James, several years ago, to produce, if possible, just such an abridged edition; for he maintained that the great thesis of the work was hindered, if not actually obscured, for the ordinary reader, by the amazing wealth of illustration. Meantime we used to read parts of the " Adonis, Attis, Osiris " volume for sheer pleasure, seeing in the mind's eye the blossoming Lydian valleys and the death-giving white streams of Heliopolis, or the hillsides glowing with red anemones, where the phantom of Adonis still hunts the fatal boar in spring.

Returning from Trinity and the agreeable company of the Frazers, my memory goes to a very curious scene belonging to the same year—a picture as strange as any in contemporary history. Perhaps it would only have been possible under English rule. In one of the large Committee-rooms of the House of Commons a number of representative Indians and two or three English people were met. The room was lent for the gathering, at the request of a prominent Socialist and Labour Member of Parliament; the meeting was presided over by a famous old Englishman who had for forty years denounced and exposed the English misrule of India—misrule carried steadily on, by one Government after another, from the very House in which the meeting took place. And these Indians and Englishmen were voluntarily assembled to consider a measure then being passed, which was supposed, by a few sanguine persons, to give a very small degree of self-government to the immense provinces of India—a measure which, feeble as it was, had been heartily denounced by the reactionaries. This Bill followed close upon the heels of a piece of Indian legislation so harshly restricting liberty of opinion and so unpopular that it was known as the Black Cobra Act.

The meeting made a very remarkable picture. I suppose there were not more than forty people present, yet several striking varieties of Aryan and non-Aryan physiognomy were to be seen. Turbaned dark faces and brilliant garments stood out against the sky-filled windows and the sober panelling of the room, while my husband's broad silvery head and massive figure dominated them all. Next to him in striking appearance was a much younger man, a Minister of a nominally independent Province, whose bold, eagle-like profile and fine brow stood out in bronze against his white headgear and white robes.

One and all the Indians spoke cautiously, expressing only reserved disapproval of the Montagu Bill. We could not blame them : for they were in the fortress of the wholly alien Government which was ruling their vast country; and, again, there was something disarming in the very courtesy and almost contemptuous tolerance of these governors, who allowed them a room in their own stronghold for the purpose of inimical deliberation under the guidance of that strange, terrible and fearless man who had preached Indian freedom for so long ! When *he* spoke there was no more diffidence and careful phrasing: he put into brief, powerful speech all that they dared not utter, but had long carried in their minds.

My dear husband has written so clearly and thoroughly about India in books which are accessible to everyone, that I need say little about his work in this connection. We were visited occasionally by distinguished Hindus, and Gungundar Tilak often took counsel with Hyndman; yet the Indians who were working toward the liberation of their country from alien rule followed, in the main, a policy of their own. This policy, as Hyndman said, was very unwise; since by consorting with English and European pacifists, as they did, the Indians threw away nearly all the good which much voluntary enlistment for service in the war had done to their cause.

If it is difficult for a Western European to understand the working of the Russian mind, the Asian brain is surely a sealed book! I have often thought bitterly in the last ten years that the English and the Indian conception of friendship must differ very greatly, or else—but how can I judge? Certainly Hyndman never lost a single opportunity of urging the complete emancipation of India from British rule, while it sometimes appeared as if his Indian friends let pass many occasions of expressing their appreciation of his services, and were unduly ready to attach themselves to temporising persons who had given them no help and could only do them harm. That very summer Hyndman had moved a resolution on India at the annual S.D.F. Conference, which was too strong even for some of his own followers. It ran: "This Conference declares in favour of the emancipation of India from British domination at an early date, in such manner as may peacefully be arranged between the representatives of the overwhelming majority of Indians and the people of the United Kingdom." After some discussion, and a certain amount of fiery eloquence from Hyndman, it was carried with one dissentient.

Apparently neither this resolution, nor the Indian meeting in the House of Commons, nor even my dear husband's forty-year-old efforts to persuade the English Government to withdraw slowly but finally from their ruinous domniation of a huge and poverty-stricken land, had any effect upon the powers that be. And yet a very, very deliberate attempt at an exceedingly gradual change of the balance of power in India may be traced by acute eyes. No doubt there are unavowed material or financial reasons for this move. Perhaps it shows that the minority, who know we have almost squeezed the last drop of wealth out of peasant India, are slowly getting the upper hand.

CHAPTER XIII

France and England—America—Anti-Bolshevik Propaganda—Italy and Jugoslavia—Domestic Changes—Amritsar—Ireland Again—End of the Food Consumers' Council.

Looking back through this book I perceive that the writer has taken an unfair advantage, arising from the course of events, over the subject of the biography. Germany, the German people, and the problems of their character bulk more largely here than they did in Hyndman's mind; and the year 1920 gives me an opportunty of restoring the balance in favour of France. Reviews and comments upon his " Clemenceau " kept dropping in during the early months, and the relations between the French and English politicians gave my husband very serious cause for anxiety all through 1920 and 1921.

It is difficult to explain—unless the reader is already convinced of it—why all the wise men who have surveyed Europe feel that the national extinction of France would be a greater calamity than the loss of any other race. To what special achievements in civilisation can one point? What exact reasons can one give? It is quite easy to enumerate the intellectual gifts, the obvious charms and brilliance of the Polish people, for instance; but how can the particular value of France be put in words? Even Hyndman, who realised it so clearly, could not precisely say. Like most Englishmen, he knew very little of rural France; but he considered that the intellectual atmosphere of Paris and the spirit of the French language together constituted a most valuable gift of the Invisible Powers to man.

" There are cities in the history of the human race which have taken unto themselves a personality, not only for their own inhabitants, but for succeeding ages and for the world at large. . . . Athens, Rome, Florence, all convey to the mind a conception of civic individuality and collective achievement which raises them to the level of ideals of culture for men living in far different civilisations." So also Paris, " la ville lumière." " It is this impatience of Paris with results already achieved, this desire to reach out and embrace new forms in all departments of human effort which gives the French city her position as an indispensable entity in the cosmos of modern life. . . . Whatever changes the future may have in store for us, we, who are not Frenchmen, cannot dispense with the leadership and inspiration which come to us from Paris."

So Hyndman wrote and believed.

We always promised one another that we would spend a holiday in Paris; and (as a concession to my dislike of all cities, and my doubts of Parisian hygiene), we were to lodge in one of those hillside suburbs, familiar from the descriptions of favourite authors, which give such wonderful views over the brilliant city-plain.

Probably the growth of psychology in the next few years will enable us to appreciate better many weighty and yet imponderable things—the mental atmosphere of a city, its climatic influence also, persistent national tendencies towards clear thought or towards illusion, and the value of those social conditions which, somehow, make sincere, intelligent conversation more easily attainable in France than anywhere else. Is it due to the language itself, that elegant, precise yet flexible instrument of thought, which the genius of the nation keeps so clear and bright? Even in alien hands this instrument has its value. We have noticed sometimes at Well Walk, when representatives of several nations had met there, and we were all for convenience talking French, though it was not the mother-tongue of more than one person present, how the general thought seemed to be cleared and stimulated—and what pitiless truths could be handed to and fro without offence! This was even more the case at the house of two highly-esteemed friends (who rated Hyndman's European knowledge at its real worth) where French was habitually used.

Let me confess that I myself looked across the Channel with something of that queer, jovial antipathy to the French which runs all through English literature and English life. There were very few periods in which Latin-minded, France-loving men like Hyndman were not exceptional in England; and yet, as he has pointed out, directly the English press and the politicians engage upon one of their interested Francophobe campaigns, the commonsense of the English people re-awakens, and the tricolour and the Marseillaise are sure to get rounds of hearty popular applause. Yet how different is the social life of the two countries! how far the French peasant seems from our agricultural wage-slaves, and how bewildering are the patriarchal habits and tribal integrity and privacy, so to speak, of the French haute bourgeoisie, to the detached scion of an English home!

I cannot say that either my dear husband or I were quite past-masters in the admired French language, although he was once obliged to deliver a speech, in French, *after Jaurès*, at an International gathering! and did not come badly out of that fiery trial. We both had an extensive acquaintance with French literature, and supplemented one another's knowledge. I have pleased him with old chansons and pastourelles, from " Quant voi la flor nouvele " to " La belle Heaulmière," and he has read many a fine passage from the pamphlets of Paul Louis Courrier to me, and even from the writings of the venerable Dr Le Play, " who showed that it was possible to be a devout Catholic and yet as fully conversant with Marx's analysis of capital and historical determinism as the most studious Social Democrat."

With common consent, I fear, we left the Esteemed Works of Corneille and Racine to gather dust upon the shelves—though my husband taught me to observe the fine vowel-sequence and admirable melody of their processional Alexandrines—and we had little more liking for the Romantic school of Châteaubriand, Hugo or de Musset.

However, Clemenceau, and no other French literary figure, was the object of Hyndman's interest at the beginning of 1920. " When Clemenceau took power at the end of 1917, his fearlessness, his determination, and his extraordinary energy made him the rallying-point of all who had decided that the Prussian menace to European civilisation must be finally crushed. His visits to the trenches, his behaviour under fire, his comradeship with the troops, were accompanied by unceasing work in the Ministry and magnificent speeches in the Assembly. All this was the effort of a statesman approaching eighty, carrying the bullet of an assassin perilously close to his lungs."

He was not elected President, mainly, I fancy, because he did not take his candidature seriously; but to a man of his deeds the matter was not important. Unfortunately, even before he retired from public life, that misunderstanding between the politicians of England, France and America, which has added so much needless anxiety to our troubled days, had already begun. " How has it come about," wrote

Hyndman later in 1920, "that practically the whole of the French Press and the majority of the French people are convinced that the influence of England is now being directed by the British Government against them? Matters are getting serious, and the misfortune is that public opinion here, not being properly informed, does not comprehend how serious they are; and the French do not know that the feeling of the English people towards them is not represented by Downing Street.

" . . . It is well to remember that we did not go to war with the German Empire *solely* to protect France or Belgium. . . . We declared war against Germany in order also to safeguard ourselves. If Belgium and France had been crushed by the Imperial Armies, Great Britain would have been in extreme danger. . . . The French and the Belgians were fighting our battle as well as their own. Belgium was infamously misused, and France suffered still worse. . . . We bore more than our share of financial, military and naval burdens: nevertheless none of our territories, industrial districts or coal-mines have been ruined for years . . . and if we are not safe against future attack it is our own fault.

"The French think that, since the Peace, the British Government has sided with Germany against France and Belgium about reparations, coal supplies, disarmament, and releasing claims under the Versailles Treaty without communication with the French Government. And all this has been done, they think, in a discourteous manner. . . . Surely, when France is undergoing loss by exchange, when the price we are charging her for coal seems excessive, and when we show such desperate anxiety to resume trade and financial dealings with Germany, the least our Government can do is to manifest exceptional consideration in our political correspondence with France? But the Ministries of our respective countries are given over to sordid Imperialism, dictated by financial interests."

The events of the last three years have shown that the article from which I quote was, for once, too mild in its indictment of the English Cabinets. There was one sound political cause why France should feel aggrieved and insecure; and there were a certain number of financial reasons for the pro-German policy of the British Government. Concerning these the less said the better. It does really sometimes appear as if no actions were too thoughtless or too base for those Ministers who consider that finance and politics are interdependent—and keep certain pecuniary links in their own hands.

The political grounds for France's anxiety were known to Hyndman, but he made few allusions to them at this time, for fear of making things seem worse. In July, 1919, two Treaties were signed, one between France and England, in which we undertook to support France against unprovoked aggression from Germany, and the other between France and America containing a similar promise of help. The House of Commons ratified the treaty of France with England in the form of a Bill called the "Defence of France Act." All this was common knowledge. But what the House did *not* know was the existence of a clause making the treaties of France with England and France with America entirely dependent on each other, so that, if one failed to receive sanction the other became useless. And America presently refused to ratify her treaty: therefore the Defence of France Act is not binding as a treaty at all.

Thus from both quarters the most serious hindrances were put in the way of that alliance which Hyndman and a few other wise men in England, France and the United States greatly desired to see. As he wrote to our valued American friend, Charles Edward Russell: "The best hope for a democratic civilisation of the world lies in a thorough understanding between the British Dominions, the French Republic and the United States of America. Difficult maybe, but essential. Such an Entente would lead to the downfall of Imperialism, the extension of liberty, and to the foundation of a true and real League of Nations. The present L. of N. is, I regret to say, a laughing-stock."

Hyndman first visited America in 1870, and was then in temporary control of a very big silver-lead mine in the West. He has told a good deal about his experiences then and on later visits in his Autobiography. There is no doubt that he liked the United States and some individual Americans very well. Certainly he could not fail to appreciate a collection of peoples whose leading characteristic—permanent beyond all variations of race and climate—is to be *brave* and *gay!* Yet he admitted, almost without reserve, all the charges which his rather prejudiced and ill-conditioned younger companion could bring against them. True, the population of the United States is a patchwork of races and tribes, in the most different stages of civilisation; and the quality of the whole is, at best provincial, at worst barbaric. True, the American leisured class often achieves a degree of snobbery and ill-founded pretension which not even the Anglo-Saxons of the Old World have hitherto attained! True, the language is corrupt and detestable: there is no history, and so far no original literature, since Walt Whitman and Bret Harte stand alone; while American sentiment and American credulity together have produced a type of journalism that makes even an English newspaper-reader wish to believe in Hell! Yet, when all this has been admitted, there remains the admirable phenomenon of *something* which has created a definite nationality, with a real sense of patriotism, out of a heterogeneous assortment of races upon a hundred different varieties of soil, between the Atlantic and the Pacific bounds. And this nationality has, in some mysterious way, character, and even charm. America, once realised, can never be forgotten or ignored. It is youth—raw, gigantic, formless, but promising youth—the long, ugly adolescence of a race which *may* be greater than any the world has yet seen.

Thus esteeming America, and convinced of her importance in the near future, Hyndman was much troubled to see her alliance with France and England made almost impossible by the blunders or the malice of the statesmen of these three countries. A letter to Charles Russell describes the situation, its dangers and its great possibilities.

July 3, 1920.

13 Well Walk,
Hampstead,
London, N.W.3.

Dear Comrade Russell,

I have to thank you very much for your kind and illuminating letters. I do not quite see even now why genuine Americans, who regard the United States as their own great nation, entitled to hold a high place in the world, need be so bitter against us. We are doing at the present time many wrong, harmful and immoral things. I do not recognise, nevertheless, how these actions hurt you. They hurt others and really hurt us, but not America or Americans. If the Allies had lost the war, you yourselves, shortly thereafter, would have been obliged to face, unaided, a combination between Germany and Japan (then controlling China and quite possibly India) against *you*. About that I have no doubt, nor probably have you yourself. The Allies, who bore the burden and heat of the war, and are pretty well ruined by it, especially France, saved you from that ugly and more than probable eventuality. I have pointed this out in *Justice*. We owe you much; but, honestly, taking a wide view of all the circumstances, I think you owe us more. I am deeply opposed to our Alliance with Japan, and was so from the first. But your newspapers and politicians are giving our Imperialist and Militarist rulers the very excuse they want for making that Alliance still closer. Is that wise? I think not. Injurious to us, and injurious to you.

I first landed in the United States, in 1870, at San Francisco. Though I was personally received throughout with courtesy, kindness and charming hospitality, the feeling against us was then very keen. Naturally. Our upper classes and statesmen, as a whole, including Gladstone, though they were always denouncing slavery, took the Confederate against the Federal side in the struggle, and, if they did not actually outrage international law, went very near to doing so. Later, things got much better, as I found when I went frequently to the U.S.A. in the following years. I knew Endicott, Saltonstall, Sears, and Peabody in Boston very well, and spent a fortnight with them in the hills of Pennsylvania. Also I knew old Horace Greeley, Hurlburt, Tilden, Watts, and others in New York. Thus I met men of all parties and not a few men of letters. These acquaintances and friendships went on for years. Better relations between the two peoples steadily grew—with certain exceptions due to Ireland, which I myself, as a Home Ruler, quite understood. But it was, in politics, largely at the expense of our continuous surrenders to the U.S.A. Notably, in the matter of the Alaska Boundary Line we were absolutely in the right. My old Trinity friend, Sir Richard Webster (Lord Alverstone) deliberately gave away our case—he practically admitted this to me—in order to avoid friction with you, at the expense of infuriating Canada. You should hear my friend, Senator Belcourt, K.C., on this head! It was the same in other minor matters. Even in regard to Venezuela we practically gave way. So all through I think, on the whole, it was, perhaps, better for us to do so; but these things should be remembered.

I quite sympathise with the American sentimental feeling about the war. They did believe they were fighting for great principles. They were. The breakdown is due to an infamous policy of grab in Mesopotamia, Persia and Syria, to our surrender to Japan about China, etc. *But* also due to the idiotic obstinacy of Wilson—yes, as a student of foreign politics for fifty years and more, I say idiotic—and his policy of forcing the League of Nations before the Treaty, and holding up the world for weeks and months while he lectured. We were very wrong and are very wrong. *But that fatal mistake upset everything.* It was a bigger crime than ours even, because it looked so nice and so sentimental. I take it, some day, Clemenceau will give his *full* account of all this and of Lloyd George's methods. As sentimentalists Americans feel they have been cheated. They have. But whose fault was it? Chiefly your own man's.

One word more. We are all being abused up hill and down dale by your politicians and your press. We can do nothing right. Much of the criticism is quite true; but many of the misdeeds are inheritances from the past. You, however, have your very weak places. Do we put our fingers into them? Practically never. Even while all this virulent abuse is poured upon us we say not a word about The Negro Question: not a word! I myself have a whole record of outrages and a summary of the growing and forcible negro press, which is terrible even in its moderation. Special trains run to public lynchings and the like, slaughterings in Chicago and even in Washington. I keep silent. Why? Because, horrible as it all is, it is more important that our two nations should in some way sink their ill feelings and come to practical terms for joint action in the near future than enter upon a campaign of recrimination on such topics, monstrous as has been and is the behaviour of both of us.

I want to see before I die a thoroughly good understanding between England, France, the United States, and, I hope, China, on a basis of freedom, self-government and progress for all peoples. I am working and have long been working to that end. I believe you have much the same feeling. That is why I write so plainly and at such great length.

Yours very truly,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

P.S.—Since I wrote you the above letter, looking out upon my wife's dear little garden full of violas and roses in full bloom, I went down to Westminster on business. As I walked from the station past the Houses of Parliament, with Oliver Cromwell's statue below them, I saw, under the shadow of old Westminster Abbey, a monument covered with a cloth, obviously waiting to be drawn from over it. No place more closely or intimately connected with the extraordinary history of us Englishmen could possibly have been chosen. On the pedestal I read " ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

H. M. HYNDMAN.

Hyndman was greatly interested in one promising development of American life, the Non-Partisan League. As described by Russell and summarised by my husband, it appears to be first a vigorous effort of the producers to eliminate the middle-man and the profiteer, by means of State Collectivism. A few North-Western farmers visiting Washington dined together; and, as they ate, they put down the price of each dish—meat, butter, eggs, bread, etc.—at the figure they would have been paid for it, if it were part of their own produce, sold on the spot. The total price for them all calculated in this way, was about three shillings and sixpence: they were charged about two pounds ten shillings. Making every allowance for transport, cookery, service, and accommodation, they came to the conclusion that the difference between 3s. 6d.—the price to the producers—and fifty shillings—the price to the consumer—was unreasonably great.

They then began to take the other means by which the producer and the consumer are fleeced into consideration. There was the inordinate cost of money itself—that is to say, usury. There were also false scales and false measures, misgrading of good corn, speculation and juggling of the wheat market, bribes to politicians and the unreasonable cost of the political machinery itself. By all these means the farmers of the Middle West found themselves mere serfs to capital. They took thought again, and formulated these demands for the improvement of their conditions:

The creation of State Terminal Elevators, Flour Mills, Stock Yards, Packing Houses and Cold Storage.

Exemption of Farm Improvements from Taxation.

State Insurance.

Rural Credit Banks.

Improved Co-operation; and (possibly) State Railways with transport at cost.

The means they took and are taking to obtain these benefits are not of such immediate interest to English readers, since the political machine of America differs from ours.

"Certainly this is not yet Social Democracy," said Hyndman, "but for farmers, the most Conservative class in the world, it is a remarkable step in our direction. Nothing could be more encouraging for those who believe in political action to obtain economic results, and hope to see the agricultural interest and the general welfare combined."

During this year we regularly received a curious and interesting American Middle-Western production, "Reedy's Mirror." In spite of its irritating weakness for Bolshevism, and some singularly ill-constructed specimens of *vers libre*—these two products of anarchy go well together—Hyndman was always glad to see the journal. It gave one, he said in effect, a feeling of great farms, wide rivers, and the queer, bleak habits of little provincial towns—the sense of a life which was certainly not yet large or beautiful, but might easily become so.

We broke the very, very long period that always seems to elapse between January and June by exchanging houses for a while with two old friends. We took from them a queer, quiet, sunny little dwelling on the Hythe canal, where huge elm-trees scattered twigs, blossoms, or some other kind of light débris down the chimneys after every gale. There were many gales, and "my old sea-dog" paced the beach in foam and wind, and thoroughly enjoyed them. He also had the sailor's love of a telescope or a pair of good glasses, and could spend hours leaning upon the wall of the upper road, above the church and all the huddled roofs of the little town, looking out over the green flats and the grey, shining sea to Dungeness, watching the ships come in. It was not here, I think, but on the shore near Sandwich, one summer day in another year, that he and I saw the loveliest vision of a sailing-vessel, coming up, like a white-bosomed bird, out of the blue mist over the blue sea. "Now you can understand," said he, as I exclaimed and wondered, "how a man gets to love a yacht or a schooner as if it were his own child."

Once or twice in our town life he confessed to a yearning for the smell of salt water—"such as *you* feel when you are longing for the sight and sound of a wood." Landscape influences, I think, must be stronger than the desire for music or any other delight—and what a fine torture is a summer spent in Town! Hythe offered us a convenient combination of woodland and sea, so, in spite of rough weather, we were very happy there. I sculled him a long way up the canal, one golden evening—under Lympne Castle (which aroused disturbing political reflections), miles on, past white hawthorn bushes and blossoming orchards, along the wide green meadows of Romney Marsh, which is one of the quietest places under the sun.

And so back to Hampstead and the tangle of home and foreign affairs. Bolshevist Russia continued to exercise a strange and lamentable influence on English politics. *If* "the Bullitt revelations" of the preceding year are to be believed, Lloyd George endeavoured privately to enter into negotiations with the Bolshevik Government early in 1919. He is not to blame for having failed, surely, and his subsequent lie to the House of Commons on this matter, though regrettable when his large Nonconformist following is considered, was merely in keeping. At the end of the year that interesting and variable person, Lt.-Col. Malone, is said to have brought overtures from the Government at Moscow containing the pledge that Bolshevist Russia would recognise "its financial obligations to all its creditors, States or individuals, belonging to the Entente Powers." Perceiving that this pious aspiration was the best the creditors of Russia were likely to receive for some time, the Supreme Council announced that the blockade against that country was raised; but the decision implied "no change in the policies of the Allied Governments."

Quietly surveyed, the English Cabinet policy was really not so "turpitudinous" as our dear Hyndman would make out. It was simple, consistent and single of aim: a money-lender's policy. The loss of armies, the security of nations, the tranquillity of Europe were all so much air when set against the material argument that a certain international group had lost heavily over loans to Russia, and must get their money back *some* time! From this period Mr Lloyd George worked hard for two objects: the financial rehabilitation of Germany and of Russia—or rather, for such measure of rehabilitation in both cases as would enable his friends at least to cut their loss. How far they are satisfied is really not our affair.

Being Social Democrats, the particular degree of baseness practised by capitalist politicians did not affect us so closely as the simplicity of Labour representatives, befooled by Lenin and Trotzky. One after another, a whole succession of Balaams, ignorant of history, of Europe, of Russia, and of the Russian language, went out to view the Bolshevist paradise, and give it their blessing; but, inverting the Bible story, one or two came back and called the country not blest, but curst. For some of these visitors, apparently, illusory scenes of prosperity were staged, like the " villages of Potemkin," and they persuaded themselves, as Potemkin's mistress the Empress Catherine did, that all was for the best in the best of Russias. Others were not quite so simple. One, having heard the theory of Bolshevist Government set forth, said plainly, " I don't agree with it at all, because I hold that every adult has a right to vote, but the Bolsheviks have limited it, which I cannot agree with. . . . There are no strikes because the Government won't have them. Some of the Bolshevist proposals for increasing production would delight the employers of labour here, but they don't suit me or my colleagues."

In the spring of 1920 Hyndman received Landau-Aldanov's fine study of Lenin, and reviewed it for *Justice*.

" Let us try and form a conception of this Marx-Bakunin fanatic from M. Albanov's own admissions and from facts known to all the world. First, Lenin is quite unhuman and unethical in all his actions. Having made up his mind that, as Bakunin taught, existing society ought to be destroyed for the sake of future humanity, the lives and sufferings of men and women to-day do not count at all. The bourgeoisie must be crushed, and all who support them made harmless, by death or otherwise, not only in Russia but over all the world. . . . This view of life carried to its logical conclusion gives the person imbued with it immense power. And then Lenin has the most superb confidence in himself. He goes to work to set things right in accordance with certain misconceived theories. They go wrong, but he is still the one man to put them right. . . . He consorts with police spies, with the agents of the old Black Hundreds and with the German Government, convinced that he is using them for his own ends—while they all hold a precisely similar opinion of him. He accepts money when weak, he seizes it or prints it when strong. . . . But Lenin himself is pecuniarily honest." (Imagine what an effect this has in Russia, where the tradition of limitless official dishonesty goes back into the abysm of time !) "He is neither luxurious, extravagant, nor miserly. Millions of money, like millions of men, are, for him, mere counters in the game.

"Lastly, Lenin possesses some hypnotic power which enables him to exercise his will upon men of higher capacity than himself, as well as his equals or inferiors. . . . He is a most impressive figure, if only for the mischief he has done."

About this time a certain Russian Trade Union delegation visited England, quite frankly to put the case against Bolshevism, but not being well acquainted with English conditions, they got into close touch with certain reactionary political bodies, and this was very damaging to them. Before this, the Social Democratic Federation called a meeting for them at the Central Hall, Westminster, at which an Englishman who had spent many years in their country, and was indeed half-Russianised, was the chief speaker.

That meeting proved from the beginning unlucky. Hyndman advised the provision of a few skilled and hefty stewards—like those who had furnished some very pretty arguments in the Boer War days—but this matter was not attended to. A change of chairmen took place at the last moment. The chief speaker was so desperately anxious to be fair that he annoyed both sides; and, finally, there was a little noisy group, in which fools, fanatics and aliens were almost equally represented, strategically placed in the body of the hall. Quite a small knot of disturbers can, if there are no powerful speakers present, reduce a whole audience to the condition in which what they really want is a dog-fight, and nothing else.

The atmosphere affected us on the platform; there was an opportunity of getting Hyndman into the chair, and I stupidly missed it, so he did not rise to speak until a moment when, without any considerable disturbance, everyone was at their worst. And then the unpleasant little group gave tongue. Can you imagine the whole Battersea Dogs' Home—"mongrel puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree" expressing their sentiments at once? Such was the effect; and they were so proud of it that one of them recalled the affray in print last year (and gave the present writer a rarely enjoyable experience in controversy). They should, of course, have been turned out; but we had no stewards, and some of our men were suffering from that curious lack of initiative which followed a long experience of war. Bad as the disturbers were, they could not howl our old man down; and they were too fragile a collection to think of storming the platform. All the same, this unchecked brawling reflected very ill upon our organisation, and was a dishonour to our chief.

My dear husband often quoted with pleasure a certain passage by a *Daily News* scribe, reporting a Socialist Conference dispute: "Then arose Mr Hyndman, with a tongue like a razor dipped in gall!" Without claiming such distinction, I too can place a few well-chosen words effectively; and I glady recall having done so, in due Parliamentary form, at a Committee which followed this meeting. Hyndman listened in a sort of impersonal, appreciative silence; official explanations were made, and he hastened to forgive the offenders all. He presided at a smoking-concert a very few days after this occasion, in the most unclouded geniality, and made a warm-hearted, humorous and excellent speech.

Russia might be a source of trouble and discord, but it once happened—almost incredibly—that the Ukraine was a source of peace. It came about thus. Hyndman and I were always at home on Sunday afternoons at Well Walk; and, since our acquaintance was very large and varied, "disparate elements," as the French would say, often appeared in the library together, and needed to be skilfully accommodated. Differences of class counted for nothing—I remember how an elderly magistrate and a promising young policeman met at our hospitable board, and got on excellently together; but people of widely-differing political views needed careful distribution, and some nationalists were very hard to handle. One brilliant afternoon it chanced that my husband led a certain guest up the garden for separate converse, and left upon my hands a distinguished Polish gentleman and two equally distinguished, but more unfortunate, Russians—a Tsarist and a follower of Kerensky. They eyed one another in silence, with ill-restrained animosity; and it was absolutely necessary to find some common ground upon which they could talk. Happily I thought of the Ukraine, and I began a monologue upon that country's claims. They united, in sudden cordiality, to declare that the Ukrainian language was a mere Russian dialect, that the people were few in number and practically undistinguishable from Russians, and that no Ukrainian empire, or even race, had ever existed. They brought facts, authorities and statistics in brotherly support of one another, and demolished nearly 27 millions of persons in the twinkling of an eye. Nevertheless the Ukraine still exists and must shortly be free.

There were good enough grounds for the ill-feeling between our Polish and Russian visitors just then, since, during a few days in August, it seemed possible that British forces might be used in support of Poland (and perhaps of General Wrangel) against Russia. A certain Labour group called the "Council of Action" took credit to itself for having entirely blocked this proposal by the threat of a Transport Strike. I wonder! I wonder very much. There is no doubt that the policy of the Council of Action was considered most timely and serviceable by certain members of the Cabinet and their friends.

Peace had been proclaimed in 1918, but Europe in 1920 was very far from being a peaceful place. That new and interesting political game, "When is a war not a war?" was being briskly played in various zones. There had been "trouble" in Finland, in Poland, in Russia, in Silesia, in Hungary, and in Germany itself, where the brief existence of the "Kapp Putsch" came to an inglorious end; but the new game aforesaid was only carried out with real skill on the Eastern Adriatic coast. It was extremely like the French occupation of the Ruhr—and far more mistaken—but, unlike the latter business, the Italian descent upon Dalmatia was absolutely void of excuse. Seeing that it was only carried on by one Allied Power against another, and not against the former enemy, it roused very little interest in the English Cabinet and none whatever in the Labour Party, while sections of the capitalist Press lent it their support. The affair was well staged and rather picturesque. The Italian Government seems to have addressed that romantic filibustering figure, D'Annunzio, somewhat as Queen Elizabeth did the English privateers: "You can go and harry the enemy, with whom we are not at war, if you choose; but do not expect us to be responsible." Then this singular and lawless attempt of a few individuals to hold by force coast-lands to which Italy had formally given up all the rights she never had became more serious; and D'Annunzio and his followers were really a tyrannous infliction for many months. The Dalmatians themselves and the Jugo-Slav Government behaved with astonishing patience, dignity and restraint; and the whole question of Fiume, Susak, Zara and the Italian-speaking people of the Dalmatian littoral has at last been peaceably settled.

It first arose in the year 1915, or thereabouts, when the Allied Powers, superbly indifferent to the racial and economic conditions of Dalmatia and Croatia, endeavoured to bribe Italy by the promise of a long strip of coast-land inhabited by an extremely vigorous and independent Slav race. A thorny gift, indeed! Hyndman, knowing more about the past and present of the races upon both shores of the Adriatic than all the official advisers of the Allies put together, had from the first strenuously opposed this step. My recent local knowledge of the country was useful to him. Certainly Rome and Venice had left mighty and beautiful memorials of their rule all along that shore, from Pola to Spalato, from Zara to Cattaro, but Italy had never gained the least foothold on those vast and treeless mountains, rising like a continuous wall, no more than three to five miles inland. May I be pardoned for quoting a description of them? since verse is, in such matters, far more concise than prose:

Flashing in silver and gold, and living chrysoprase,
The ever-moving billows beat out the cloven ways
That sunder a myriad islets, whose grey, sea-piercing towers
Rise out of the Adriatic in the misty morning hours.
Sunny and treeless islands, shores of smiling dearth;
Broad flanks of glittering boulders, and small green hollows of earth.
Here is the coast of the Southern Slavs, a bare and battered throne,
Where Courage, Death and Splendour keep watch on the hills alone.
Below, the sorrowful women still labour, one by one,
Wringing their scanty bread from the land of stones and sun.
Their toil is darkened with grief from the waking hour to the still,
While the careless sun shakes magic from his wings over crag and hill;
Transforming the grey to rose, to lilac, azure and gold,
Such delicate changing glories the changeless rock enfold
That each island, harsh and bloomless, like a pebble in mid-sea cast
By the hand of a scornful god, shows Olympian fair at last.

In the "New Europe," in *Justice* and through the Serbian Society, the folly and unreason of the Italian claims had long been made manifest. Early in 1920, Mussolini's journal, the "Popolo d'Italia," published a most amusing attack upon Hyndman, who had, it appeared, assailed the Italians of Fiume in the double quality of nobleman (!) and Cunard agent!

Replying, my dear husband pointed out that he had never had any business relations with the Cunard Agency, nor, to his regret, had he ever yet visited Fiume. "I have denounced the whole policy, as an old friend of Italy, one who knew Mazzini well, and was acquainted with Garibaldi, Saffi, and many of their friends between 1860 and 1870. I regard all such Imperialistic enterprises, whether undertaken by England in Asia, or by Italy in Europe and Africa, as harmful to the human race. Mussolini knows that I have held these views for more than forty years. If he did not still claim to be a Socialist" (1920) "I should not consider his attack worth answering. But other Socialists might think he was telling the truth."

Later on I had the pleasure of receiving my Dalmatian friends, Dr. Josip Smodlaka and his wife, and presenting them to my husband. They were both marvellously little aged by the sufferings of the war; yet she had not known for months if he were alive or dead, and Smodlaka's long imprisonment was aggravated by the ingenious torture of being frequently and falsely told that his wife and children were killed. With them, as with Madame Benes, who was similarly imprisoned and tortured, the joy of peace and victory had for a time effaced all the marks of pain.

My husband talked in Italian with Dr. Smodlaka, while I inquired after the children, who had admired their father's fluent translations of folk-songs on the house-roof at Spalato—Grown out of all knowledge! And Milos X. and Lucia Y. and the captain Z were once again settled in the marvellous city—half as old as time—that had grown up around Diocletian's palace walls.

How charming were those stray visits from old and now successful friends! and what a number of people who are making history have passed through our rooms at Queen Anne's Gate or at Well Walk! If I could call up the "Scin-Laeka" or astral body of each of them, and bring them together here, a wonderful gathering it would be!

But all this while the difficulties of nicely adjusting income and expenditure had not lessened. My good housekeeper went away to be married—let me observe with pride that all our domestic helpers ended by contracting successful matrimonial alliances, due, no doubt, to our example—and this caused a re-adjustment of the house. English families, those extremely individualist units of society, have been driven by pressure of the war to coalesce a little here and there. As a Frenchman said to my husband : " You English are amazing ! You say you cannot possibly bring father and mother, sons and daughters, with their wives, husbands and children, to live under one roof, even for the summer, as we often do, yet here I frequently see two or three groups of unrelated strangers settling down in perfect amity within the same house !" Hyndman could only recall the much stronger tribal feeling that prevails in France, and quote that excellent proverb : " Providence sends us relatives, but, thank God, we can choose our friends."

We were, however, unusually lucky in finding two friends, a childless couple like ourselves, desirous of sharing this house. They are necessary to the picture of Hyndman's life in the years 1920-21, and therefore, even if they blush to find it fame, their residence with us must be described. The husband was a well-travelled and adventurous man, tall, grey and slender, who looked like a cross between a Philadelphian American and an Arab chief, an admirer of Walt Whitman, a writer, a sailor, a carpenter, and much else. The wife was a pretty and a wise woman; anybody who desires to know more about so rare a thing must travel and search very widely, until he finds another specimen of the same kind. Can you imagine more convenient people to have in a house ? We owed a good deal of comfort and much help in anxiety to them. The two men contracted a curious habit of meeting and debating at odd hours upon the stairs and in the hall; fragments of wisdom would float up or down to us women at our work; and we did not fail to fling out some apple of discord, some acute comment or irreverent jest, when it seemed to us good. The Arab-American took up the task of jobbing-gardener's assistant, just when Hyndman was fain to lay it down. Most men have to give up double-trenching at seventy-eight.

Before leaving the consideration of Russia (which is rather like the attempted double-trenching of an ancient moor), I must quote Hyndman's review of Axelrod's account of economic conditions under Bolshevism. The Dictatorship of "the Proletariat"—as Lenin and Trotzky still persisted in calling themselves—was rapidly bringing disaster upon the peasantry. In such a vast backward, and northerly land as Russia, some degree of famine in some districts must generally be expected; while, after decades of semi-starvation and years of war, plague and pestilence are bound to come. But by 1920 these evils were unduly and terribly wide-spread. Lenin and Trotzky were hard at work making friends with Western capital, having reaffirmed their pious intention of paying off Russian debts, and Leonid Krassin was quite a welcome personage in London financial circles. Nevertheless the great, clumsy, disorganised machine of Russian life was getting more and more out of gear.

"Axelrod is a highly-skilled engineer, who did his best as a Social Democrat to keep production going in the industry of which he was a master, as a national duty, even when the Bolsheviks were in power. Had the heads of the Government administered the various departments in the public interest, some harm would have been spared. . . . But maladministration, excessive hours of toil, and extremely severe punishment for slackness diminished production in the factories, while the transport grew worse every day. And the peasantry needed the factories. Being unable to obtain tools and implements, they could not produce food enough for the country, let alone raw materials. . . . Hectored, bullied, persecuted and robbed by the district Commissaries, they were deprived even of the fragment of democratic control they possessed under the Tsar, and they yielded up still more in taxes. Their little stores of grain were commandeered as the Central Soviet saw fit to decide."

With the year 1920 the second chapter of peasant life under Bolshevism began. Having conquered the land for themselves, they were farther than ever from owning the produce of it; and they commenced that disastrous policy of only cultivating just as much soil as they required for themselves, which had such deplorable results in 1921 and 1922. "The antagonism between town and country, between proletariat and peasantry, is common enough. It is the greatest obstacle to Socialism, as Lenin himself has declared, in countries where peasant proprietorship exists. How is the antagonism to be solved? Not by imposing such exactions upon the country folk, for the benefit of town workers and officials, that the peasants are convinced the proletariat are their worst enemies. This is what the Bolshevists have done. Further, having failed utterly economically" (the N.E.P. notwithstanding) "Bolshevism is building a powerful fortress for world-capitalism under a nominally Socialist flag."

—And what of the country which had, in journalist phrase, "spent so much blood and treasure" to make Europe racially free? Alas! in 1920 the English people were busily giving the lie to all the noble aspirations uttered (and believed) during the war, by allowing their Government to carry on a policy of scandalous oppression and outrage in India, and also near at hand. How extraordinary it seems that some seven or eight million persons, all voters, and therefore all responsible, should permit infamies to take place which only a very small minority of them honestly approve! The machine of Government is so far-off and complicated! and again, the matter would require thinking-out. And the very largest majority of these millions (including myself) spend their days in taking trouble to avoid thought. *Any* sort of needless labour, any passive endurance, any imbecile pastime, rather than that! I am sure, with some people, thought is accompanied by physical pain!

In 1919 the Rowlatt Act, which, among other tyrannical measures, allowed Indians to be arrested without warrant and secretly tried, caused a great deal of disturbance. Gandhi induced the people to practise "Satyargraha," or passive resistance, Hindus and Moslems fraternised, two leaders were arrested, and riots followed. Then came the massacre of Amritsar, when some four or five hundred unarmed Indians were shot dead. The news did not reach English readers in a form to attract their attention till long afterwards. Hyndman, writing about the whole shameful business, summed up the main facts of our position in India as follows:

> The total population of India is 315 millions. There are only 200,000 Europeans in India all told, and very few of them make their homes in the country.
>
> Indians, outside the 70 million inhabitants of the Native States, have no effective control over the government of their own country and peoples.
>
> India under British rule has become the greatest pauper warren in the world.

We drain out of this impoverished mass of humanity at least 35 million pounds without commercial return.

India was excluded from direct representation at the Peace Congress and has no seat on the League of Nations (except through the British Government).

The Rowlatt Act suspended the rights of free Press and free speech.

There is virtually no organisation of general education in British India.

The Sikh people who were massacred at Amritsar were the descendants of those who saved India for British rule during the great rising of 1857.

Touching this last point, only a fanatical Indian Nationalist would be entitled to say, " Serve them right, for betraying their own people ! " Yet some timid reflection of that sentiment will pass across many a person's mind. Also, the slaughter of Sikhs at Amritsar and the subsequent outrages and looting were performed, under white men's orders, by *Indian troops;* that is to say, by fellow-countrymen of their victims. So long as the white rulers can without difficulty set one Indian people against another, they will naturally retain power.

Indian massacres, however, take place a long way off: they concern human beings of a different colour, in another clime; but the Black-and-Tan atrocities in Ireland were—if a tenth part of what we heard may be believed—much more individual and horrible—inflicted, beside, by white men upon white men, only twelve hours away! These atrocities were such that they can only be accounted for by an explanation which is in itself a problem, to wit: there is something about Ireland and contact with Irish people, when hostility is in the air, which deprives an ordinary Saxon of all judgment, decency, and morals. Said Hyndman:

" If anybody had told us Englishmen that, within two years of the defeat of Junkerdom and the signature of peace, our own armed forces would commit similar crimes, not in a foreign country but within the boundaries of the United Kingdom, we should have called him a malignant maniac.

" Yet that is what has occurred, not only in Cork on a large scale, but in many towns and villages of Ireland. Let us recognise, with shame and horror, that our armed forces, too, are behaving like Huns, and that our Government, which permits their deeds, stands in the same position as the German Government did after the wrecking of Louvain. The ‘reprisals’ in Cork degrade every man and woman among us.

“In writing thus we do not overlook the murders in cold blood committed by a fanatical section of Irishmen. As Social Democrats we oppose such actions, even when they arise from centuries of oppression and misrule. We said so when our late comrade James Connolly adopted them four years ago. We understand the desire for revenge which the peculiarly treacherous character of some of these murders must arouse. But wholesale official reprisals upon people whose guilt has never been proved, carried on without protest from the Ministry itself, is not statesmanship: it is anarchical cowardice. . . .

“What is the matter with our country? Has the war deadened all sense of justice and made us utterly forget our national fame?”

Being myself of inflammable material, when these British atrocities first began in Ireland, I was anxious that the S.D.F. should make open and violent protest against them and risk direct action if necessary. But, as Hyndman showed me, things were very different from the ’eighties in Ireland; the country’s freedom was close at hand, and her leaders made it unequivocally clear that they meant to stand alone. The best British intentions, they said, were as poisonous to Ireland as the worst. If “England was tired of the Irish,” let her continue to be, and don’t rouse Ulster and the Protestant hounds again. Doubtless they knew their own business best.

How skin-deep the influences of civilisation, human feeling and religion actually are! I count myself a little nearer to the cave-woman in primitive force of hatred than my compeers; but I could not go so far in racial bitterness as a certain English lady, a Catholic too, who spoke of MacSwiney’s death with a laugh of genuine scorn. Luckily for her my husband was not present—or I should have looked to see a little heap of ashes in the place where she had stood!

In order to understand those people who continued quite honestly to be horrified at the memory of German atrocities, while they overlooked the infamous acts of British troops in Ireland, one must go back in thought to the time of the Peasant Revolts. English or Continental nobles, putting down these, considered that limitless brutality and any sort of treachery to the rebellious hordes was justifiable and indeed right. But if such bruitality and unfairness were shown by one party of nobles meeting another in the open field, the very gravest reproaches would have been made to the first, and terms of obloquy freely applied. Coloured people and Irish rebels might be dealt with according to one standard, but the armies of equal nations must meet upon another! Is not this the average man's view? if he could put it into words.

The long horrors of English rule in the neighbouring isle were brought home to Hyndman more than they had been since his Land League days, by the studies he was making for his proposed "Sketch of a History of Ireland." The tribal period interested him greatly; and it was strange and delightful to hear mythical personages, long familiar to me in the poetry of Ferguson and Yeats, treated of as historical beings. Cuchulain, Concobar and the Red Branch kings, Deirdre the lovely, perhaps even Oisin, and that faery child, Niam, still haunted the grey waters and green hills of Eire, dim unquiet shadows of an unquiet land! All that was very well, said Hyndman; and the best English folk could do now was to read Irish poetry and leave the country alone; but he, as an Ulsterman, was more interested in the Scottish and Danish invasions and in the Brehon Laws. He followed up the records of St. Patrick with great assiduity, and did indeed collect a great deal of material and write part of the early history of Ireland. But O! it was such a weary and tragic tale! Whenever the tribes of Ireland were not being invaded and laid waste by foreign enemies, they were at bitterest feud among themselves. Betrayal, ambush, poison, and the slaughter of unarmed men asleep were too common incidents of tribal warfare to be noticed, and when the temporarily united clans were attacked from without, more than one would be certain to go over to the foe. And upon all this eight hundred years of alien misrule! After some months' work the history of Ireland did in truth begin to weigh upon his spirits, and I persuaded him to put it by for a lighter task.

For the first time for many years Hyndman was beginning to feel a little tired. Here and there the circle of his activities had narrowed: he was not allowed to walk far, and open-air speaking was now forbidden. Moreover, he no longer accepted every opportunity of writing or speaking for the cause in the unhesitating manner he was wont to do. Yet we all knew that any restriction of his energies—a quiet, country life, for instance—would make him exceedingly unhappy, and prepare the way for real ill-health. His last open-air speech was made in August, 1920, at a famous pitch, "Beckton Road Corner," in Canning Town. It is a historic spot; we have all spoken here. The long level Barking Road sails on with Roman directness due eastward; clanging trams and 'buses thunder to and fro: there is a shallow line of larger buildings along the thoroughfare, behind it a desert of small houses—infinite small houses, some grimy, some decent, and all inadequate, with here and there a highly municipal recreation ground—stretches away to the river edge. Beckton Road, free of trams but given over, even on Sundays, to resounding traffic, wanders off into these wilds. Just beyond its junction with the Barking Road is "the pitch," a little rattletrap red-painted stand marked "Social Democratic Federation" and upon it a familiar stout orator, Thorne, Jones, Killip, Godbold or another, making it quiver rhythmically to the beat of his eloquence or his commonsense. A thick, attentive crowd of men, a few women—the usual fidgety ubiquitous small boy and a dog darting in and out of the crowd, and some of our oldest members, "past propaganda work," selling *Justices*, and still doing their bit. And the greater part of that valiant little crowd—perhaps three hundred persons—working, living, and dying, with the fanaticism of religion, but without its consolations, for a desperately pure economic faith. Who cares? Imagine a handful of people, who realised beyond a doubt that two and two make four, trying to spread that knowledge with all its inevitable consequences, in a disorderly kingdom where two and two were reckoned at three, or five, or six-and-a-half, just as occasion served!

My dear husband mounted that shaky rostrum and soon gathered one of the largest audiences that has ever assembled there. He told them of the gravity of the food situation in the country, spoke trenchantly of the scant prospect of "Homes for Heroes," and foretold unemployment, falling wages, rising rates and a general increase of trouble for the labouring-man. He urged them to go on steadily working at their own betterment with the political and municipal tools they possessed, never to lose sight of the fact that, so to speak, two and two made four, and to shape all their policy by the light of this truth, making ready for the simpler and wholesomer world in which it would be universally recognised.

—The food situation! It will not do to end the record of this year without referring to the Consumers' Council, which had for nearly twelve months been vigorously fighting for its own life and the continuance of the Ministry of Food. In the short strike period during the autumn the Food Ministry hurriedly turned to the Consumer's Council for advice and help in "calming the public mind." Matters, which at one moment looked dangerous, settled down again; and the powers that be returned, naturally enough, to their fixed policy of decontrol, in the interest of the profiteers. "Trade" —which signified large firms, shareholders, middlemen, railways, advertisers and speculators—must be kept going, in the space which lies between the producer and the consumer. But, as Hyndman said long ago, with reference to the struggling small shopkeepers, "it would *pay* the country to pension all these people generously and establish direct communication between the consumer and the producer by means of non-profiteering State or municipal stores."

At the end of the year came what Hyndman called the Food Controller's Funeral Oration upon the Consumers' Council. This oration was, I regret to say, a string of lies, which the speaker delivered with reluctance, and the gathering received with indignation and stout denial.

Looked at dispassionately, the whole situation was very difficult for any Ministry! Since 1914, circumstances and the exigencies of the war had twice placed two public bodies —which might have been harmless enough alone—within the reach of a terrible old man, who had used both as instruments for spreading his "subversive doctrines"! Neither the War Emergency Workers' Committee nor the Consumers' Council could administrate, but they both became fountains of suggestion and criticism, most destructive to the Government policy of "keep the present system in being!" Naturally they must disappear!

This long sad period of national re-adjustment, disappointment and reaction was marked by one singularly fine event: the burial of the Unknown Warrior. In this honourable and moving ceremony the people of England become once more worthy of their great argument, of their history, their literature and themselves. Once again those sordid events of daily life which follow upon the bitterest losses were linked up with a dignified and noble popular action, and with high and simple words. My dear husband joined in the spirit of the occasion, and was well pleased to see the feeling of the vast silent crowds who were there described in familiar and perfect lines:

> "But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
>   Too full for sound or foam,
> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
>   Turns again home."

CHAPTER XIV

Ethics and Religion—The Economic Situation in 1921—The Science of Government—The Miners' Lock-Out—Rest—The Duke of Northumberland—Aristocracy and Government—Czecho-Slovakia—Last Activities and Death.

I am glad to think that this last year of Hyndman's life was astonishingly full of varied and happy events. In that year, too, a foreign country gave him the well-deserved honour which his own fellow-citizens were bred too dull to show.

"The Evolution of Revolution" appeared at the end of 1920; and since, as I have already said, reviewing is almost a lost art in England, this great book attracted very little worthy criticism. But Bernard Shaw, who has appreciated my husband's work and character better than any other contemporary, wrote very carefully about it, and his article is included in this volume.

I have only observed these two gentlemen in one another's presence a few times; but on each occasion the "Prologue in Heaven" of "Faust" rose so vividly in my mind that I cannot imagine why their assembled friends have not implored them to give a dramatic representation together of Goethe's great scene! One really dares not dwell upon the appropriateness of their respective appearances, nor upon the deadly appositeness of some of the lines!

I wished Hyndman to include "Faust" among the "Books of a Lifetime," but the work did not appeal to him. He found it "too Gothic," and the difficulty of quoting from the original could not be got over. We did not like any of the translations. He indeed suggested that I should make a verse-rendering of the passages he wished to use; but when, with unusual modesty, I feared that I might (like Bulwer Lytton) "give the astonished bard a meaning all my own," he admitted the force of the objection.

At the beginning of this year he turned again to a matter which had always interested him greatly—the possibility of a Collective Ethic, as opposed to, or rather surpassing, the ethic of the individual. This subject, and another—the need of some kind of religion, if only as a background for life—

often underlay our conversations. He has written on the latter head in the chapter upon " Prometheus Unbound," in the " Books of a Lifetime." The former came into our notice again when he was reading one of Cobbett's Rural Rides to me:

" For my part I could not look up at the spire and the whole of the church at Salisbury without feeling that I lived in degenerate times. Such a thing never could be made *now*. It really does appear that, if our forefathers had not made these buildings, we should have forgotten what the Christian religion was."

It was strange, said Hyndman, that no really great and beautiful piece of architecture had been constructed, so far as we knew, for communal purposes alone. The Council Halls of Athens were under the protection of deities, and served partly for their honour. When should we be able to draw, from the visions of Humanity's ideal, inspiration for buildings that should equal the temple, the cathedral, or even the great Shwé Dagon pagoda in glory? In these the individual was lifted above the interest of his own little pitiful soul by contemplation of the splendour of God. Perhaps a time would come when the ideal ethic of the community, free from any " extra belief," would have the same inspiring force?

I mentioned the pathetic way in which human beings, as they discover fresh virtues, hasten to lay them at the feet of their gods, and take the greatest pains to prove that the traditional godhead, sprung perhaps from a dark and cruel age, really possessed these shining virtues, unperceived, all the time.

But this was not what Hyndman meant. He objected to the phrase " *fresh* virtues," saying that the best individuals of our day, ethically and intellectually, stood no higher than Aristotle, if as high: and he thought the limit of individual development in this line had probably been reached. He was thinking rather more of what Matthew Arnold called the " Time Spirit " of a period. The practice of liberty, equality and fraternity by individuals or by the community increases or wanes through laws yet unknown to us, independent of any conscious system of ethics or belief. What caused the development of humanitarianism throughout Western Europe during the last 120 years? True, this pity for general human and even animal suffering, and the inclination to prevent it, grew up alongside of the factory system and did not affect it for many years: nevertheless such a current of human tendency has existed and does still exist.

Given these currents which cannot be denied—and the suggestion that they are due to slow climatic or even bacterial change, affecting human nerves, is beside the point—the question arises, can human beings ever make a conscious use of them—whatever their source? It is possible that a group of individuals, well acquainted with the laws of crowd-psychology, might in future raise the moral level of a society, just as a skilful orator will raise the tone of a whole audience, and make them fit to understand the rational argument for which they are already emotionally prepared. He cannot lift them, yet, to the level of the best individual there, but he can raise them all, for the time, very much above their own crowd-level. And this uplifted audience reacts, in its turn, upon the orator; and may, if circumstances favour, raise him to a clearness, height and purity of eloquence that he never believed it possible to attain. What the orator does temporarily, might, so Hyndman believed, be done on a large scale permanently, by the steady, conscious, fraternal efforts of a body of educators and propagandists, as soon as they understood the direction of some of the forces which govern the mind of man.

But in the early spring of 1921 the collective ethic of the English people stood at a very low ebb. So low, indeed, that a fair-sized minority of the people—the ruling minority—were quite ready to contest the right of the proletariat to work or maintenance—as far as they dared. That "fringe of unemployment," which is absolutely necessary to the capitalist system, had become so large, by reason of over-production, and the unusually disturbed economic conditions which follow a war, that it was a menace to the national exchequer. Bishop Hatto's method of dealing with surplus mouths being no longer possible, the extra workers must be starved out or driven out. It is not likely that Ministers put the matter so plainly—since most men would rather face a lion than an economic situation—but they and the possessing classes generally were agreed upon a policy of emigration for the unemployed, attacks upon Trade Unions, reduction of beneficial public expenditure, drastic wage-cuts, and short time. Seeing that the people who would be very unpleasantly affected by such a policy formed a majority of the voters, a looker-on would imagine this to be a very dangerous course for a Government whose existence depended upon votes. So Hyndman thought and said. But he, thinking in terms of centuries, never could realise how true it is that—speaking in terms of months and years—" you can fool a large part of the people all the time."

He quoted a *Daily News* correspondent: " ' If we intend to allow money to gain purchasing power, we shall have to go through times of adversity until workmen are forced to accept lower wages.' This declaration of the Government in favour of semi-starvation for the producing classes, when the power of man to produce wealth by labour is far greater than it ever was in human history, *is an act of social war.*"

Just at that moment—although the foreign exchanges were not so chaotic as they are now—the European financial situation was bad.

" Our great Monopolist Banks are practically obliged to grant a moratorium to their principal clients. They dare not call in the over-drafts and force their business into general liquidation. . . . On the top of this we have a National Debt of eight thousand million, bearing yearly interest of four hundred million. There is a debt of thirteen hundred million to the United States and a floating debt of twelve hundred million. Meantime, outrageous military expenditure and civil waste goes on."

Meantime, also, people needed food, clothes, and shelter. There was abundance of land, raw material, and machinery in the country, with over a million of unemployed workers ready to use these. What prevented their doing so? Why was corn used for fuel on one side of the world, while people were starving for lack of it on the other?

"It is possible to arrange, by means of barter without profit, for the domestic and foreign exchange of all useful goods for the benefit of the whole people." (This was actually done by the English and Central European Co-operative Wholesale Societies.) " But the Cabinet refuse to organise or even help any such plan—because, although such barter would rapidly do away with unemployment, it would seriously hurt the monopolist Clearing-House Banks, and impoverish the international money-lenders and ' arbitrage men ' who have so many friends in high places. Those English monopolist banks *—the bulk of whose capital is not paid up*—were saved from bankruptcy by the credit of us common Englishmen at the beginning of the war. . . . It has been stated that they are none too sound. Their ‘ reserves ’ are all *unrealisable paper.* Why not take hold of these banks and their so-called assets at once and re-organise them communally for the general good ? ”

The answer to this was given by Hyndman himself. “There are far more and far richer parasites in proportion to the population in Great Britain than in any other country of the world.” Any and every scheme for the reorganisation of life for the general good is confronted by this difficulty. Take a small concrete example of it : When bread was short during the war the Consumers’ Council investigated the actual cost of turning a sack of flour into loaves. They found that it cost the best machine-bakeries x shillings per sack to make so many loaves which could be sold at y pence each, while the small old-fashioned bakeries could not do the same work at less than 2x shillings per sack, selling the loaves at 2y pence each. Said Hyndman : “ Let the Government fix the price of bread at y pence per loaf (and assist the formation of more first-class bakeries) and *pension off the owners* of the old-fashioned, wasteful establishments. It will be cheaper for us all in the long run.”

But the Government, with an English love of compromise, fixed the price of bread at 1½y pence per loaf, which gave undue profit to the best bakeries, and simply crushed out the smallest, with no compensation at all.

Everything which makes life simpler and better for the community entails the dismissal, and compensation or pensioning, of many parasites. Those who are young and vigorous can be given work—but, of course, no one who has enjoyed the important, mischievous busy-ness, or the strenuous leisure of a “ parasite’s ” life would willingly become a mere worker or pensioner. And, unhappily, many a man who is, from the public point of view, a mischievous parasite—such as an agent for patent medicines—is privately honest, labouring hard at his nefarious job, and sincerely indignant if called upon to begin some real—that is, productive work.

Only a huge national emergency, such as the war, can bring about re-organisation of life on a sound basis, give the unemployed what they most desire, and make the parasites look round for a reasonable means of existence.

There are other causes beside war for a social cataclysm ;

there is the inevitable break-down of a rotting system, there is national bankruptcy and national famine. A country which imports five-sixths of its foodstuffs from overseas must always be haunted by fear of the last.

—Do we ever realise that many foreigners look upon our beautiful, neglected land with amazement and scorn?

At the end of March Hyndman was gravely invited to travel to Chester, and kick-off at an international match between the Clarion team and a football eleven from the Confédération Générale du Travail. We were glad to do so, and made the journey in company with as pleasant a set of Frenchmen and Socialists as one could wish to meet—though differing greatly from Hyndman on Socialist policy. They had a quite embarrassing appetite for information, and when my dear husband was tired of feeding them with history and economics appropriate to the country through which we passed, I supplied them with picturesque and personal detail. What an overfed state their minds must have been in! Years ago I piloted some very intelligent foreign visitors through a couple of months' stay in England, and saw the accounts they published of their experiences. All the *facts* were right, but the general impression was, somehow, quite wrong—and remembering my own far less conscientiously-compiled description of their native land, my soul shrank within me! So far as one can venture to generalise, foreigners manage to behold England as it was twenty years ago. They come here prepared by the study of chronicles which, naturally, cannot be quite those of to-day, and often they are primed with that fiction which has received the approving stamp of translation, Tauchnitz, and Time. Thus they expect to see English life as it appears in Mrs Humphrey Ward's writings—and since they expect it, they do. It is far better to visit a strange land with a hospitable but empty mind.

Our young French friends asked one question which we could not satisfactorily answer. "When are we coming to the agricultural land?" They looked pity and wonder at ill-drained, rushy pasture, neglected woodland, game-preserves, incompetent arable farming, parks, and game-preserves again. "Well, there's one farm-house in good order!" they said. But it was, obviously, a useful dwelling of the past, now serving for a retired townsman's pleasure, with the barn turned into a garage and the farmyard asphalted for tennis!

Chester is a fine old town whose antiquity pleased the Frenchmen as it did Hyndman. He presided and spoke at two or three entertainments carried out with that social skill for which the Clarion Fellowship is famous; and he aroused warm enthusiasm and liking, as he always did among simple and honest folk, Labour or Socialist, of any shade. Even what I may call "black Pacifists" could not withstand him. I remember that he chanced to travel north, four years before this date, by the same train as a group of London men who were going to that Leeds Conference of curious fame. They hailed him on the platform with the queerest kind of shamefaced yet jovial welcome, and they established him, nowise loth, in their carriage, where he made a pleasant and amicable journey with them. Had he only been in Parliament, knocking about with the Labour men in that immortal, schoolboy atmosphere of the House when it relaxes, perhaps the history of the War Emergency Workers' Committee and the Consumers' Council would have been repeated on a larger scale!

On a chilly Saturday morning, muffled from head to heel, he kicked off the ball, and retired quickly and neatly from the fray. Football had never been his special game, but he watched closely, and his opinion, endorsed by experts, was that "the Frenchmen were individually better players and better-trained. Yet they were beaten by one goal to none. They were not quite so well together as their opponents, and the English defence was superb. It was a delightful game to watch. The French seemed up to every legitimate device, the good-feeling on both sides was marked, and there was none of that brutality often seen when crack British teams meet."

On the journey back he developed the closely-related themes of unemployment and the neglected land for the benefit of our friends. He recognised that English agriculture was unduly burdened, but the farmer's ignorance, he said, was the heaviest load upon it. After referring to the dangerous position of a country which imports her most essential food-stuffs from far oversea, he placed three essential points: "I have always refused to write in any detail about agriculture," he said, "because it is an encyclopædic science, on which anybody who is a specialist in some one branch might easily trip me up. But I am sure of these axioms:

"Land laid down to grass only produces about a fifteenth of the food it would yield in arable culture." (And, since the experiments of Professor Somerville with Poverty Bottom, this is true even of chalk land.)

"Besides growing more food, arable land gives, even now, four or five times as much scope for labour as pasture; and, with skilled intensive culture, it would give a hundredfold per acre in labour and in food.

"In those rare districts of England where good farming prevails, 34 bushels of wheat can be produced to the acre; yet the country as a whole is importing from lands where the corn production is only 11 to 15 bushels an acre.

"Germany and Belgium and Denmark all recognise that they have not nearly reached the limit of the amount of food which can be grown from an average acre of soil. Poor Kropotkin was too much of an anarchist and a visionary in many things—do you remember the communes and the railways?—but he was soundness and sense itself about the cultivation of the soil. The land carries a treble burden: the landlord, the railway and the ignorance of the farmer, and the last is greatest of the three."

The Game Laws, which, with pardonable exaggeration, he described as "unchanged since William Rufus," in themselves made him exceedingly angry, but the supineness of the Labour Party with regard to them was even more exasperating. He called that harmless group who politely suggested the *revision* of the Game Laws "the New Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments and Wrongs."

Hyndman was seldom willing to give a detailed answer to those who asked, "What would *you* do if you were in power?" and generally replied:

"For the first six months I should simply be in the hands of the Permanent Officials, like everybody else." However, returning to the main theme, he sketched out the course which a Ministry, conscious of the support of the people and the Commons, might, under pressure of necessity, carry out.

They would first put the broad details of the scheme before the people, and obtain a general consent. The next step would be to commandeer all land, not wanted for public amenity, of which the cultivation fell below the standard of the best English tillage. Then there must be complete Government control of all building materials, and of all other materials needed for the making of agricultural machinery. The unemployed would then be regularly formed into a Land

Army, some to learn the actual tillage of the soil with the best modern machinery and instruction, others to carry on their old trades, first in such departments as house-building, in which there is a national shortage, then in others, such as the making of agricultural machinery, the construction and working of food-factories, and the necessary distribution and transport. The Government would probably be obliged, for our national shame, to import German and Danish instructors. Villages would spring up, just as camps did, in all the appropriate places, drawing rapidly into employment men and women whose trades were promoting the amenities of life, from schools to cinemas. They would be fed, clothed, housed, and given pocket-money by the State, as an army is; and those who had homes would continue their family life, in decent houses, for the first time in their existence, perhaps.

The social details of these communities would work themselves out naturally; probably it would be impossible to prevent stratification, at first, for the British working-man is a class-loving animal, and half of the skilled artisan's joy in life—when he has it—comes of believing himself superior to someone else. True democratic feeling would only appear in the next generation. A beginning could be made by building all the new houses according to a bourgeois standard of comfort, and not a proletarian one; and by paying the "pocket-money" according to labour—that is, the amount of human energy expended—and not according to any artificial standard. Four hours of hard brain-work, or severe physical strain, might well be equal to eight hours of less fatiguing work. The workers would periodically review their steadily increasing production and revise their standard of living in accordance with this.

Once convinced of the dire need for it, the English people would acquiesce in these conditions, as they did in all the social transformations required by the Great War. It might be necessary to tell them that this state of things would only last seven years—or fourteen years—until the country had become self-supporting; but at the end of that time no one would want to go back to the old order! The pensioned parasites would all be acquiescent or dead! Other trades than those directly concerned with producing food would have come under control, either because the State needed them, or because the capitalists, deprived of their fringe of unemployment, had simply thrown up the profiteering game.

After the first year the Land Army would entirely support itself; and the provision of good food at cost price for the whole of the people would give them spirit enough to repudiate the National Debt!

I furnish this summary of Hyndman's proposals for the transformation of this country from a capitalist to a co-operative State with some diffidence, since, so far as I know, it was never written down, except in a portion of "The Life to Come," and it hangs solely upon my recollection of conversations we have had on the subject.

Obviously the realisation of it depends upon a national "change of heart"—that wave of "mass-revelation" in whose possibility Hyndman firmly believed. Present capitalist conditions are rapidly turning this beautiful island into a Hell upon earth, where semi-starvation is the fate of many, and constant anxiety about the means of subsistence is the lot of many more. When a sufficient number of English people understand this, they will make up their minds to a change.

—But—*what is a sufficient number?* Everyone who has attended Committees is aware that the majority does *not* decide. Even in the most simple and obvious matters *the majority of the Committee do not think for themselves.* They are personally apathetic, swayed by two active minorities which may be roughly called "progressive" and "moderate." Progressive measures are only passed because this group of the Left have persuaded the apathetic majority that they will have less trouble if they vote for these. Moderate measures are passed when the group of the Right have managed to make the majority afraid of the consequences of the Left policy. *How large must the Progressive minority be in order to pass a measure permanently changing the condition of the whole body,* and to prevent the majority from returning in terror to the sway of the Moderate group?

In this question lies the whole science of government. Constant, steady, arduous, unrelenting "propaganda work" is needed to educate the majority and to keep the progressive minority from falling away. Convincing the majority is a never-ending task. The actual size of a progressive minority strong enough to pass a great measure, and maintain the acquiescence of the majority, can only be determined upon the merits of each case. Sometimes, as in Bolshevist Russia, a nominal minority of 200,000 (which is in practice a hundredth part of that) will enforce a temporary change upon 165 millions. But Russia to-day is what the 165 millions have unconsciously made it, and not, to do them justice, what the two thousand desired.

Before Hyndman set off for his International football experience he had received a fine birthday greeting for his opening eightieth year—a greeting most truly after his own heart. This was the return of Thomas Kennedy as Member of Parliament for Kirkcaldy. Kennedy had the support of the local Labour group, but he was the nominee of the Social Democratic Federation.

And he held the doctrine of Social Democracy in the hard, clear, uncompromising manner that befitted a Scottish follower of Hyndman. He was seldom eloquent, but the plain reason and sound economic sense of his utterances were driven home by intense conviction; and attentive hearers recognised in him a man of repressed force, who, under an impassive appearance, felt, if anything, too much. "He takes his time about it, but he will go far," said Hyndman, and I have seldom seen by dear husband so happy as he was at the news of Kennedy's victorious return. Writing about the event he said, "Some who believe that Social Democracy will never win, and that compromise, or mere pacifism, are needed to gain votes, must now revise their opinions.

"Political action is the most effective weapon for the workers of Great Britain; and when it is political action based upon definite Social Democratic principles, with sound practical measures for present needs, then the Co-operative Commonwealth will not be far away."

But in those days we had excuse for saying "that cannot be until the coming of the Coqcigrues." Ever since the Armistice the policy of Labour had been one of unoriginal and bewildered defence, while the forces of Capital were bent upon vigorous attack. Each year, each season even, Labour gave ground; and in the spring of 1921 the miners received a bad blow—the much discussed coal-mining lock-out. How is the truth about this complicated matter to be told? and, indeed, is it my business to tell it? However, since there is good reason to believe that Hyndman's estimate of the whole affair was essentially right, some account must be given. Only, having bitter recollections of a libel suit against *Justice* which was narrowly avoided in that very year, I will leave out the names given in Hyndman's letters. If I may misquote Mr Elton's charade (from "Emma"),

> "Approval, beaming in the reader's eye,
> With ready wit the omissions will supply."

"As to this coal lock-out," wrote my husband, "the whole thing was a plot. It was arranged at the house of the son of an old Cambridge friend of mine some months ago, before Winston Churchill went to the East. The plotters" (some Ministers and an important Whip), "with them at times X.Y., came to the conclusion that the Trade Unions ought to be fought, and that a convenient time should be chosen for a collision. It was chosen. The subsidy to the miners was withdrawn six months before it ought to have been. All control was abandoned. The coal-owners demanded that wages—with due regard to prices—should be put down below the level of 1914. The miners were not to go into the pits except on that basis. Hence the deadlock, then the threat of a general strike, thereupon the calling out of army, navy, air force, reserves, volunteers and special constables, all according to plan. I am deadly opposed to direct action, but the miners, who sent some 300,000 men to the war before conscription, were forced into resistance. X.Y. wanted to fight a general strike, and then 'go to the country.' Owing to the treachery of Z., the Labour Triple Alliance deserted the miners, after having publicly declared they would stand by them. But, to show how very queer the situation has been, *X.Y. was furiously angry* when the Triple Alliance failed, and the general strike did not come off."

What relation did the abstractions X.Y. and Z. really bear to one another? If Z. was indeed a traitor to his class, as some Trade Union leaders said, he nevertheless did them a service by hindering a general strike, for which the possessing classes were all prepared and the workers were not. X.Y. and Z. are both Celts, speaking the same language, and are popularly supposed to understand it and each other.

There were three parties to the dispute, the miners, the coal-owners, and financial capital. While the lock-out lasted the miners lost wages, the owners lost profit, but the financiers did *not* lose their interest on debentures, preferred shares, and overdrafts during stoppage of production. In this industry, as in some others, the manipulators of finance are really the power behind the throne; and even when the miners and transport men are compelled to work at "what the industry can afford," the coal-owner's position is not always an enviable one. He has to use cheap, sullen, brow-beaten men for the benefit of irresponsible "preferred" shareholders and evicted ordinary ones, for aspiring mortgage debenture holders, and for the banker, with his all-devouring discount charges and overdraft interest. He buys his material from trusts and gets his contracts by favour of a semi-illegal ring. His function is to extract profits for all those parasites who hide under the cloak of overhead charges, and, while serving them, he is "made unpopular," as one employer feelingly remarked. The struggle between wage-earners and producers-for-profit—a struggle sometimes called the class-war—is always with us; and the intensity of it is not affected by internecine feuds between the profiteers and the financiers themselves.

The term "class-war" generally causes a thrill of discomfort to the illusionists, who hope that repeated denial of an obvious fact will make it cease existing, and to the victors themselves, who prefer to pass over their warfare in silence. "Here we see the army, the navy, the air force, the reserves, the volunteers, the special constables all mobilised at once at an enormous expense. Against whom, pray? We are not at war with any foreigners—oh, no, we are at perfect peace with all the world—except with our own unarmed wage-earners, who do the necessary and arduous work which enables us to live. Why do they refuse to go on working under desperately inconvenient, unwholesome and dangerous conditions for this purpose, and to furnish profit for a few? Because the few, supported by the National Executive, are refusing to pay even subsistence wages to their hirelings. The real producers of wealth, therefore, state that they prefer to starve above-ground, rather than below-ground. It is not they who make war: they have no means to do so. These huge military and naval preparations are made in order to force them down the pits by hunger. This *is* class war, and of the most brutal kind."

. . . Thus spoke Hyndman at the end of April, and so far the workers listened to him gladly. Then followed the clear commonsense advice, born of a wider outlook than theirs, to which they listened reluctantly or not at all, because it was outside their policy and their familiar habits of thought.

(Similarly, if he had described the Land Army scheme, which I have related, at a Labour gathering, they would have condemned it with the reflection, " But there'd be nothing for the Trade Unions to do !") "How is this class-war to be overcome by the people ? " he went on. " Sympathising heartily as we do with the miners, we nevertheless hold that they have been wrong in not using all the means at their disposal, first, for keeping those who would help them fully informed of the facts ; second, for thorough-going political and economic propaganda. They have spent on direct action huge sums which, if applied in the political sphere, would have given them constitutional control of the ' resources of civilisation ' now arrayed against them. One-tenth of the funds lost by strikes and resisting lock-outs, if spent on steady effort to democratise the constitution and capture the House of Commons, would have changed the situation entirely. This applies to the whole wage-earning class. . . .

" Never before in history was such a magnificent opportunity to obtain control of their own affairs offered to the people of any nation. Capitalists are proving themselves incapable in every department of industry, commerce and finance. . . . Now is the time for men and women of all sections of the community to study their economic and social surroundings, and to take warning by to-day of the far worse state of things which may arise to-morrow. . . . Ignorance below, panic and brutality above, may cause the inevitable transformation to take place in disorder and ruin ; terrible indeed may be the last episodes of the class-war ! "

This is perhaps the right place to refer to a very partial and mistaken effort of the people to obtain control of their own affairs, which began in Italy the year before. By September, 1920, the Italian Socialist Parties were extremely weak and divided, and the Communist-Anarchists had gained ground. Under the direction of the latter, various factories in North Italy were seized by the workers, with the thoroughly praiseworthy intention of capturing the means and instruments of production, and applying them to the creation of wealth for the entire people, thus doing away with profiteers, parasites and wage-slaves. Unfortunately that preliminary step insisted upon by Hyndman in his Land Army scheme, *the understanding and consent of the nation*, had not been obtained. The active minority had hardly tried to convince the majority at all. " Mere factory-grabbing," as Hyndman said, proved no good: the outside people were scared, and refused to co-operate, so that the necessary raw material failed. Nevertheless, a so-called " Communist " agitation of formless anarchy, suggested by Moscow, and taking shape in sabotage and very mild terrorism, went on throughout Northern Italy for nearly a year more. All this time the Fascists, as the militarist bourgeois reactionaries began to call themselves, were gaining strength, and the results, so pleasing to many thoughtless persons in England and other countries, are fully apparent this year.

The seasons moved on, and a bright, dry, windy spring prepared the way for the marvellous summer of 1921

> " When smallë birdës maken melodie
> That sleepen all the night with open eye "

—when, even so near London as Hampstead, the music and pageantry of spring begins—then, as the venerable Chaucer truly observes, " people long to go on pilgrimages," and so I took my dear husband for a few days to the Kentish shore.

He knew Kent and East Sussex very well, and could have traced you a good part of the Pilgrim's Way. He had often captained his cricket eleven to county matches very many years ago; he knew Lewes—the Shelleys there were related to the d'Albiacs—he knew Seaford, Eastbourne, Hastings, and all along that coast, with other towns and villages inland. Many a cricketing tale and jest have I heard from that time! We stayed with friends who lived on the very crest of that great headland which dominates Hastings, and we visited Fairlight Glen, lovely in the clear green and bronze of springing woodlands, veiled in silver-blue haze, leading down to the broad bright sea. Then, and until the fall of the year, Hyndman appeared fairly strong and well; perhaps a little more rest, a shade more of watching was required, but I had no actual cause for anxiety, except the fact that he had lived long, worked very hard, and was embarked upon his eightieth year.

The steady fine weather enabled him to enjoy an unusual amount of sun and fresh air. How he did love the sun! He could well understand the worship of that source of life, and often quoted the words of his South Sea Island friends, " We thrive where you dwindle, under the sun." "Vieux vagabond, le soleil est à moi," he would say, when I had established him on a couch in his open bay-window for a short afternoon siesta (with myself at his side), or out of doors, between the holly-tree and his beloved scarlet geraniums, upon the absurd little sloping lawn. The birds made merry; sparrows, those street-Arabs of the bird world, dashed in a quarrelsome flock from the ivy; we observed a complex social situation among three blackbirds; and the thrush, a personal friend of ours, was overfeeding her young son. So Hyndman rested, and "the winds came to him from the fields of sleep."

"Siesta" is a word of pleasant associations, warm and dreamy as the touch of sunlight upon closed eyes, or that rainbow slumber which carries you in a boat of glass over the coloured deeps of oblivion, never quite unconscious of the hand that has been laid in your own. As two friends grow older in companionship, the delight which they unfailingly find with one another is, more and more, the joy of fullest confidence, security and rest. There is complete knowledge: "We are thus and thus: it is inconvenient perhaps, but what does it matter? since each one understands." Confidence lies open like the broad, untroubled meeting of two streams, which then flow on as one; and rest is the fruit of love. Men who live ardently in the thought and action of the world, thinkers to whom life is a flame, must be able to find in those who serve them the power of giving rest. Time passes; after hard days the first moments of sleep together are like a caress, and "ton épaule où j'ai dormi" is a dearer recollection than the young delight of wakeful hours.

Yet the gentle litany of "ease," "rest," "sleep" ends upon a darker and quieter word. For us, being mortal, the sequence is: Rest, sleep, death. The lover of one who is no longer young knows the shadow of fear. Many a couple of friends have wondered, as time flew by, "We are fonder of each other than ever! Can this go on?" and some have lived to recognise a fatal prescience in what they said. And when the moment has come, many have drawn consolation from the look of perfect sleep which lies upon the face of the dead. But to some it is an added sorrow to think that the other has found rest alone.

Early in June, 1921, there happened a historical event; the principles of Social Democracy were clearly and fully stated by their most authoritative exponent, within the precincts of the House of Commons, for the first time.

It came about thus: the Duke of Northumberland (coal-owner) had been for a long time sincerely troubled about the "menace of Bolshevism" in this country. He was the mouthpiece of a group in the Possessing Classes sometimes called "Diehards"—persons who did at any rate add some daring and a vivid imagination to the usual convictions of reactionaries. They wished to do more than "keep the present system in being" and fill their pockets; they wanted to fight with theories as well as with Trade Unions.

The Duke addressed a meeting at the House of Commons which passed a resolution about revolutionaries and treasonable conspiracy: Kennedy took the matter up, and a debate was presently arranged, in one of the largest Committee-rooms in the House, between the Duke of Northumberland and Hyndman, upon "The Cause of Industrial Unrest."

A very remarkable gathering! The room was packed with members of the House and with interested hearers from without. There was hardly standing-room, and the audience sorted itself quite unconsciously into sheep and goats—Right and Left wings. The platform was crowded, and Mr Fisher, the Minister of Education, took the chair. Although there were plenty of Members present, we did not feel the peculiarly drowsy, behind-hand, non possumus atmosphere, shot with nervous irritation, of the House of Commons itself. There can be no political advance until that unlucky place is pulled down; the air is heavy with an infinity of muddled business, as impossible as the National Debt ever to get through, with forms, follies and precedent, with mental emanations frozen into the Day Before Yesterday and the Year Before Last. The worst-furnished Parliament House in Europe too! for on those choir-like benches a man can neither write, speak to advantage, nor even sleep. Have they ever tried if they can sing?

Here in this broad-windowed, alert, and pleasantly-anticipative Committee-room the two speakers were well-placed. Is the Duke of Northumberland likely to take any part in future events? If so, I do not envy him; for in face and bearing he has the stamp of that aggressive, narrow-headed courage which swiftly exasperates a crowd—just aristocratic enough to be pulled fiercely down, as the symbol of centuries of tyranny not yet entirely past.

Certainly this interesting affair was no *debate*. Hyndman stated his case: the Duke stated his: they ran on distant parallel lines, and no manipulation of the replies or the summing-up could make them touch. Both men could have gone on towards the crack of doom—but I warrant the younger would have given up first!

Hyndman described the forty years' work of the Social Democratic Federation, their strong policy of national defence and their unrelenting opposition to Bolshevism. "I would fight as stoutly on any platform against Lenin and Trotzky as I would against the Duke of Northumberland or any of his friends," he said, which very obvious statement roused laughter and cheers. Social revolutions, he continued, are the development of the human race, and mankind must begin to understand the economic laws of their own social being if they intend to control them. A class disappears not because it is evil, but incompetent; and in a revolution the class which is ready to be emancipated, and no other, becomes free.

He then stated the objects of the Social Democratic Federation—the common ownership of the means of production and distribution, and wealth for the use and enjoyment of all—followed by our immediate demands. These were: Free maintenance of all children and free, full education, endowment of motherhood, generous pensions to the old or disabled, proportional representation, complete adult suffrage, democratic reform of the government machine and "Home Rule All Round." He showed that we had no rooted conservative working-class like the peasant proprietors of Europe, and reminded his hearers that half the population of England had no property, and lived from hand to mouth. He mentioned surplus value and the subsistence wage, two facts which, thanks to forty years of Social Democratic effort, have at last made their way into some of the workers' heads, and pointed out that unchecked capitalism had simply proved useless during the great war. Finally, he made what journalists call a "damning indictment" of England, which has more slums, more parasites, and more neglected land in proportion to her population than any other country in the world. We also pay our workers less and educate them worse, in proportion to our wealth, than any other country in the world.

Now, had the Labour Party been a body of Social Democrats, the Duke of Northumberland would have found it very difficult to make out his case. Unfortunately, this singular political entity, which began with Trade Unionists, now includes a number of disguised Liberals, frank Pacifists, who are in practice pro-German, together with some warm admirers of Lenin and Trotzky—and these do certainly give the enemy very good cause to blaspheme. The Duke made excellent play with these, with that musical-comedy episode of the Russian Crown jewels, offered, through the medium of a young bourgeois poet, by the Bolshevists to the *Daily Herald*, and with that remarkable affair, the Leeds Conference of 1917. He asserted that the whole policy of the Labour Party had been to assist Bolshevist Russia and the recovery of Germany—and, unluckily for all concerned, he was able to quote the words of a member of the Social Democratic Executive, who said, "Especially have we need to watch the Socialist and Labour Movements; on no other class of the community have the Germans obtained so firm a grip." (Our comrade left out the financial class.) When the Duke began to deal with the Leeds Conference there were signs of great liveliness among his hearers, who did not defend that gathering, but resented errors and unjust allegations about those who attended it.

He had said enough in favour of capitalism and against the principles of Social Democracy (which he imperfectly grasped) to give Hyndman fair grounds for a reply. The latter was certainly not called upon to defend the Labour Party against an attack upon errors of policy which he himself had long and faithfully pointed out! Instead, he exposed the pro-German course taken by the Coalition Government, and instanced Mr Wise's speech to the Consumers' Council. "He disclosed to us how the British Government was subsidising Germany with tens of millions sterling in credits. Was there any restriction placed on Germany's dealing with these? None at all. So Germany used our credit to buy raw materials, make them up with cheap labour, and break down our industries by irresistible competition. We had subsidised our former enemy to compete victoriously against us. Here was thorough-going pro-Germanism if you like!"

After this Hyndman expounded a little more Social Democracy: the Duke returned to the Leeds Conference and made some mistakes about the Communists, and finally Hyndman summed up, with the economic basis of Social Democracy and the Co-operative Commonwealth. He had no opportunity of displaying his oratory, or even his quickness in attack and defence; but his hearers in that Committee Room were a picked audience, and they will feel a kind of bewildered deference—if nothing more—towards Social Democracy for the rest of their lives.

Lately I came across an old letter of mine, dating from the early days of my acquaintance with Hyndman, in which I told the veteran Socialist that he was a very fine specimen of an aristocrat. The remark now strikes me as most audacious! but it was not ill-received. "If an aristocrat means a person who likes to have the best himself, and intends that everyone else shall have the best also, then I *am* one," he said. Nothing annoyed him so much as the voluntary abnegation of the proletariat, and the slavish humility which says, "Oh, that's too good for the likes of us." They should at least feel that nothing is too good for their children!

Hyndman firmly believed that the ascetic impulse, arising from the dread of the bondage of possession, would disappear when all the essentials of life were common property and the greedy love of possession itself had died out for lack of opportunity. I think he did not quite realise the collector's passion. Stolen, or at least ill-gotten, treasures will yet be found in some houses during the early days of the Co-operative Commonwealth—treasures whose acquisition only the force of public opinion will in time make impossible.

But the true aristocrat also wants the best government for all; and how is that to be obtained?

By aristocracy itself, the Duke of Northumberland, or some better representative would say; but it was left for Hyndman to tell them how magnificently Shakespeare had set forth their case. In "Troilus and Cressida" Ulysses' mighty speech on Degree is the Apology of the Ruling Caste.

> "The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
> Observe degree, priority and place."

(I could, for very pleasure, quote the whole of that skilled statesman's discourse.) And Canterbury, in "Henry V.," expresses what was certainly an article of Shakespeare's faith:

> "Therefore doth Heaven divide
> The state of man in divers functions."

If Hyndman had been less serious and downright, he could on one of our Sunday afternoons have expounded the unanswerable case for Aristocracy to an amazed circle! It is the specialist's argument: each man to the function which fits him best—some to statesmanship, some to the plough, some to rule and others to obey. And who so anxious as Hyndman to have the right man in the right place? Yet this is the doctrine of the Superman, of the Fit and Superior Person: Trotzky and Sir Frederick Banbury alike subscribe to it, and both would diagnose the evils of the present day in the same words as Shakespeare did:

> "Degree is shaked.
> The specialty of rule hath been neglected."

Wherein did the old aristocrat, Hyndman, differ from these?

In this: he was free from that sense of class which dogs us all. He did not think his favourite, Cavour, deserved any better, *materially*, of the State than the simplest Italian peasant-citizen, who did his whole duty, and made two blades of wheat grow where one had grown before. He held, sincerely and truly, what Pippa sings at the end of her eventful day:

> "All service ranks the same with God;
> With God, whose children best and worst
> We are: there is no last nor first."

The essence of this simple rhyme is older than the hills: it merely echoes with heightened spirit the sayings of Social Democracy:

"Each for all, and all for each."

"From each according to his capacity; to each according to his needs."

But those who used to declare that all service ranked the same with God often did so to console themselves, by measuring this life with another standard, for the neglect and humiliation which they, rendering perhaps most essential service, received from the community in which they lived. It will be for the new Society, the Co-operative Commonwealth, to apply the judgment of God, giving the same consideration, the same care, the same high degree of comfort to the hand-worker, the brain-worker, the supervisor, the administrator, and the genius alike. Mankind will always grant a little more social deference and honour to some kinds of workers than to others, and the influence of character will always be felt. Also, the administrator and supervisor must be able to reckon upon unswerving obedience, given during the time of service by common consent.

—Alas! how different life is to-day! Material reward and social honour for the man who preys upon the needs of the State, or, at best, for the man whom chance has thrown into power! Further, we are rapidly approaching a condition in which no single overseer, captain, or temporary ruler, however chosen, can be sure that those whom he directs will obey.

England to-day is not unlike the Grecian camp in the ninth year of the siege; and the better kind of man who defends the present system is sure that this has come about because the rulers have not ruled strongly—from " craven fears of being great "—and because of indulgence or sheer native vice among the ruled. Or else because the " specialty of rule hath been neglected."

But here we reach the crucial point of aristocracy as a theory of government. *How* are the diverse functions of man to be decided? Who goes to high office, and who to plough? The simple creed of the reactionary requires such a gigantic effort of faith! You must believe that chance, circumstance or Providence (as the British Empire Union would say) has almost infallibly appointed the right man to the right place. Merit fights its way up, or is benignly discerned and assisted from above. If this does not happen, then it is obviously not merit! Here the modern reactionary differs from Shakespeare, whose theory of Degree was based upon ruling families, a governing class of long descent, and the Divine Right of Kings; the apologist of the capitalist system means by rulers those persons who have in any manner acquired power and can keep it. There was much more to be said for Shakespeare's faith! Failing this, failing a divine Voice which should infallibly appoint *one* aristocrat, who would in his turn choose all the rest, we are driven back upon absolute democracy. There is nothing else. The people must have the fullest powers of appointment and control, and must recognise their own responsibility. It will be very many uphill years before they do! But Hyndman was fond of quoting that excellent poem of Charlotte Gilman's called " Similar Cases," to prove the infinite possibilities of human development. (He has given it in full at the end of the fourth edition of the " Economics of Socialism," Twentieth Century Press, 1910, but by a most melancholy error it was omitted from the final enlarged edition of the same book, published in 1921.)

And now I come to the happiest period of these last ten years. Hyndman was in close touch with the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, and representatives of that rising country and of other nations in the Little Entente often gave their opinions in *Justice*. Be it remembered that the theoretically anti-national and practically pro-German creed of many a Socialist to-day had never at any moment been held by Hyndman.

"To compare
Great things with small,"

as Milton conveniently says, Hyndman, like myself, always had some oppressed nationality under his wing! He began with the liberation of Italy, he exposed the misrule of India, he served the cause of Ireland, he worked faithfully for India again and again, he did his best for the Russian Revolutionaries, and finally he gave unstinted help to the Slav races in their struggle to be independent and free. Among those we were best acquainted with the Czechs, and one of our Parliamentary men had already visited Czecho-Slovakia. Let all who fear that the practice of Social Democracy would drown our good old insularity in vapid internationalism take note of his words: "The people of Czecho-Slovakia were very attractive to me; in manner and appearance they are more like our own folk than any people I have met!"

Upon so fine a recommendation, when Hyndman was invited to be present at the great Social Democratic "Sokol" or Gymnastic Festival in Prague that glorious June, we very gladly accepted. (I say we, because it was generally understood that Hyndman's wife was as much a part of his outfit as his umbrella or stick.) What a pleasant journey it was for two well-travelled, Europe-loving souls! I insisted on going by easy stages; and we passed a delightful evening in Brussels, enjoying the hospitality of the Czecho-Slovak Minister, and three old Social Democratic friends. I am told that the wine was good, and I can testify that the conversation was good also.

At Cologne Hyndman recalled his first visit to that city, when he was only sixteen. "I am sure I stayed at a big inn on the other side of the river—just about *there* by the bridge. It was such a jolly simple place, I remember, with a sanded floor; there was dancing in the evening and the good folk made a regular fuss with me." "Of course they did! And was there not a rosy little Gretchen with two big flaxen tails?" "Never you mind! And then I went down the Rhine next day, and lunched on deck off the finest trout I ever ate in my life." "So did I, exactly, trout and all, in 1913! The whole place was silvery white with cherry-trees in bloom." "In my day there were castles instead of factories along the river—sixty-two years ago." And so on.

We chose a quiet cross-country line from Cologne to Leipzig, through the Ruhr, the Teutoburger Wald, by Hamelin town in Brunswick, and other historic places. We travelled gently along all day in a train whose appointments were comfortable, orderly and excellent, through a well-tilled country that delighted our agriculture-loving hearts. No neglected land there! and yet it was quite beautiful in its own way. The chains of low hills were skilfully afforested, with no wasteful undergrowth; the pastures were rich and well-drained; not an acre was wasted, and arable fields prevailed. The villages were clean, prosperous and gay: over all there was the queer, homely charm of rural Germany; one felt that surely nothing but industry and good-nature could spring from such places. And yet —

Coming and going, the countryfolk were all friendly to us, and, if anything, apologetic. We "passed the time of day" with one and another; some even referred to the war, and made a sort of excuse: "Die Zeitungen haben viel gelogen."

As we drew further east the farms and the fields became larger, and very high cultivation with some elaborate use of electricity was the rule. Later we saw chemical manure factories planted, with admirable commonsense, in the districts of poor, light soil where they were wanted most. At the Bohemian border we met our Czech friends, and the "Athletic Delegates" from the Clarion Fellowship who were going to contribute their efforts to the Sokol display. And I travelled up the valley of the Elbe and the Moldau as I had done eight years before, but now in a companionship that was the pride and joy of my heart.

The prettiness of Saxon Switzerland between Dresden and Teplice changed into fine hill-scenery as we travelled south; there were more woodlands, but the agriculture remained good. In 1913 the names of the stations along the line were put up in German only. "What," said I to our guide, "haven't you changed them yet?" "If Madame looks closer she will see that we write up the names of our stations in Czech *and* in German, *both* everywhere. *We* do not wish to offend feelings, whatever the Austrians did in the old time."

German, we found, served perfectly well as a language of intercourse all over Czecho-Slovakia—better than it did in 1913. (Even a shepherd, in a fine valley of rocks and cherry trees not far from Prague, answered my friendly overtures to his dog in German.)

Dear Prague! it is still one of the three pleasantest capitals in Europe! (The other two used to be Cettinje and Helsingfors, but I should not like to see "Helsinki" again, now that the Germans and the White Terror have had their will.) Prague is a city made of many shades of gold—the Moldau rolls a tawny yellow flood through it, the pleasant "baroque" houses have a pale golden tint, there is plenty of well-toned gilding about, and the very sunlight is more warmly golden than anywhere else. But when we arrived the city was literally painted red—from the great scarlet roses we received at the station to the Red Flags, the Sokol uniforms, the "red men" in the pageant, "who spring up like poppies among the downtrodden slaves," and the familiar red carnation, the symbol of Social Democrats, which flowered in nearly every buttonhole.

Three days of "Sokol"! On the first morning the streets were filled with music and song as the assembling thousands marched, coming from every town and many a village, towards the Stadium, or great Arena of Prague. Sokol is a Slavonic institution: the practice of highly-skilled gymnastics by the young men and women of the whole race; it is a form of national defence, and was, in the old days of subjection, a concealed military drill. (It is better for mind, body, and citizenship than looking on at football or racing.) Then, in the face of the national need, there was only one Sokol Union for all Czecho-Slovakia; now, since under the Republic people are free to differ if they choose, there is the Social Democratic Sokol and the other, which is more or less bourgeois. Possibly the rivalry is wholesome.

Hyndman said that the Arena was about the size of the Flaminian Circus at Rome. It gave room for a magnificent display of the evolutions of three thousand men, before about 150,000 lookers-on. The Arena was dominated by a huge orchestra; and the three thousand, coming from all parts of the Republic, having worked together that morning for the first time, marched in, assembled, dispersed about the ground, and performed a number of elaborate military exercises with the strictest precision, without officers or directors of any kind, and without a single word of command —simply according to the orchestra's tune and time. Fifteen hundred women did exactly the same. It was embodied democracy at work.

There were also international sports and a brilliant and effective pageant, with some fine Slovak songs, all of which we beheld in the company of Dr. Benes, Tomasek, Soukup, Vice-President of the Senate, and other friends. Mazaryk, who was still at Capri, sent a letter and a telegram of welcome to Hyndman, and delighted my dear husband by the gift of an authentic (and very becoming) peasant costume for me. Our days were full, and it took some firmness to keep Hyndman from overdoing himself. We visited all our friends, from the Social Democratic Press hands to the Foreign Office, we drove here and there, went down the river, dined out, discoursed, heard fine music, and talked three or four languages as required.

Not only the colour but the situation of Prague is beautiful. The river curves boldly through the town, and, almost from the bank, steep wooded hills rise up on the Hradcany side, hills that have not quite put off their woodland character, although you may find charming little restaurants and tall view-towers there. These are the hanging gardens of Prague. All along the ridge lies the great block of the Hradcany, the old Imperial palace, a vast and beautiful building that belongs to various times. Here is the window " where they threw the Bohemian nobles out "—in a castle-wall of sourly mediæval aspect—here is the " Spanish Hall," a vast yet elegant baroque saloon—and here is the Pavilion, as graceful a piece of pseudo-classic work as the Gloriette at Schönbrunn. And here, in a remote quarter of the vast place, is a sort of royal " Stift," a retreat for poor great ladies, relatives of the Imperial family, whose solitary age and dignity had outrun their income. This remains; and two or three " poor great ladies," black-gowned and ermine-stoled, still walk on the terrace and look out across Prague, wondering at the changed times—and see, perhaps, the house where Catherine Breshkovsky lives.

We visited her more than once with Dr. Soukup. Hyndman and she had never met before, though they had aspirations, policies and many friends in common. " This splendid old revolutionist," wrote Hyndman, " was attired in a Russian peasant garb, with a white kerchief drawn over her head. I have never seen a more placid, benevolent yet determined face. It is wonderful how she has retained that expression of calm contentment and confident expectation through all the long years of prison and disappointment. She is one of the great women of Russia who will be remembered when the present tyranny is overpast, as those who never despaired of their country even in the times of Tsars and Bolshevists. Catherine Breshkovsky still spoke of the years to come, when the common love of universal humanity would overcome the frightful antagonisms of to-day. The fine figure of our friend Amilcare Cipriani, the Italian anarchist, who cherished similar hopes to the end, after having passed twenty-two years in prison—eight of them chained to the wall—rose up before me, as I gazed at the noble countenance of our Russian comrade. Catherine Breshkovsky and I were photographed in the garden of her house as ' Two Children of the Social Revolution.' She is seventy-eight and I am seventy-nine; but no one now in Western Europe can compare for a moment with her in the sacrifices and sufferings endured for the sake of democracy, Social Democracy and freedom. May she yet live to see her fatherland rise out of the misery of to-day ! "

Our great Catherine and Hyndman were the heroes of the last day of the Sokol Festival. All the principal streets were lined with a thick and expectant crowd, very many adorned with our welcome flower. Here, like royalties, we went in two open cars at the head of a vast procession, Hyndman and myself, Dr. Soukup and Catherine. Incessantly cheered, greeted with the national cry, " Nazdar, soudruzh, nazdar !" (Welcome, Comrade !), bowing and smiling all the way, for some three miles, Hyndman confided to me that he understood why royalties had spring cushions for such occasions ! But more was to come. Arrived in the square before the Town Hall, our cars stopped, we four stood up on our seats, and waved, cheered and bowed, as the great, gay, endless procession of Sokolists marched past in the sun. Dr. Soukup had to support Catherine Breshkovsky at the last, but, with my powerful arm underneath his elbow, Hyndman came gallantly through.

Another ovation which he received in Prague pleased him even more, because it was entirely spontaneous and unprepared. We went into the visitors' gallery of the Senate House when that body was sitting; and Senators are, even in the youngest of Republics, always a potent, grave, reverend and unemotional council of signiors. Business was in full swing, and a senator was speaking when he caught sight of Hyndman. He stopped, waved his hand and cheered—and the whole dignified assembly of men and women leapt to their feet and cheered too! " Nunc Dimittis," said my dear old man. (I wished he had not thought of that.)

—And yet all this fine welcome and wholesome recognition (which was only his due) went very lightly over his head. It gave him great pleasure, and he has written about it—too modestly indeed—but it did not change him at all. Many a good man would have been—not proud—but obviously on better terms with himself, like one who had discovered in a companion merits not seen before. Hyndman went through life as if his eyes were fixed on the clouds, or rather upon the sun beyond the clouds; and all that befell him was pleasant or troublesome, and certainly most interesting, but only important so far as it referred to that far-seen guide. And the strong position of Social Democracy in Czecho-Slovakia—although the country was not nearly so far advanced economically as England—was a great joy to him. Real Marxian Social Democrats, with no "Labour" or "Social*ist*" nonsense about them, were the largest party in the land, and the Trade Unions and the Co-operative Societies were firmly united to the body of Social Democracy. There was a strong Social Democrat Press, and the first duty of the members of the Party was to support it. Also there was no need, apparently, for Hyndman to talk down to his Czecho-Slovak audiences. No need to explain elementary economics, to dispel the cobwebs of illusionists, to confute old Pacifist and Bolshevist lies for the fiftieth time, and to explain that Social Democracy would not reduce life to a dead-level for the hundredth! No need to dig his hearers laboriously out of the wages-system—they were above ground already!

He held five meetings altogether—I think I placed a veto on two more—and, though these required an exceptional kind of effort, he enjoyed them very much. Between whiles he had long conversations, which were informal Social Democratic councils, with the leading Czechs inside and outside the Party, upon the problems before the country. Summed up these were: the conversion of the irredentist Germans in Czecho-Slovakia; and the right political course to take in a country whose town population was getting ready for Social Democracy but whose economic conditions were far from being ripe.

After two meetings in Prague, Hyndman went to speak in Pilsen, a pleasant city of old houses, interesting full-skirted local costumes, and beer. Here, too, the large, well-appointed Social Democratic Club-house, the great hall, filled and over-filled with an eager and very intelligent audience, put our struggling English branches of the S.D.F. to shame. My dear husband made a rousing speech, or rather five little speeches—each complete in itself, with a theme, a development and a peroration—all strung together by a leading argument; and speakers alone will understand what an achievement this was. The arrangement was excellent for extempore translation; and our jolly comrade Novak, who understood English but habitually spoke American with us, rendered each little speech into Czech after it had been delivered. He addressed the people enthusiastically and well. It was curious to watch the difference of style, gesture and intonation, and to hear the utterly different run of the sentences. Politics in general, and Social Democracy in particular, have created a number of international words which are essentially the same in all European languages, and these were landmarks to me in the unfamiliar tongue; yet even such well-known shapes as "economic," "international," and "Social Democrat" may be strangely altered by merely shifting the accent. Many a worthy Englishman has failed to recognise his old friends the "Co-operatives" in the rapid syllables of "Köperativiki."

The address and its translation concluded, "after compliments" and lunch, our hosts asked if we would rather "survey the famous breweries" or "converse with comrades and professors." We definitely preferred the latter course; and presently found ourselves discussing that most important and puzzling subject, the pyschology of the German. We had to postulate, for conversational purposes, a kind of "standardised German" in whom the very contradictory qualities of Prussian and Suabian, let us say, were harmonised. Our Czech friends allowed that this standardised German had been of untold use to them in their national development; and admitted that Teutonic influence, as well as their own western position compared to the other Succession States, had caused the Czechs to be called "the common sense of the Slavs." The national culture of Bohemia, however, was, they said, purely Czech; broken into, but nowise changed, by 300 years of Austrian rule; and the striking industry and honesty of the people, besides a certain tough strain, contrasting with their Austrian neighbours, was exclusively their own. Yet Germany had taught them a great deal in organisation, discipline, co-ordination, administration, and even Socialism; while practical blessings like good roads, railways, canals, public buildings, schools and colleges had certainly not been withheld. "But the German," said one of the professors, "has such an unfortunate manner! Benefits were conferred with the irritable arrogance of a would-be superior being, who suspects, in the depths of his consciousness, that he is not so superior after all."

Hyndman remarked, incidentally, how much more serene English arrogance was! We Islanders had, so far, such a tough and unshaken conviction of our own superiority that we carried out our worst tyrannies with very little fuss. Then we talked of the immense usefulness of German literary industry; and how, if you desired to study the epics, folklore or social conditions of the remotest European people, speaking the strangest dialect, you would be certain to find these, in bad print and a good translation, amply described, commented upon and annotated, somewhere in Germany, probably in the Reklam Bibliotek.

Another professor referred to that gifted Austrian, Rudolf Bartsch, who wrote, before the war, of the latent struggle between Germans and Slovenes in the beautiful mountain and vineland provinces of Carniola and Styria. "He has a magnificent descriptive style, and is inspired by that warm romantic patriotism which the citizen of a large Empire can seldom manage to feel. Against the encroaching Slovene he sets up, not only the civilisation, but also the mythology, folk-lore, history, literature and song of Germany. And he, and the large class of educated and well-meaning Germans whom he represents, could sincerely conceive no greater benefit for an alien and inferior race than the opportunity of *becoming German*. Said Bartsch, 'Why should they trouble about their ancient bards and folk-songs? Surely our Goethe and Schiller are good enough for them!' And then he uttered in so many words, that extraordinary wail, which recurs again and again in the literature of German nationalism, 'Nobody loves us.' Thereupon the hurt benefactor, his gifts thrust back upon him, is soured and turns persecutor; the would-be gifts become instruments of tyranny."

"It is not only the resentful Prussian drill-sergeant but the pained South German sentimentalist, roused to fury, who takes national defeat so badly. Both elements are present in our troublesome German minority here, besides an extraordinary incapacity for readjusting themselves to altered circumstances which the English can hardly understand. There is really nothing more different from the casual, adaptable, floating imprecision of typical English policy, individual and national, than the highly definite action of a race that goes here or there with a settled purpose, remains here or there to carry out a fixed design, and goes on trying to carry out that fixed design long after it has been proved impossible."

And then one speaker after another gave instances of the irreconcilable policy of the German minority in Czecho-Slovakia, and the unholy union of German-Czech Social Democrats with Clericals and Magyars.

But Hyndman, who was never satisfied merely to "constater un mal," set about considering and discussing a remedy for this unhappy condition of things. Taking the economic side first, he thought Dr. Benes's excellent policy of close commercial understandings between the Slavonic States themselves, and then commercial treaties between these and their bitterest enemies, would give a firm basis for reconciliation; while perfectly equal political rights and economic interests for German and other aliens within the Slavonic States would in time cause these remarkably spiteful and militant minorities to settle down. He admitted that they were more difficult to reconcile upon the psychologic side; but he believed that after four or five years of turmoil, and maybe a defeated insurrection, even Prussians and Magyars would listen to the testimony of accomplished facts and turn, with characteristic suddenness and energy, to something else.

We were talking, in German, French or English as the opportunity served, over admirable coffee and cakes, in the parlour of one of our comrades, while a steady summer rain came down upon the streets outside. (I had by now a mixed smattering of three Slavonic tongues, enough to read directions and advertisements, and to give my dear old man just a notion of what was being said about him in the Czecho-Slovak press.) Next day, when the air was exquisitely fresh over town and field, our guide and mentor took us for a promised country outing in the great woodlands a few miles out of Prague.

A delightful day! Forest and upland anywhere within the temperate zone are for me the Land of Heart's Desire, and my dear husband enjoyed that day as much as I. In a rollicking, adventurous little " tin Lizzie " we bounced along woodland paths under the singing pines, through open glades bright with clumps of wild yellow lupin, to a little view-tower on a hill. Looking out over blue forest and shining fields to the misty mountains, we learnt that the greater part of all this was now national land, taken from Habsburgs, or (with compensation) from the native aristocracy. " We leave them 200 hectares each—quite enough to play with—and more if it has been highly-cultivated. The former owner of the woods we have crossed, Baron X., is friendly to the Government and has done a great deal to help settle the peasants on the new land." We met him afterwards; he was an immensely big, genial, unresentful man, who appeared to take pride in our young mentor. The latter, now embarked on a political and administrative career, was born in a peasant's cottage on the estate, and first educated in the local school. We spent two very interesting hours with his parents, in a Bohemian cottage parlour, approving the merits of genuine country dishes, and talking, somehow, of all things, from the foreign relations of Czecho-Slovakia to the rearing of young ducks.

Soon after we made the long journey to Ostrava-Witkovitz, still known as Mährisch-Ostrau, those immense coal and metal works just where Bohemia, Silesia and Poland meet, which roused the envy of Herr Stinnes. Not a Black Country, but such a Debateable Land! Not only was it the "scuffling-ground," let us say, of three races, but it was the place where the old capitalist system and the advancing State Socialism would first come to grips.

Capitalism and the Social Democrats of Ostrava-Witkowitz were still upon a sternly civil footing. The two towns were clean, spacious and well-planned, with self-respecting public buildings and all sorts of municipal amenities, generously designed and well carried out. The workers walk with lifted heads (instead of the depressed shamble of English factory-hands) and many of the women wore beautiful printed shawls.

Not only Social Democrats but some of the wealthy and famous " Coal-Barons " came to meet Hyndman; and while one of these gentlemen was kindly showing me the hospitals, the others were talking with my husband. I came back to find him the centre of a lively and deferential conclave: and learned that his practical knowledge of mining enterprise, his former acquaintance with financial magnates, and his memory of certain odd episodes in the career of mining personalities, past and present, had afforded his hearers a very interesting hour. They were angling for his advice, delicately skirting the question of Social Democracy, " going about it and about "; and to my mischievous fancy they suggested a group of adventurous children drawing near—but not *too* near—to a very good-natured old bull!

The following afternoon, when the Social Democrats of Ostrava and Hyndman met in informal council, we returned to a very serious question, mooted the evening before. It amounted to this: " The last thing we want is to take over the mines; but events might be such that the Government would ask us to do so " (rather than let Ostrava-Witkowitz be acquired by the Stinnes group).

" Why not take over the mines? "

" We know that production would fall at once! While the general sense of citizenship is not highly developed, more and better work is done under private management than under State management, labour conditions being the same."

It is an old trouble: the wage-slave is accustomed to being driven; and at first, when he is only working for the public, not the bullying profiteer, he slacks. And the transition period to Social Democracy cannot be safely passed through, unless the freed wage-slaves will work harder—much harder because more intelligently—for a time, than they did before.

" But," said Hyndman, " if the country has to take over the mines, why not retain the present managers and working directors, at high or even higher salaries? They are clearly very efficient. Buy out all the shareholders at a reasonable figure, dispose of the products of the district *by barter* at home and abroad, always putting home needs first, and work as far as possible through the great co-operative societies. This, as the Irishman said, knocks the bottom out of the capitalist system from the top! By paying the workmen through the co-operative societies, not in money but in everything necessary to maintain a high standard of life, we again knock out the capitalist system from below. So long as the rest of Czecho-Slovakia and the foreign countries in relation with it are not socialised, money, banking, credits, etc., will still be necessary. But, even in a transition period, the State Bank would soon absorb all rivals, because it could afford to give the longest credit."

A few Social Democrats of the good, old, uncompromising, hard-shell, Marxian kind, desired that a clear leap should be made, when a large enough part of the nation were ready, from decaying capitalism into the full bloom of the co-operative commonwealth. Hyndman shook his head. " Even with the approval of the whole people we could not jump a stage in economics," he said. " Clearly the time is at hand when all the exterior trading business of the nation will be conducted by the State, because nothing but the State will be powerful enough to meet the immense capitalist combinations of other countries. I believe that must be the next step; and it would largely eliminate profit; but we should not call it even State Socialism, so long as the wage-paying system continued. Nevertheless the condition of every single citizen would be improved."

In his last speech at Prague before our departure Hyndman delivered a hearty attack upon the Communists of the present day. He had known and fought with all the leading anarchists of the past, but they were worthy of esteem. He thought of Kropotkin, Stepniak, Polonski, Sophie Perovskaia, Elisée Reclus, Amilcare Cipriani, and Johann Most in the spirit of heroic enmity—" loving the thing he meant to kill," since these men and women sacrificed themselves, not other Socialists, for their distinctive cause. Butchery, torture and murder were no part of their creed, and they added to the sum of human knowledge in many ways.

There are plenty of Communists in Prague, but they declined a meeting with our old man—and so the final days of our visit came. The Social Democrats gave a dinner to Hyndman at the great Central Club, and a few friends accompanied us to the frontier next day. A little sadly, more than a little envious for our own country's welfare, we left that clearer air, and came leisurely home.

We stopped again at Cologne on our return journey, and this time Hyndman spoke of his first recollections of the Cathedral. He had gone in during the celebration of early Mass, and found the mighty arcades still dim with shadows, echoes and memories, vanishing breath of an existence lived before this conscious life, dreams forgotten, and misgivings about a life yet to come. He felt, as many do, the insistent resemblance of the huge building to the interior of a vast ship, driven tirelessly forward upon an unknown sea. Far down the twilight of the broad aisle were the voices and figures of the ministrants, celebrating a ritual whose origin is in the deeps of time; a shaft of sunlight from one high arrowy window lay golden across the many-coloured gloom.

Hyndman, whose whole intellectual life was in opposition to the individualism of his time, has said very little about the individual aspect of religion, although there are several passages in his writings upon its collective influence, past and future. It touched him personally on the artistic side alone: he dwelt with pleasure upon his memories of Cologne Cathedral and of the Stefanskirche at Vienna. My own complete insensibility to the splendour of Gothic architecture puzzled him; he could not understand why anyone should hate pierced arches, incoherent, contradictory beauty, transepts, clerestories, chancels, and, above all the dim, religious light—not for the theological association but as a kind of art repellent in itself.

In the " Books of a Lifetime " he quotes the words of an old friend, a famous foreign critic, upon the artistic value of religion as a background for life. He used to say himself that the great Renaissance painters were, doubtless, many of them as sceptical as ourselves, and just as little affected by religion in their conduct. " But that has always been the case with the majority of men, whatever the professed faith of their time! " Nevertheless they drew religious inspiration for their work from the past and the present of the great ecclesiastical institutions that pervaded their day.

" There is, undoubtedly, a large social value in some established ' Aberglaube ' which contributes to art and custom, and maintains, apart from the average current of life, a refuge for the minority who really wish to practise religion. The lack of this, partly, makes our own times appear so disordered and out of joint. Perhaps (as you say) suppressed religious feeling finds an outlet in the amazing emotional and political movements of our time. Heresies and revivals would have been much less harmful to the body politic! And the secularists are religious people who can't get over the fact that they were once taken in! "

When looking over the typescript of " The Life to Come," years ago, we decided that the section on religion was inadequate, and should be re-written. This was never done; and all that Hyndman thought upon the matter in recent years—apart from two passages in the "Books of a Lifetime" —is contained in these words which many of the comrades have heard him say, in varying form:

" I used to think that Social Democracy would take the place of a religion, but now I see that human beings want something more. Religious belief, in one shape or another, will be necessary for hundreds of years yet, and we shall have to find it for them, somehow."

When we came back to England everyone was very much exercised about the unbroken dry weather and the great heat. Even in travelling, Hyndman and I had experienced no more warmth than we could thoroughly enjoy. There have been three good summers within my span of years (and only two more within his); and each, he declared, was received with the maximum of complaint by this cloud-loving Isle.

The attention of the public was divided between the drought and Ireland, where English Government reprisals had reached the limit of possibility—while decent people in England were at last wearily beginning to beg that " the wretched place should be *Left Alone!* "

Early in September the S.D.F. Committee passed a resolution, whose strength and directness afford unanswerable " internal evidence " that Hyndman wrote it:

" The Executive of the S.D.F., in accordance with the votes of its delegates at annual conferences for more than a generation, supports the Dail Eireann in their demand for the complete independence of Ireland from Great Britain—

(1) Because Ireland has suffered from British bad faith, tyranny and rapine for 700 years;

(2) Because the Dominion Home Rule offered to Ireland does not concede the right given to the free Dominions to withdraw from the Empire when they see fit to do so;

(3) Because the Irish, like the mass of British workers, wholly mistrust the present Government;

(4) Because the Irish have at last forced the British Government to abandon its murderous 'competition in crime,' and are entitled to the full fruits of their struggle;

(5) Because only a really free Ireland can make a genuine and lasting peace with Great Britain;

(6) Because Great Britain being the only available market for Irish produce, the two independent nations would soon establish a mutual fraternity of interest;

(7) Because the phrase 'territorial propinquity' is only a piece of chicane, which would equally well justify a nation of 42 millions in conquering Belgium and Holland;

(8) Because Great Britain has posed before the world as a champion of self-determination for subject races; and she is now daily outraging this doctrine in Ireland and elsewhere."

On account, perhaps, of the long period of unbroken sunshine, 1921 seems to have been a quieter year in public events than 1920. The famine in Russia, the swelling tide of unemployment here, only affected huge masses of patient human beings long acquainted with disfavour, and mainly voiceless, or at the best inarticulate. At Moscow, Lenin inaugurated the "new economic policy" by announcing that "The way to Socialism lies through State Capitalism," and Krassin began to make avenues for the current of English commerce, which was sure, so a few very innocent and very shrewd people alike believed, to restore Russia to her former place in Europe. Large quantities of Communism were still produced for export purposes.

But the centre of political interest had moved to Washington, and preparations were making for that singular display of varied national hypocrisy and misunderstanding, sometimes called the Disarmament Conference, which finally achieved the Four Power Treaty. Two good friends of ours went to attend that Conference and found it about the most vexatious period of their long and adventurous lives.

Said Hyndman: "The Washington Conference was called by the American Government more to settle the question of war or peace with Japan than for any other purpose. Our treaties with Japan from 1902 onwards, and our guarantee of Japan's dominance in Korea make the position of the British Delegation to the Conference a very difficult one." Elsewhere he writes: “ I take the matter so much to heart that I have written a very strong letter to my friend, Mr Horiuchi, now at the head of the Western Department of the Japanese Foreign Office, warning him of some of the desperate dangers ahead. . . . Of course ‘ Disarmament ’ is quite absurd, until a *common policy* is agreed upon as a basis for it all round. And then what about Germany?

“ — And Russia? ”

Hyndman had for a long time admired the enterprise of Japan, and almost equally disapproved of her Imperialism. In the Japanese section of the “ Awakening of Asia ” the possibilities of a Japanese invasion of California, and the certainties of Japanese dominion over China are clearly set forth. If the Washington Conference exorcised the dangers of the first (and “ exorcised ” is altogether the right word)—it left the Chinese situation essentially unaltered—as Hyndman foretold.

“ I cannot honestly deny,” he wrote, “ that in these days of wrong, robbery and piracy all over the planet, Japan has just as much right to arm herself to the teeth as any white bandit.” He quoted the Marquis Okuma: “ The rise of Japan, and the consequent abolition of extra-territoriality, have exploded the superstition that the world is to be ruled by the whites.”

“ Some of Japan’s claims,” continued Hyndman, “ I hold absolutely just. But it is most important that Social Democrats, and even the rank-and-file of the Labour Party, should learn what are the most crucial and dangerous issues to be decided at Washington. If they are not decided—but only shelved—and if at the same time, as Okuma says, ‘ the perverted feeling of white race superiority is maintained ’ . . . there is every likelihood that the peace of the world will be once more disturbed.”

In the middle of October Hyndman enjoyed one last great pleasure. He visited Kirkcaldy, Kennedy’s Scottish constituency, “ where he won for us that amazing victory, standing as a Revolutionary Social Democrat, against all the principalities and powers of the district, with 30 and 40 to 1 against his winning.” “ My meetings were fine,” continues the valiant old soul. “ At one of them, in the principal mining centre, hundreds were turned away. There was an overflow meeting, and I gave them the full gospel.”

Fifeshire was brightly, coldly beautiful still in the early autumn. We travelled easily and spent an evening in Edinburgh, where Hyndman addressed a gathering, and was curiously impressed by the fine half-Scottish, half-Biblical diction of one of our comrades. It was a reminder of the neglected glories and possibilities of our island tongue. The Kirkcaldy neighbourhood was familiar to him, since he had sometimes visited his old friend, Boyd Kinnear, who had long been established in a big Scottish manor-house at Culrossie. It was a friendship of nearly fifty years' standing, but Kinnear was a good deal more ancient than himself, and had, the autumn before, gone to join the majority.

Kinnear, I think, was the earliest to hear of Hyndman's second marriage, and to approve it, while, during all my reign, the two gentlemen exchanged frequent, affectionate, and highly quarrelsome letters. The manor stood empty now; and it was melancholy for my husband to see it so, but that was his wish. Between meetings, we went for pleasant drives in that wind-swept, sea-girdled county, and had a glorious, great bright view over " the bowl of Fife."

Returning, my dear husband completed the " Books of a Lifetime," and wrote two very valuable articles on " Social Democracy and Wagedom " for *Justice*, adding considerably to the second at my request. They were the last that he wrote. I had been anxious about him for a little while, yet only subconsciously anxious, for nothing actually ailed him. But his strength was less; and he certainly felt, without knowing it, a kind of readiness to be ill. What really troubled me was that I could in no way help him to get over this; my will was not sufficient, and what vitality I could give him—for one certainly can pass on a little measure of vital force to others—was not like his own.

He had a very slight cold, so I obtained the doctor's permission before allowing him to go and speak to a meeting at Enfield. He spoke as well there as ever he had done in his life, and had no possible opportunity that I could see of increasing his cold. I kept him in bed the next day more as a precaution than anything else—and then, unluckily, an accident happened to me, which I fear must have troubled him greatly. I was two days unconscious; when I came back to practical life he was indeed ailing, and pneumonia soon after set in. However, he made a vigorous fight, and had very little pain; by the evening of November 20 he was considered

"TWO CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION"
CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY
AND
HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN
PRAGUE, 1921

fully out of danger. We were making plans for his convalescence—and he indeed was already plotting with our dear house-friends to arrange a rest and holiday for me. But quite suddenly and painlessly, in the early morning of Tuesday, November 22, his heart gave way. I am not sure if he knew it, but he died in my arms, as he had always wished to do.

EPILOGUE

And thus I have come to the last lines of this memorial, which is an endeavour to describe the two currents wherein Hyndman's great and singular character has revealed itself, his public labours and his private life. Which, in the long run, will prove of most importance to humanity? Who can say? The first of these covers a vast field; and here Time will bring in many more skilled workers than I.

But what of the second? Human beings still know astoundingly little about the forces that direct their feelings and their mind. Psychology is, we hope, already beginning to develop out of a theory into a science; perhaps, a hundred years hence, we shall be able to turn the stirrings of emotion, the glimpses of reason within us, to more effective use. To-day, speaking only of the first of these, we are sometimes so bewildered with their contradictory manifestations that it seems wisest, for the time, to regard those two forces which make human life endurable, beauty and love, as if they were streams of tendency outside ourselves, flowing where they choose, now flooding the world of perception and our own poor little being with glory, now turning elsewhere to leave us and our surroundings forsaken and dark. How otherwise, we say, account for those moments when even the walls of industrial cities are dowered with undeniable and amazing beauty, those days and years wherein two faulty human creatures look upon one another as something nearly divine?

Marcel Proust has woven together in one fine, subtle passage, the beauty that falls like an angel's wing over the dusty Paris suburb, the beauty of blossoming trees, and the unattainable charm and wonder which, by some miracle, a young man has found in the person of a mere girl of the town. For Saint Loup an unknown capricious force has invested the figure of Rachel with torment and ecstasy. It is a common case; most men have known it in their day. But a few men —and these we call great lovers—appear to have a measure of this force in themselves; and when they are wise they are ministers, not slaves, of that power. For them there is no anguish and pursuit of love enshrined in some other mortal; it is a gift which they confer, a lasting flame of response which they have strength to kindle in another mind. They have used it, not for torment and ecstasy, but for the glorifying of each common day, changing the bread and wine of homely mutual life into the continual presence of a god. And, being themselves conscious ministrants of a great force, the personality of those who aid them is of less moment than their readiness to serve. We recognise with no heartburning, but with the joyous pride of faithful servants, that such a master could make almost any soul willing to love, elder or younger, into a devoted wife.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD CHIEF.

When the Northern Kings lie stiff and dead
They are lapped in gloomy gold,
Sent out to sea in a ship of flame
With mournings manifold.

Lords and people, priest and slave
Look on, in grief or glee;
—But lord and slave were far away
When our Chief put out to sea!

There were only shoulder-comrades true,
A small, unconquered band;
With a thousand freemen, brave and poor,
Waiting, upon the sand.

House and field were wrapped in mist;
Fog-bound the waters rolled.
There was nothing beyond the ebbing tide,
Silence, and bitter cold.

We bore the old Chief sadly down
With heavy steps and pain;
White he lay beneath his flag,
His banner of scarlet stain—
—But he looked more living than life itself,
About to rise and reign!

We spoke, as fighting-comrades speak
Who have gone where one must lead;
Broken-hearted, exulting men
We told each glorious deed,
Till all that host was worthy and glad
To give our Chief good-speed!

Till the weariest toiler there stood up
  In manhood straight and free;
And warrior-hymns of hope and pride
  Rolled over the misty lea.
—In the fire of a people's living faith
  Our Chief put out to sea!

We laid him down in the narrow ship,
  We ordered all things well;
Torch in hand we pushed him out
  On the long, withdrawing swell.
—The little flames took lightly hold;
  We bade the old man farewell.

Then a flag of scarlet fire shot up
  High over the misty wave,
Steady and strong as his life-long will
  Folk and land to save;
Fierce as his constant wrath, that burned
  Over suffering poor and slave.

The fire spread out like a scarlet tree
  Growing in wave and sky,
Like the Tree of Thought he planted here
  In hope and purpose high.
—Earth will fall like a shattered stone
  Before his work shall die!

We fighting-men must turn to sleep
  After the last hard hours;
Not a man of us cares to know
  If other life be ours.
But we sent our Chief away to be King
  Among Immortal Powers!

December, 1921.

THE RESTING OF H. M. HYNDMAN.

The cold grey fog hung heavily over London all the morning, but it lifted at noon, and there was sunshine at Golders Green at two o'clock.

Quietly we fell into our places in the long procession; men and women, mostly of middle age, who had come not only from London, but from all parts, to pay our last respects to the old chief of the Social Democratic Federation; comrades for many a year in the good old cause; neighbours from Hampstead, who had learnt in the last five years to know and admire Hyndman as a great citizen and a genial, kindly friend; from the world Hyndman turned his back upon forty years ago came one or two motor-cars, for even the worldlings salute in the hour of death a brave, disinterested foe.

The coffin, covered with the Red Flag—red was always our old chief's favourite colour—was borne by members of the S.D.F., members of the Executive Council, and the dwindling remnant of the " Old Guard " followed close behind.

The band of the Musicians' Union struck up Chopin's " Funeral March," and slowly the long procession moved off along the high road where the trams run to Barnet.

The crowd was larger at the Crematorium. In the courtyard, outside the chapel, beside the coffin, which was placed high to be seen of all, stood Rosalind Travers Hyndman, guarding in death, as she had guarded and tended in life, the man she loved. A few verses of Jim Connell's " Red Flag " and Edward Carpenter's " England, Arise ! " were sung.

The Editor of *Justice*, H. W. Lee, so many years the secretary of the S.D.F., so closely allied and for so long a time the faithfullest of comrades and loyalest of fellow-workers with H. M. Hyndman, spoke a few words. Five Labour Members of Parliament—whom Hyndman's work had so largely helped to grave responsibilities—Tom Kennedy, J. R. Clynes, Will Thorne, Dan Irving, and Jack Jones, all said with sincerity and feeling the words of testimony and tribute that are rightly but not easily said when a friend passes from us. Clynes reminded us that Hyndman had sought neither personal success nor popularity. Thorne recalled Hyndman's courageous stand for Irish liberties forty years ago, and the beginnings of the S.D.F. in Canning Town. Kennedy, Irving, and Jack Jones bade us remember that, though the body of H. M. Hyndman returned to the dust whence it came, his soul goes marching on, and that the work of building up the Co-operative Commonwealth remained.

Two verses of David Nicoll's version of the " Marseillaise " followed, and then the coffin was carried into the chapel.

Cunninghame Graham, Dr. G. B. Clark, J. Hunter Watts, Richard Whiteing (author of " No. 5 John Street "), A. C. Bannington, J. M. O'Fallon, E. J. Pay, Jim Connell, S. D. Shallard, and very many " old familiar faces " were in the gathering in the courtyard. The Fabian Society, the National Labour Party, the I.L.P., and a large number of Trade Unions and local Labour Parties sent their representatives.

For a few minutes the coffin remained in state, and the chapel was thronged while friends and comrades pressed silently by, taking their last farewell.

The dusk was closing in, the sun had gone down, and the mists were gathering when we went away from the Crematorium. The air was still and peaceful at the resting of H. M. Hyndman. Nothing discordant jarred the passing of his body to its last resting-place.

The old chief has earned his rest. His passing leaves a gap in the lives of those honoured by his friendship that time cannot hope to fill. He lives on in our memories, in his ready word and in his writings—never clearer than in these latter years—in the fine championship of justice for all.

Earth takes back his ashes to itself. God rest his soul!

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY.

The Executive of the Second International:—

"Please communicate Hyndman's wife sincere condolence Executive International. At this moment we remember the great services of our deceased comrade to the Socialist movement in England and abroad. We all feel most deeply the blank his death will leave in our movement.—MACDONALD."

From Thomas Masaryk, President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic:—

"Dear Mrs Hyndman,—Allow me at this serious moment to express my heartiest sympathy with you. You know how I esteemed your husband.—MASARYK."

From the Social Democratic Party of Czecho-Slovakia:—

"Executive Committee of Czecho-Slovak Social Democratic Labour Party beg to express deepest sympathy with the death of our dear comrade and your beloved husband.—NEMEC, Chairman; ASTER, Secretary."

CLEMENCEAU'S TRIBUTE TO H. M. H.

Letter to Mrs Hyndman from M. Georges Clemenceau:—

"I have at last been able to communicate with you, but only in time to join my regret with yours and to cherish the memory of the man who was so dear to us both. He passed through this world in perfect serenity of soul, for he could not and would not see anything but the great things of life, never the small. I am glad indeed to learn how the good comrades who shared his hopes and his toil gave utterance to their love for him by his grave. . . . It is no small thing for the success of his great work that so noble a chief should receive the fullest assurance of his friends' enduring fidelity in the hour when he must depart. It helps on the great cause to which Hyndman, in his simple and smiling heroism, gave all the best years of his life. . . ."

From CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

December 29, 1921.

My dear Mrs Hyndman,

. . . . I wished to know all the particulars of the last hours of my dear friend and comrade and you have made me a sharer in them. The old soldier went with his armor on and fighting to the last, " the father of the field." The gap in the ranks will never be filled any more than the oppressive sense of personal loss among those that knew him intimately. A. M. Simons, writing to me at the receipt of the news, said that in spite of the old leader's years he had never once thought of such a contingency as the world without him, and now he had awakened to a sense of irremediable lack. It is so with me: I had never thought of actually losing this strong bulwark of faith and leader of action and can never adjust myself to it. The vast and spontaneous tribute to his memory must have been a wonderful sight. No other man of our times could have awakened such an expression of feeling. I thought when I read it how miserable by comparison are all places, posts, honors, titles and such fustian. The man that day was higher than premiers, presidents or kings. I should think one word of grateful sorrow from one member of a class oppressed was a better thing and more to be prized than all the state funerals and labored panegyrics of all the world. I feel as you feel about the impossibility of the extinction of such a soul. In my earlier years I was all sceptic and could see nothing in life but a hopeless mystery without plan or purpose. I profess to know nothing about it now, but that a soul like this should come and shine and bear light and lead and then be no more seems to me contrary to all reason. I think I am going to see him again and hear his cheery voice and listen to his counsels, the wisest man, the sagest adviser, the sturdiest fighter, the ablest general and the truest friend of his generation. The work that he did will last forever. I reflect with satisfaction upon that fact, remembering that the emancipation of mankind is the nearer because of his efforts; but it does not make life seem as it used to seem.

APPENDICES

i

BERNARD SHAW ON HYNDMAN AND HIMSELF.

The Record of an Adventurous Life.

Not many men living have impressed themselves on the consciousness of the political world in such a fashion that, in a political and literary review of picked circulation, one can drop the Mister in heading an article about them. We say Hyndman as who should say Bismarck, or Cagliostro, or Garibaldi, or Savonarola, or Aristotle, or Columbus. A mysterious quality this, when it exists in anyone but a poet. Poets are entitled to it in all the arts: there is nothing in calling Raphael Raphael instead of Messer Sanzio, or Beethoven Beethoven, or Shakespeare Shakespeare. But why should Hyndman be Hyndman and not Mr Hyndman; or, still worse, *a* Mr Hyndman? Though he is a remarkable person—one would say brilliant, if that adjective were not for some reason appropriated by comparatively young men—he has done nothing that has not been done equally well by men who cannot be identified without at least a Christian name, not to mention those who carry their Misters with them to the grave. It is clearly a matter of faith and conviction, not of works, this indefinable quality of personal style that has maintained Hyndman as the figure-head of a great revolutionary movement, even when there was really no movement behind the figure-head. It is not a triumph of tact: no man has done more unpardonable things, or done them so often (within the limits of the pardonable, if you will excuse the contradiction). It is not a triumph of sagacious leadership overcoming all defects of manner: on the contrary, Hyndman has charming manners and is the worst leader that ever drove his followers into every other camp—even into the Cabinet—to escape from his leadership. It is not any item from the catalogue of accomplishments and powers Macaulay kept for advertising his heroes. Hyndman is accomplished but his accomplishments are not unique. It is really the man himself that imposes, Heaven knows why! Samuel Foote is said to have stopped a man of striking carriage in the street with the inquiry, " May I ask, sir, are you anybody in particular? " Had he met Hyndman, he would have had the same curiosity; but he would not have dared to ask.

Hyndman has now given us an autobiography that does not do him justice; and yet you can say of it, as you can say of so few volumes of reminiscences, that he is his own hero. He tells you much about people he has met; but he does not hide behind them. And yet he has, to an extraordinary degree, the art of telling you nothing, either about himself or anyone else. Here, for instance, is an account of George Augustus Sala's quarrel with George Meredith in Hyndman's presence. He tells it with an air of telling you everything, and yet at the end you know absolutely nothing that you did not know from the index: namely that Sala and Meredith quarrelled. You do not know what it was about, or what was said or how they took it. What you do know is that Hyndman was there; and this, somehow, suffices. Do not hastily conclude that the narrative is so egotistical that Hyndman has insisted on playing the two others off the stage. On the contrary, Hyndman is more reticent about himself than about the others. This is no book of confessions. Confession is not a Hyndmanesque attitude. Not only is it true that, save for a hitherto unpublished fact or two, there is nothing in this book about Meredith, Mazzini, Disraeli, Clemenceau, Morris, and Randolph Churchill (all of whom have chapters to themselves) that could not have been compiled by a clever writer who had never met them; there is actually nothing about Hyndman himself that could not have been written, and even considerably amplified, by a constant companion. It is not a revelation of the man: it simply lets you know Who's Who. And yet it is frank to recklessness. Never was there a book where there was less need to read between the lines. Except a few harmless little chuckles over successes that were quite genuine, there is no boasting; indeed, Hyndman does not cut anything like so imposing a figure in these pages as he did in the public eye on several occasions. In the expression of his dislikes he is abusive and positively spiteful without the smallest affectation: his collection of *bêtes noires*, headed by Mr John Burns, is reviled without mercy or justice, and, what is much less common, without hypocrisy or any pretence of superiority to hearty ill-will; whilst, on the other hand, his more congenial friends and faithful followers are praised with equally unscrupulous generosity. Consequently, some of his swans are geese, and some of his geese are swans; but no great harm is done; you can always make allowances for the temper of a man who shews his temper fearlessly, whereas your man of good taste, who is afraid to praise and only stabs in the back, would mislead you seriously if he could lead you at all. And yet, in spite of all this openness, and of a vivacity that never flags and a touch on the pen that never bores, the fact remains that at the end of the book you see no deeper into Hyndman or his friends and contemporaries than you did at the beginning, though you have had a long and entertaining conversation about them. That is, if you already know your Marx and have got over the great Marxian change of mind—the great conversion which made a Socialist of Hyndman. If not, the book may be the beginning of a revelation to you. But if you know all that beforehand, the book will be to you a book of adventures and incidents, not a book of character.

This will not surprise anyone who knows that there is a specific genius for politics, just as there is a specific genius for mathematics or dramatics. Hyndman is a born politician in the higher sense: that is, he is not really interested in individuals, but in societies, states, and their destinies. Apparently he did not care a rap for his own father; and it may be doubted whether he would care a rap for his own son if he had one, but he can see no faults in the Social Democratic Federation, the ugly duckling which has well-nigh ruined him. He vituperates Mr John Burns, from whom he got no new political ideas, quite callously; but there is enthusiasm, almost tenderness, in his account of Marx, though Marx quarrelled with him, and strove far harder to injure and discredit him than Mr Burns did, even under the strongest provocation. The explanation is that Marx widened his political horizon as no other man. Hyndman began with the nationalism of Cavour and Mazzini: he ended with the internationalism of Marx. After Marx there was nothing to discover in the sphere of pure politics except methods; and for methods Hyndman has no patience, no aptitude, and no qualifying official experience. He never went on from the industrial revolution to the next things—to the revolution in morals, and to the formulation and establishment of a credible and effective indigenous Western religion. There is not a word in this book to indicate that the contemporary of Cavour and Marx was also the contemporary of Wagner the artist-revolutionary, of Nietzsche the ethical revolutionary, of Sidney Webb, the pathfinder in revolutionary methods, or of Samuel Butler, the founder of the religion of Evolution. Hyndman played the flute and played duets with Mrs Meredith without troubling himself about Wagner; dismissed popular religion as superstition and fraud; and was too glad to be rid of it to see any need for replacing it; and found the current morality quite good enough to furnish him with invectives against the injustice and cruelty for which he honourably loathed capitalistic society. His book, though nominally brought up to 1889, really stops with the enlargement of his political conception of the world by Marx, and with his founding of the Democratic Federation. He half promises to bring his history up-to-date in a future volume; but what has he to add, except a record of his own impatience with the Fabian Society, the Independent Labour Party, and the other bodies and movements which took the tactics of Socialism out of his hands, complicating and obscuring his splendid Marxist vision with all sorts of uncongenial details, and elbowing out his poor but devoted disciples with—as he considered them—all sorts of uncongenial, lower-middle-class snobs and heretics?

It is not easy to reduce so exuberant a personality as Hyndman's to a type; but roughly we may class him with the free-thinking English gentlemen-republicans of the last half of the nineteenth century: with Dilke, Burton, Auberon Herbert, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Laurence Oliphant: great globe-trotters, writers. *frondeurs*, brilliant and accomplished cosmopolitans as far as their various abilities permitted, all more interested in the world than in themselves, and in themselves than in official decorations; consequently unpurchaseable, their price being too high for any modern commercial Government to pay. On their worst side they were petulant rich men, with perhaps a touch of the romantic vanity of the operatic tenor; and, as the combination of petulant rich man with ignorant poor one is perhaps the most desperately unworkable on the political chess-board, none of their attempts to found revolutionary societies for the advancement of their views came to much. One of the things Hyndman has never understood is the enormous advantage the founders of the Fabian Society had in their homogeneity of class and age. There were no illiterate working-men among them; there were no born rich men among them; there were no born poor men; there was not five years' difference between the oldest and the youngest. To Hyndman the acceptance and maintenance of such homogeneity still seems mere snobbery. He took up the democratic burden (as he regards it) of working with men and women not of his generation, not of his class, not of his speed of mind and educational equipment. When the Fabians refused to involve themselves in that hopeless mess, he despised them. He even says, wildly, that they killed Morris by their refusal, just as the Unionists say Mr Asquith killed Edward VII. The Labour men knew better. They did not join the Fabian Society; but they made good use of it.

Still, the struggle with incongruity and impossibility on which Hyndman entered in 1881, though it has involved a fearful waste of his talent and energy, had something generous and heroic in it. In the Labour movement the experienced men will allow Hyndman no public virtue except this, that he has kept the flag flying—the red flag. And there are so many public men who have every public virtue except this, that the exception suffices. Hyndman is still Hyndman, still, head aloft and beard abroad, carrying that flag with such high conviction that the smallest and silliest rabble at his heels becomes " the revolution." And outside that rabble there are still some friends, though he himself cares for nobody and nothing but the last act of the tragedy of Capitalism.

10 Adelphi Terrace,
W.C.,
28th April, 1900.

Dear Hyndman,

The main objection to your letters is that there is so much life in them that they seduce one into answering them—uselessly, as you are quite irreclaimable.

However, you must not think that I disagree with you merely because disagreement is my pose. I am not a mere intellectual anti-gravitation man. Even if I were, you will admit that Jingo Imperialism at the present moment hardly satisfies the craving for an eccentric attitude—would it did! The real root of our differences is that you are a moralist; you see the world in terms of guilt and innocence, virtue and vice, with feelings of indignant abhorrence or enthusiastic championship, leading to a treatment of every case by expiation and retaliation or honour and glory. Now I am a pure natural-history student, and feel no more indignation against Rockefeller or Rhodes than I do against a dog following a fox. I know the capitalist—a poor devil who follows the slot of money without the faintest consciousness of himself either as a beast of prey or as a captain of industry. Ask him to give you an *idea* of himself; and he will stutter out something about the golden rule and our Lord Jesus Christ with perfect sincerity. He preys on the proletariat as a cat preys on mice, through his instinct for gain. Even though you would restrain him from such predaciousness, that is no reason why you shouldn't take him up and stroke him and pet him if he is a pleasant animal (which he sometimes is), instead of allowing your instinct for righteousness to transform you into a talented terrier, and worrying him. It is out of that sort of worrying that the whole evil comes. You will resist moral evil. So, please observe, will Rockefeller. But, you will say, Rockefeller is robbing the poor all the time. So are you. So am I. Society leaves us no personal alternative except death, and no social alternative at all. But it in no way calls us for sacrifices to expiate the evil. If Rockefeller *deserves* hanging (an expression which belongs to your moral system), so does every man who would do the same as Rockefeller if he got the chance, say 99 per cent. of his indignant fellow-men. You cannot hang everybody, including yourself; and yet moralism leads to that or nothing.

Now Kruger is more than a moralist: he is a prophet of Jehovah, who is morality deified. The tide in the affairs of men came to Kruger after the Raid, when he had a respite sufficient to found his Republic to all eternity by playing the statesman. But he had no statesmanship. He saw that the Outlander was morally the inferior of the Boer. He proceeded to assert the supremacy of the moral man, and to arm himself for its defence by military force. To this day he has had no word to say except that God, who implanted that instinct in him, will make it victorious in battle.

At such a point you rally to Kruger. At the same point I perceive that Jehovah and Mammon must fight it out. And as Mammon can be developed into a Socialist power in proportion as men become Socialistically-minded, whereas Jehovah makes any such change of mind impossible, and stands for the false categories of moral good and evil in nature, and consequently for implacable war, punishment, enmity, aggression and repression between men, my sympathies are with Mammon, his instinctive greed for gold and diamonds being far less dangerous than the reason and virtue which, on the moralist system, makes Man, as Mephistopheles says, beastlier than any beast. Jehovah is mighty; for he has his chain on men's minds. Your wretched Barnatos and Rothschilds have nothing but the cash nexus, by the utmost tightening of which they cannot get ten hours' real good work out of the British workmen in a week.

But the inconveniences of your moral system do not lame you on the South African question. They do nearer home. Once you start your system of reprobation and damnation, you are forced to recognise that the Socialists themselves are as bad as the capitalists. You teach our excellent old Quelch to divide his fellow-creatures into sheep and goats, and to put Milner and Chamberlain among the goats. Instantly, says Quelch, simply and logically, Behold all the goatish qualities in Keir Hardie and J. R. Macdonald, and Jeremiahs them accordingly, with the usual harmonious results. What is to me a Scotch peculiarity to be reckoned with and suffered like the east wind, is to Quelch an inquity to be denounced and cast out.

You see, I really have a point of view, which will appear criminal to you if you take it seriously, and only amusing if you don't, but which will at least, if you once fairly catch it, explain me as a consistent, persistent doctrinaire and born preacher. You question the political and economic side of our institutions, never the moralist side. In fact, the moralist side of our institutions is never questioned: it is reaffirmed in every attack on the hypocrisy of Capital. Now the Moralist side being the very one which I attack, I have the air of attacking everything for the sake of singularity. I find Marx as old as Amos—*Das Kapital* a wrathful Old Testament (with new Blue Books), and nothing else. I campaign against Shakespeare, who is as old as Ecclesiastes. I dwell on the fact that Nietzsche's Transvaluation of Moral Values and " T'other side of Good and Evil " were anticipated by Blake, who boldly called the powers of mischief God and His Angels, and the powers of well-being Satan and his devils. To you this has the same old trick of affected singularity: but to that I reply, as old Dumas used to reply to Maquet and the people who said his novels were manufactured by his apprentices, " Very good, friend Maquet," said Alick: " You have found out my trick; all you have to do is to produce your Musketeers and your Monte Cristo." Just so I said to the people who declared that my plays were mere topsyturvyisms, "Try the formula yourself, and see whether you can produce anything like a Shaw play by it." The fact is, when a man keeps up a joke for so long as you have known me, either he is mad or there is some kernel of earnestness in it. Your sense of humor may tempt you to embrace the former alternative: but I assure you I am only mad nor'-nor'-west: otherwise my views could not be so annoying as they sometimes are.

I write all this because if I were in conflict with you always without any discernible conflict of social theory, you would simply put me down as personally unfriendly. The truth is that you are an economic revolutionary on a mediæval basis of pure chivalry—Bayard educated by Marx. I am a moral revolutionary, interested, not in the class war, but in the struggle between human vitality and the artificial system of morality, and distinguishing, not between capitalist and proletarian, but between moralist and natural-historian.

Your spirit is sufficiently choice to have glimpses of what I mean occasionally: otherwise I shouldn't waste this *apologia pro vita mea* on you.

Yours ever,

(Signed) G. Bernard Shaw.

The Evolution of Revolution.

Mr H. G. Wells shocked the Bolsheviks the other day by blaspheming against Marx's beard. That set us laughing; but, let us hope, it set them thinking. William Blake, following a tradition as old as the Olympian Jove, always represented God as a man with an impressive beard. Marx grew a beard so godlike that, as Mr Wells maintains, it could not have been unintentional. But he did not look like God in Blake's Job. Bakunin, a rival revolutionist who loathed Marx, also cultivated a beard, but was still less like the God of Blake and Job. But Mr Hyndman, who would as soon have thought of aiming at a resemblance to Samuel Smiles as to Jehovah, was born with exactly the right beard (at least, no living man has ever seen him without it), and has always resembled Blake's vision so imposingly that it is difficult to believe that he is not the original, and Blake's picture the copy. Nobody in the British Socialist movement has ever produced this effect or anything approaching it. Mr Wells is so hopelessly dehirsute that his avowed longing to shave Marx may be the iconoclasm of envy. Mr Sidney Webb's beard *à la Badinguet* is not in the running. My own beard is so like a tuft of blanched grass that pet animals have nibbled at it. William Morris's Olympian coronet of clustering hair, and his Dureresque beard, were such as no man less great could have carried without being denounced as an impostor; but he resembled the Jovian God in Raphael's Vision of Ezekiel, not the Jehovah of Blake. Mr Hyndman alone, without effort, without affectation, without intention, turned his platform, which was often only a borrowed chair at the street corner, into a heavenly throne by sheer force of beard and feature. Even he himself could not ignore his beard, though he was the only man who could not see it. It compelled him to wear a frock-coat when his natural and preferred vesture would have been a red shirt. He had to preach the class war in the insignia of the class he was fiercely denouncing. When in desperation he discarded his silk hat, the broad-rimmed soft hat that replaced it immediately became the hat of Wotan, and made him more godlike than ever. Mr Wells has succeeded in making Marx's beard as ridiculous as a nosebag. Let him try his hand, if he dares, on Mr Hyndman's. He will try in vain. A glance at the excellent portrait which forms the frontispiece to Mr Hyndman's latest book will carry conviction on this point.

I expatiate on this solitary majesty of Mr Hyndman's because it is significant of his part in the Socialist movement. As a Socialist leader—and he was ever a leader—he was never any good for team work. It was not that he was quarrelsome (though on occasion he could be a veritable Tybalt) for there was not another leader in the movement who was not quite ready to meet him half-way at any moment in this respect. Nor can it have been that the beard carried with it the curse of the first commandment. It was that he had what is very rare among practical politicians in England, the cosmopolitan mind, the historical outlook, the European interest. For mere municipal Socialism, which he called Gas and Water Socialism, he had no use. Also, as a thorough revolutionary Socialist, he knew that Trade Unionism is a part of Capitalism, being merely the debit side of the capitalist account, and that Co-operative Societies within the capitalist system are no solution of the social question.

Now it happened that during the most active part of Mr Hyndman's public life, the Co-operative Wholesale was developing prodigiously, and the huge new machinery of Local Government throughout this country made an unprecedented extension of Gas and Water Socialism possible for the first time. Mr Sidney Webb saw the opening, and jumped at it with the Fabian Society behind him. Mr Hyndman disdained it, and would not admit that the road to Socialism lay through the suburbs and along the tram-lines. Morris, always fundamentally practical, was no fonder of the suburbs than Mr Hyndman; but he saw that Webb's work had to be done, and gave it his blessing from a distance with the apology (for the distance) that it was not an artist's job. Sidney Webb saw, too, that the efforts made by Morris and Hyndman to organise the workers in New Socialist societies had failed as hopelessly as the earlier attempts of Owen and Marx, and that the Socialists must accept the forms of organization founded spontaneously by the workers themselves, and make them fully conscious of this achievement of theirs by making its history and scope known to them. Hence the famous Webb "History of Trade Unionism" and the treatise on "Industrial Democracy"; a labor of Hercules which nobody but Webb and his extraordinary wife would face or could have accomplished. Mr Hyndman, interested in the evolution of revolution, frankly scorned such spade work. He was eloquent about Chartism, Marxism, and the First International, but simply bored by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and its past.

The result was that during the last ten years of the nineteenth and the first ten years of the twentieth century Mr Hyndman was often sidetracked, whilst Municipal Trading and the organization of a Parliamentary Labor Party by the Trade Unions were being hurried up at a great rate. It was not a business that needed a striking figure-head; and Mr Hyndman is nothing if not a striking figure-head. But it occupied all the capable Socialist subalterns and staff officers very fully; and thus it happened that Mr Hyndman was left with a retinue devoted enough, but incapable and disastrously maladroit. Look at his portrait, and you can see in his face a sort of sarcastic despair left by his continually disappointed expectation of intellectual adequacy in his colleagues. But for them he would certainly have won the seat in Parliament which he very nearly did win in spite of them. But it is not clear that he could have done anything in that doomed assembly: he has never suffered pompous fools gladly; and the beard does not conceal his contempt for people who cannot think politically in terms of a very comprehensive historical generalization: that is, for ninety-nine hundredths of his fellow countrymen, and ninety-nine point nine per cent. of their chosen representatives. His real work, like that of Marx, was the pressing of that generalization, in season and out of season, on a civilization making straight for the next revolution without the least sense of its destination or its danger.

It is with this generalization that Mr Hyndman challenges us in his latest book. It is a conspectus of history, and an important one, because it propounds a Sphinx riddle that cannot be answered by mere opportunists. Conspectuses of history are in the air just now. Mr Wells has put his masterpiece into the form of an outline of the world's history. Mr Chesterton, having taken the Cross and followed Godfrey of Bouillon to Jerusalem, has come home in a historic ecstasy. Mr Belloc urges the view of history that the Vatican would urge if the Vatican were as enlightened and as free as Mr Belloc. And all this at a moment when the threatened dissolution of European civilization is forcing us to turn in desperation to history and social theory for counsel and guidance.

I am not sure that Mr Hyndman's book is not the most pressing of all these challenging essays. Mr Wells, though ultra-revolutionary, has deliberately, and for his purpose necessarily, excluded theory from his *magnum opus*, simply preparing a colossal explosive shell crammed with all the relevant historical facts, and hurling it, with a magnificent gesture of intellectual power, at the incompetence, ignorance, obsolescence, and naive brigandage of the State as we know it. Mr Chesterton, though he never has a theory, has a cry and a theme; and his extemporizations and variations on them are imaginative, suggestive, inspiring, resounding to the last human limit of splendor in that sort of literary orchestration; but the cry is "Back to the Middle Ages," and the theme is "*Cherchez le Juif*": neither of them in the line of evolution or within the modern conception of the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Mr Belloc is leading a forlorn hope; for Ibsen's Third Empire will not be the Holy Roman Empire. All three either ignore evolution or virtually deny it. Mr Chesterton and Mr Belloc even ridicule it, not without plenty of material, thanks to the antics of some of its professors. But Mr Hyndman has a theory, and an evolutionary one. It is not complicated by Medievalism, official Catholicism, and Judophobia. It has proved itself capable of engaging the faith of small bodies of thoughtful Europeans, and the fanaticism of large bodies of thoughtless ones. The march of events has confirmed it, not only before its promulgation by Marx and Engels (all theories fit the past on the day of publication because they are made to fit it), but since. Mr Hyndman's clear, close writing, always readable, always carrying you along, never confusing or seducing you by the extravagances, the audacities, the extemporary digressions of writers who, having no military objective, stop repeatedly to play with history, obliges us to entertain his book seriously, and either confute it or let his case win by default. It is quite competently put, with no nonsense about it. There is no attempt to conciliate the reader or propitiate public opinion. Mr Hyndman does not believe, nor pretend to believe, that *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner:* on the whole, he rather concludes that the better you understand history the more you condemn its makers. He spares neither invective nor eulogy; and he words them without the smallest concession to any feeling but his own. He uses tact to make his presentation of his case effective, never to make himself agreeable. In the end you may dislike him, especially if he dislikes you; but his case is there to be answered, and is furthermore a case that must be answered. Mr Wells's case is unanswerable; but its acceptance does not commit you to Marxist Communism. Mr Belloc has a very strong case against Parliament, and would have us discard it and face a really responsible monarchical (not royal) Government by a President and Cabinet; but he associates this with a strenuous advocacy of private property on the ground that it will do us no harm if we have little enough of it and are as ignorant as Tennyson's Northern Farmer. It is Mr Hyndman who shows you that if there is anything in history, private property, in its modern reduction to absurdity as Capitalism, is tottering to its fall, and that we must make up our minds to be ready for the new Communist order or for a crash.

But Mr Hyndman has yet another claim to urgent attention over his competitors in the survey of history. His book comes just when the hugest of the European Powers is putting its doctrine to an experimental test on an unprecedented scale. And this situation is made piquant by the unexpected fact that Mr Hyndman repudiates Lenin as completely as he repudiates Cromwell or Robespierre. The English arch-Marxist has been confronted with the fulfilment of all the articles of his religion: the collapse of Capitalism, the expropriation of the expropriators, the accouchement of the old society pregnant with the new by *Sage Femme La Force*, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the obliteration of the *bourgeoisie* as a social order. And instead of crying *Vive la Révolution!* and packing his traps for Moscow to inaugurate the latest statue of Marx, he out-Churchills Churchill in his denunciation of the Bolsheviks. This is interesting: we want to know how he justifies it. At first sight he seems to cover his position by setting up the mature Marx as a historic materialist against the immature Marx of the Communist Manifesto, apparently forgetting that in a previous chapter he has knocked historic materialism into a cocked hat. Bolshevist Marxism, I may explain, is the Marxism of the Manifesto, taking a hint from Rousseau by calling its administrators Commissars. Mr Hyndman declares that to make Force the midwife of progress is to discard the full Marxist doctrine (insisted on at the end of every chapter in his book) that Force cannot anticipate the historic moment, and that premature revolutions are bound to fail, like the Peasants' War and the insurrection of Baboeuf.

But this, though true, does not prove Bolshevism premature. The undeniable fact that no midwife can deliver the child alive until its gestation is complete by no means shakes the historical likelihood that the birth will be a difficult one, needing a strong hand and a forceps, and possibly killing the mother. Who is to say that the historic moment has not come in Russia? Certainly not Mr Hyndman, who has so convincingly proved from history that the historic moment is as often as not a psychological moment. All that the Marxian historic moment means when analyzed is the moment when the *bourgeoisie* loses it grip on industry and on the armed forces of the Government, and lets them slip into the hands of the leaders of the proletariat when these leaders are what Marx calls class-conscious: that is, fully aware of the relations, actual, historical, and evolutionary, between the *bourgeoisie* and the proletariat, and well instructed as to the need for and nature of the transition from Capitalism to Communism which they have to operate. Surely these conditions are realized in Russia at present as nearly as they are ever likely to be anywhere. Lenin is as doctrinaire as Marx himself; and the *bourgeoisie* is down and out without having struck a blow. The Soviet Government has made none of the mistakes for which Mr Hyndman reproaches the Luddites and the Paris Commune of 1871. Far from destroying machinery, they are straining every nerve to develop production and open up foreign trade. Instead of superstitiously respecting the banks, and humbly borrowing a little money from the Rothschilds to go on with, they have promptly seized all the specie, bullion, and jewellery they can lay their hands on, and made any attempt to hold it back a capital offence, like the Apostles. They have, on the whole, pounced on the right things, and shot the right people (from the Marxian point of view). They are as ruthless in dealing with the counter-revolution, and with attempts to carry on habitual commercialism, as they are tolerant of mere sentimental regrets for the imaginary good old times of the Tsardom. They have shown themselves able to handle and dominate both the *bourgeoisie* and the Militarists. Koltchak, Denikin, and Wrangel successively have tried to play the part of Gaston de Foix, only to be cracked like fusty nuts by Trotsky, in spite of the gold of Churchill (*ci-devant* Pitt) and the munitions of Foch. Is there any likelihood of the conditions under which Feudalism and Capitalism accomplished their transformation of society being reproduced more exactly for the transformation of Capitalism into Communism? If, as Mr Hyndman contends, Bolshevism is not real Marxism, but a murderous imposture, what does he think the real thing will be like? He owes us an answer to this question.

If one may infer his answer from his indictment of Bolshevism, he relies on the fact that the colossal peasant proprietary which forms the bulk of the Russian nation is unconverted. This is true; but if Socialism is to wait until farmers become class-conscious Marxists, it will wait for ever. The *bourgeoisie* did not wait for the approval of the farmers before they consummated the Capitalist transformation by establishing Free Trade, which all but abolished British agriculture. We should still be in the Stone Age if Hodge had always had his way. I cannot suspect Mr Hyndman of that romantic cockney idolatry of a politically stupid and barely half-civilized occupation which makes Mr Chesterton and Mr Belloc offer us mud pies as castles in Spain. The antagonism between city civilization and rural primitiveness has underlain all the revolutions just as it underlies this one. Mr Hyndman quotes with indignation a general order to the Red troops in the Don district to exterminate the Cossacks; but it needs only a little hypocrisy and the requisite alteration of names to be eligible for Sir Hamar Greenwood's " Weekly Summary." The French Revolution did not stop to convert the farmers of La Vendée; the two parties tried to exterminate one another until the peasants were crushed, as they always are by the city men, because if the peasants had their own way there would not be any towns at all; and the peasants, having by this time forgotten how to make their own clothes and ploughs, cannot do without towns. Mr Hyndman does not deny that the Russian farmers are better off than they were before the revolution: what he insists on is that they refuse to feed the towns, and will produce no more than enough for their own consumption. Now it would perhaps be better, as far as we can judge at a distance, to tax the farmers frankly to their capacity and compel them to produce by compelling them to pay the tax, by distraint if necessary, than to pretend, as the Soviet does, to buy their surplus produce with worthless paper money. But the Soviet leaders disclaim reliance on this expedient: they declare that they are surrounding their factories with communal farms, and that they will extend this system until individual proprietary farming is crowded off the earth in Russia. It is absurd to contend that the historic moment for this has not arrived: far more plausibly might it be alleged that it is overdue. The historic moment is the first moment at which it can possibly be done.

Mr Hyndman, steadily intellectual as a historian at long range, is (being human) prejudiced as a current politician. During the war he was what he still is, a vehemently patriotic " Majority Socialist." But he denounces the German Majority Socialists fiercely for voting the German war credits and not coming out as pro-Britons and Pacifists. Yet he has no words scathing enough for Lenin, because Lenin refused to vote the Russian war credits, and recognized the necessity for securing peace at any price that could be paid by a Micawber note of hand. He is equally intolerant of "the unfortunate Bolshevism and Pacifism of some of the French leaders." He can forgive neither the Germans for fighting us, nor the Bolshevists for surrendering at Brest-Litovsk when they were hopelessly beaten, instead of bleeding to death as England's auxiliaries. This is neither Socialism nor philosophy of history: it is naive John Bullism. Why should John reproach Fritz because he, too, found in the hour of trial that blood is thicker than gas and water?

However, Mr Hyndman's anti-Bolshevism is not always mere Jingo resentment of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. There are moments when he seems to be revolted by the institution of compulsory labor by the Soviet Government, and by the imposition of the will of an energetic minority on the Russian people. But in his own vivid and very favorable sketch of Peruvian Communism under the Incas, he recognizes that suppression of idleness and ruthless punishment of sloth and ca' canny was the political secret of the prosperity and happiness of these people who always sang at their work and did not know what poverty was. For my part, I cannot understand how anyone who has the most elementary comprehension of Socialism can doubt that compulsory labor and the treatment of parasitic idleness as the sin against the Holy Ghost must be fundamental in Socialistic law and religion. If Lenin has abolished idleness in Russia, whilst we, up to our eyes in debt, are not only tolerating it, but heaping luxury upon luxury upon it in the midst of starvation, then I am much more inclined to cry "Bravo, Lenin!" and "More fools we!" than to share Mr Hyndman's apparent horror. As to the Bolshevists being in the minority, Mr Hyndman cites with approval "the marvellous transition effected by Japan in forty years from Feudalism to Capitalism." Immediately before this he says that "permanent social revolution and Communist reconstruction can only be successfully achieved when the bulk of the population understands and is ready to accept the new forms which have, consciously or unconsciously, developed in the old society." But he cannot believe that the Japanese man-in-the-street understood what was happening when Capitalism was substituted for Feudalism, or accepted it in any other sense than letting it happen to him just as the British laborer let the New Poor Law and the enfranchisement of the *bourgeoisie* happen to him. There never has been any such conversion of the majority of a people: all the changes have been imposed by energetic minorities. We should still be under the rule of the shepherd kings if Mr Hyndman's Liberal generalization were true or even one-fifth true. What is true enough for practical purposes is that until the live wires of the community are charged with a new current, or with a higher potential of the old one, neither the majority nor the minority can change the social system. Even Peter the Great, with all his gibbets and racks and knouts, could not have imposed his ideas on old Russia if his retinue of able blackguards had not been as tired of old Russia as he was. The old Russians were in a stupendous majority all through. What Mr Hyndman stigmatizes as "the tyranny of the minority" is an indispensable condition not only for moving society forward (or backward, as at present), but for keeping it alive where it stands. In England the majority will never be converted to the need for government at all; nine-tenths of us are born anarchists.

Finally, Mr Hyndman falls back once more on Historic Determinism, and declares that the Bolshevists must fail because the economic conditions are not ripe. This impales him on the point of his own spear, because one of the best chapters in his book, called " The Limits of Historic Determinism," contracts those limits to a tiny space in which there is room for a monument inscribed *Hic jacet* Carolus Marx, but not room for Russia. It is, he says (and proves it) " a demonstrable truth that similar forms of production sometimes have wholly dissimilar Governments imposed upon them." He shows that a single man with a conviction, like Mahomet, can start a movement which will conquer half the civilised world, whilst movements that have the sympathy of four out of every five men in the country wither and are stamped out by a few unpopular rascals. Does not Mr Hyndman then, as a Socialist leader, take an unnecessarily heavy risk in denouncing as untimely an attempt to do for Communism what Mahomet did for Islam, when he himself has shown that none of the Determinist arguments against the possibility of its success will hold water? His real reason seems to be that he has set his heart on England being the Holy Land of the Communist faith: John Bull again! Also, curiously enough, on the transition being a peaceful parliamentary one. The old Internationalist is a patriot at heart, the old revolutionist a pacifist.

The petulance of the days when Mr Hyndman was a spoilt child of Nature and Fortune still flashes out from time to time in this book. One can see that he can no more work in double harness to-day than he could when he and Morris kicked over the traces of the Democratic Federation nearly forty years ago; but the general effect is one of mellowness, which encourages us to believe that Mr Hyndman's later years have not been the least happy of his tempestuous life. Certainly his beard never became him better than it does to-day.

G. B. S.

ii

HYNDMAN ON IMPERIALISM

9 Queen Anne's Gate,
Westminster, S.W.,
11th May, 1911.

Dear Comrade Kautsky,

I ought to have answered your friendly letter before, but I was so much engaged in finishing up my " Reminiscences " for the publishers that I really had no time to write. I now enclose you the official summarised report of my speech, to which you refer, at our Conference at Coventry. It is very short, but it gives in the main what I said and the suggestions I made to the International Bureau in relation to the meeting of Socialist delegates from England, France and Germany to consider the relations between those three powers. At any rate I stated at Coventry precisely that which is there set down, and that is what I hold to be the truth of the situation. It is also what I reported to the Executive of the S.D.F. at the time.

I regret to observe that some of the Social Democratic papers in Germany are again taking the same line in regard to our Party here and myself that they so unfortunately, and, as was afterwards admitted by Liebknecht and others, improperly, took from 1881 to 1896, when we were doing all the hard work of Socialist propaganda in this country. These misrepresentations did us great harm and were very regrettable. Similar misrepresentations are not more excusable now.

As I have always been on friendly terms with yourself, in spite of a serious difference between us on one very important matter, I take this opportunity of making my personal position quite plain, and I reserve to myself the right to publish this correspondence.

(1) I have devoted more than thirty years of my life almost exclusively to the propaganda of Social Democracy in Great Britain and elsewhere. During the whole of that period I have never taken one farthing by way of remuneration for my services; I have run considerable personal risks; I have frittered away my private fortune; I have sacrificed old friendships; and I have refused positions of a very enviable character. I take no credit to myself for this because the work of Socialism itself remunerates for all drawbacks; but I think it worth while to state facts at this juncture.

(2) I was the first person to commence the organised Socialist movement in this Island, when there was no Socialism, no Socialist literature and practically no Socialists here. The organisation which I set on foot early in 1881 proposed, also, in 1882, every one of the important palliative measures which are now coming into practical politics.

(3) I have invariably opposed Imperialism and Aggression in every shape, and, in particular, in regard to my own country, I have agitated against the

national policy in Egypt, in India, in Ireland, and in South Africa; more than once at serious risk to life and limb, and always at very great detriment to my personal position. It is therefore alike ridiculous and impertinent for anyone, however ignorant, to speak of me as a chauvinist, or, in the common sense of the word, a jingo.

(4) I have always insisted upon the maintenance of a powerful navy for this country as a necessity for our independent national existence, and I shall continue to do so. I am in this respect, moreover, entirely in accord with the resolutions in regard to armaments passed at the International Congresses of Stuttgart and Copenhagen; although, of course, I repudiate the economic nonsense in the preamble to the resolutions at Copenhagen. A powerful navy stands to this country in the same relation that a citizen army does to the Continental States.

(5) I consider the policy of the German Government at the present time a menace to the independence of the smaller States, and to democracy generally, in Europe, as Russia was in 1848 and for more than a generation thereafter. To speak, however, of antagonism to the German Government, on my part, as involving hatred to Germany, as the silly pacifists do, is as absurd as to say that I hate England because I detest and denounce Lord Morley's rule in India. I need scarcely add that I have the very greatest regard for the German Social Democratic Party and the work that it has done for Germany; that also I should be delighted, like all our comrades here, to make common cause with them in bringing about close relations between our two countries in the same way that, at a most critical period, I did my utmost to bring about the present excellent relations between Great Britain and France.

(6) Speaking generally, I am quite satisfied that nothing whatever is to be gained by pretending that we are living in days of peace and international concord, and I am convinced that those who advocate disarmament by one power, while another Imperialist power is arming to the teeth, as Germany is, merely invite and foster war. It is well also to recall that it was only due to the naval armaments of Great Britain that Mazzini, Marx, Herzen, Saffi, Bernard, Longuet, Vaillant, Stepniak, Kropotkin, and other revolutionists were able to live in safety here when all the pacifists of Europe could not have prevented them from being handed over to be tortured and hanged by their respective Governments. The German police at the present moment act as agents for the Russian Government, and German Social Democrats, much as they hate the system, are powerless to prevent it.

We are still in the days, as nobody knows better than you do, of piracy and rapine by land and by sea. We have had plenty of evidence of this within the past ten or eleven years. I fear we shall have even more conclusive evidence of it within the next ten or eleven years. Everything looks so, alike in the East and in the West. The only hope of peace lies in the downfall of the Capitalist system; but to strengthen an aggressive Imperialism by declaring that under no circumstances shall it be opposed by neighbouring peoples is fatuity of such a despicable character that I for one will never be guilty of it.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) H. M. Hyndman.

iii

ALTERATION OF THE LOAD-LINE.

Mr Lloyd George, in answer to a question by Mr Havelock Wilson in the House, on or about March, 1906, with regard to the ALTERATION OF THE LOAD-LINE, stated: " That the alteration was only to affect vessels of modern construction, and was not to apply to old vessels."

On the 31st October, 1906, Mr Lloyd George, as the President of the Board of Trade, in answer to Mr Barker, who was then Member for Falmouth and Penryn, stated, to quote his own words, that the new assignment of freeboard which would " permit of deeper loading, in varying degrees ranging from six to twelve inches," would only be sanctioned in " certain classes of vessels of modern construction and approved strength, but the older vessels which do not come up to this standard are allowed no deeper loading."

It is very evident, from the list of missing vessels, giving their ages, that Mr Lloyd George's instructions had not been carried out. The evidence concerning vessels from ten to twenty-one years old which had their freeboard altered proves this.

They are as follows:—

Steamer BELVEDERE.—397 tons, carrying cargo of timber, with deck cargo of planks, batons, and bundles of laths. Last heard of 8th September, 1911. Her freeboard had been reduced by two and a half inches for summer loading, and by two and a half for winter loading. The number of lives lost was 14 members of the crew and 5 passengers.

Sailing-ship QUEEN VICTORIA.—Last heard of on 16th November, 1911. She was 1587 tons net, and about 20 years old. Her freeboard was reduced by one and a half inches. 20 lives lost.

Steamer AMANA.—Last heard of on 1st December, 1911. 2161 tons net, 11 years old. Freeboard reduced by four inches summer, three inches winter. 31 lives lost.

Steamer WINGROVE.—Last heard of 8th September, 1911. 1819 tons. 10 years old when freeboard reduced by five inches in summer, four inches in winter. Lives lost—23.

Steamer ARCHTOR.—Last heard of on January 3rd, 1912. 2193 tons net, 11 years old. Freeboard reduced summer seven inches, winter five and a half. Lives lost—24.

There are other missing vessels accounted for in this list, but those mentioned suffice to show that the altered free board was applied to OLD VESSELS, AS WELL AS TO THOSE OF MODERN AND SPECIAL CONSTRUCTION!

VESSELS FOUNDERED WHOSE FREEBOARD HAD BEEN ALTERED.

Barque BUTESHIRE.—Foundered 27th March, 1911. 1768 tons. She was 18 years old. Her freeboard had been reduced by three inches.

Steamer LANGHAM.—Foundered on November 18th, 1911. 1764 tons net, 14 years old. Freeboard reduced by eight and a half inches in summer, and eight and a half inches in winter.

Steamer NORTH BRITAIN.—Foundered on March 5th, 1912. 1361 tons, net, 14 years old, freeboard reduced in summer by six and a half inches, *leaving only ten inches of freeboard for summer*, reduced by six and a half inches for winter, leaving a freeboard in winter of only one foot, one and a half inches. 20 lives lost, and strong comments made by the Cardiff Stipendiary as to the reduced freeboard of this ship.

(Signed) CHAS. P. HOPKINS.
6.5.13.

iv

NATIONAL DEFENCE OR NATIONAL SURRENDER? WHICH IS IT TO BE?

To the Members of the British Socialist Party.

Dear Comrades,

The International Socialist Party is, of course, strongly opposed, as I am myself, to militarism and armaments, and calls for their complete abolition. It is in favour of universal peace and is the only international Party in the world which persistently strives to bring it about. But the International Socialist Party has formally declared that every nationality has the right to defend itself against attack by force of arms; and has stated that the best and most democratic way of doing this is by the establishment of a National Citizen Army or the " armed nation " : every citizen being a soldier and every soldier a citizen, the officers being selected by vote.

The resolution on this point passed at the International Socialist Congress of Stuttgart runs thus :—

" The Congress considers that the democratic organisation of national defence, by replacing the standing army by the armed people, will prove an effective means for making aggressive wars impossible, and for overcoming national antagonisms." Emile Vandervelde, who reported for the Commission, said : " Yet we must recognise there is a right of legitimate defence against illegitimate attack," and, referring favourably to the Swiss system, he remarked that it had the objection of being officered by the bourgeoisie, " whereas," he went on, " we must demand the election of such officers."

The International Socialist Congress of Copenhagen, in its long and elaborate resolution upon Militarism, War and Armaments, put itself on record as follows :

" This Congress reaffirms the resolutions of former International Congresses and particularly that of the Stuttgart Congress " and further " requires from its representatives :—

" (d) The guarantee of the independence of all nations and their protection from military attacks and violent suppression."

These resolutions, thus passed and reaffirmed, are being acted upon, at this moment, by Continental Socialists. In France and in Germany, in particular, our comrades are vehemently opposing militarism not by pure and simple pacifism but, in accordance with the injunctions of the International Socialist Congresses, by advocating the establishment of a national citizen army with elected officers, against a conscriptionist barrack-trained army with nominated officers. About this there cannot possibly be any dispute.

We British Socialists are living in an island, forming ourselves, whether we like it or not, a part of this nation which maintains a small, mercenary, militarist army, dangerous in peace and ineffective in war, that is quite incapable of making head against such huge forces as are at the disposal of Germany, or Russia, or France.

Moreover, the people here cannot be adequately defended by a National Citizen Army alone, even if we had one. We are dependent for six-sevenths of our necessary food and for the bulk of our raw material upon supplies from countries separated from these shores by long stretches of ocean.

Consequently a very powerful navy is even more indispensable to Great Britain " for making aggressive wars impossible " than is a National Citizen Army for any Continental nationality; if our independence is to be maintained, the danger of our being beleaguered and famine-stricken is to be guarded against and—a serious point for Socialists—foreign political refugees are not to be surrendered at discretion to foreign despots.

Those who argue that, so long as capitalism endures, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom may just as well live under the Czar of Russia as be the subjects of a Constitutional Monarch are, of course, fully entitled to hold and to vote for their opinions. Such extreme pacifists are, at any rate, logical, though, as I contend, desperately mistaken. If, however, their views are accepted by you, dear comrades, we are at once committed to doing our utmost to put down armed force of any kind. Do you agree with this? If you do, I am obviously out of court, in common with all Socialists who are advocating a National Citizen Army; and pacifism, Quakerism, and Tolstoyism become the definite principles of the British Socialist Party.

If, on the other hand, you do not accept these doctrines of wholesale surrender, it is equally clear that a fleet kept up for our protection is worse than useless, under existing conditions, should it be inferior to that of other Powers. That is merely to invite attack without being able to encounter it successfully. Either, therefore, let us have no navy whatever, and give way all along the line to aggression and the menace of aggression; or let us maintain an overwhelmingly powerful fleet, and continue, unmolested, to work out our own social and political problems in our own way. Those are the only alternatives.

I have ever been, I am now, and I always shall be an anti-Imperialist, and an anti-Aggressionist; but I have ever been, I am now, and I always shall be an Internationalist, not an anti-Nationalist. I have stood up, during my long and active life, for the freedom of Italy, of Hungary, of Poland, of Ireland, of the South African Republics. I rejoice to see peoples rise against their foreign oppressors, whether those oppressors are foreigners or men of my own blood. I hate such tyranny as Russia has forced upon Finland, Japan upon Korea, and we ourselves upon India. Conspiracy and insurrection are a duty under such conditions.

What, however, I claim for other nationalities I demand likewise for my own: the right, namely, declared and confirmed by International Socialist Congress after International Socialist Congress, to uphold our national independence and to withstand and finally destroy foreign militarist aggression by force of arms.

Even the capitalist parties here have carried out the injunctions of the International Socialist Congresses with reference to " Dreadnoughts." They have offered the German Government to reduce naval armaments and to enter upon an understanding and an agreement for permanent peace. But the militarist Cabal which dictates the foreign policy of Germany has met every proposal and every attempt in that direction, from this side of the North Sea, by vastly increased expenditure, first on war vessels for the sea and then on war-ships for the air. The reasons for this are not far to seek.

There is, therefore, I say, one way and one way only by which we can hope to preserve peace against such persistent and increasing menace of war. This is to convince the German Government by thorough preparation for defence, of the hopelessness of successful attack or of any endeavour to starve Great Britain into submission to her avowed policy of militarist expansion.

I am, dear Comrades,

Yours fraternally,

H. M. Hyndman.

9 Queen Anne's Gate,
St. James's Park, London, S.W.
April 14th, 1913.

V

FOURTEEN POINTS ON AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture is the most important and valuable of all industries. Its decay in Great Britain is injurious to the whole people.

The dependence of this country for five-sixths of its food upon oversea and foreign sources is a national danger.

Under present conditions cost of transport dominates agricultural production. The railways of Great Britain are the greatest system of protection in favour of the foreigner ever created. Canada, U.S.A., India, Argentine, Australia, reckoned by freight, are all within 35 miles of London. Differential rates in favour of foreign produce, enacted by British directors, further intensify effects of cheap water carriage against home cultivation.

Free transport by national railways or by specially-built motor roads can only be settled by the nation itself through delegates elected by proportional representation.

The primary needs of tillers of the soil are easy alternation of occupation between country and town, a high standard of life, and thorough education of their children.

Private ownership of land and competitive production for profit make permanent improvement in the conditions of British agriculture impossible.

Ownership or leasing of land by small holders means excessive, unrestricted, ill-remunerated toil and a monotonous existence for the cultivators and their families.

Antagonism between town and country will be increased by the creation of a small holders or small proprietor class. Their illusory sense of private property will lead them to foster reaction.

Agricultural land *by itself* has small value. Manure, machinery, glass-houses and other appliances for tillage are really more valuable than the land. Cultivators who do not possess enough of these will be at a hopeless disadvantage under any system.

Taxation of rent in town and country is mere burden-shifting in the interest of the capitalists, and confiscation of rent is not by any means a step towards the nationalization of land.

Storage elevators, creameries, grading establishments, chemical manure factories, canning plants and food-making factories should all be State undertakings not run for profit.

Adequate healthy, comfortable homes for the workers cannot be provided under capitalist conditions.

The great object of our agricultural policy is to bring about co-operation in production and distribution between country and town.

" State Socialism "—that is the collective ownership and organisation of property under capitalism—will be only State Slavery for the distributing and producing class, if the competitive wage-earning system remains.

vi

1918

FOOD POLICY IN WAR

Summary of a letter from the Secretary of the War Emergency Workers' National Committee in response to the Ministry's invitation to appoint representatives to the proposed Consumers' Council.

My Dear Clynes,

The Committee have appointed the following to the Consumers' Council: H. M. Hyndman, Duncan Carmichael, C. R. Cramp.

I have to state on behalf of the Committee that they have no illusions as to what the Consumers' Council can now achieve, but they are willing to assist the Ministry to cope with the present extreme situation. But they remember that their repeated and consistent recommendations made to the previous Ministry and the one now in power about organising the National Food Supply have been steadily ignored. . . .

The Committee's first resolutions when it was formed on August 5, 1914, were:

. . . . To press upon the Government and municipal authorities measures for officially controlling—

(1) The purchase of storage of food.

(2) The fixing of maximum prices for food and trade necessities.

(3) The distribution of food.

. . . . Early in September, 1914, the Committee proposed that a Consumers' Council should be set up. In October, 1914, the Committee suggested the commandeering of the national wheat supply at a fair price; and advised that all holders of land other than market-gardens above five acres, shall, where suitable, put one-fifth of the holding under wheat and maintain the same in fair condition.

In December, 1915, we suggested the cultivation of vacant lots about urban centres, extension of small holdings, and use of machinery for arable cultivation with State help.

In February, 1916, we again proposed State control of freightage (complete commandeering of merchant shipping) and showed that it was possible to put a " 6d. loaf " on the market without subsidy.

In October, 1916, we recommended the establishment of municipal shops to check excess prices and inordinate profits—also a supply of milk and meals for nursing mothers.

In November, 1916, we urged that the four million acres of land under grass or fallow (including private parks) should wherever possible be cultivated for food, and that labour shortage should be met by the use of German prisoners (who were often skilled in agriculture). Public commons and recreation-grounds have been freely cut up in preference to the private land of the well-to-do.

In December, 1916, we urged the turning of suitable barley land into wheat, since bread is more needful than beer.

Twelve months ago we suggested that local authorities should organise the distribution of milk.

Twelve months ago we proposed the registration of sugar customers. Had the system been put in operation then it could have been extended to other foodstuffs gradually, thus avoiding much of the present panic.

In February, 1917, we published a memorandum on Municipal Kitchens, but the proposal was not taken up in earnest until now. Communal kitchens are a much more constructive measure than the appointment of a Director to talk economy.

In June, 1917, the Committee pressed Mr Fisher to sanction the provision of free meals for school-children.

We recently urged strongly that Co-operative Labour and working'women's organisations should be well represented on the Local Food Control Committees. . . .

We recall the foregoing facts because you asked recently at Nottingham that Labour should contribute its commonsense to the solution of the food problems arising from the war. That is just what Labour *has* been doing for the last three and a half years, but persistent and fertile suggestion has been met by equally persistent neglect.

The Workers' National Committee will take up its share of the work of the new Consumers' Council, but it feels like a fire brigade not called up until the blaze has got well going, and rescue is almost hopeless.

J. S. Middleton,
Sec.

vii

FROM AN AMERICAN DISCIPLE

1 Arthur Street,
Yonkers, N.Y.,
March 11, 1912.

Mr Henry M. Hyndman,
9 Queen Anne's Gate,
London, England.

Dear Comrade,

I have just finished reading your delightful reminiscences. They have interested me much. Perhaps what I am about to write to you will interest you a little.

Twelve years ago I was the editor of a daily newspaper in Detroit. One afternoon, in running through the exchanges, I saw a brief dispatch in which a prominent American clergyman was quoted as saying that " nothing could stop Socialism and nothing ought to stop it." At that time I knew nothing of Socialism, but the strong endorsement of the clergyman, whom I did know by reputation, caused me to wonder what it was that was so good that it ought not to be stopped, and so potentially powerful that it could not be stopped. I turned to the encyclopedia which I had in my office (Johnson's) and looked up " Socialism." I found an article of perhaps 20,000 words, by you. Though, as I said, I knew nothing of Socialism, I soon became conscious of the feeling that here, at last, was an explanation that explained. I became entranced with the lucidity of your expression and the power of your reasoning. No sponge absorbs water more readily than my mind absorbed every word in your article. And, when I laid down the book, I wrote an editorial advocating Socialism, which was printed the following day, and was myself a Socialist. . . .

I cannot close without expressing my profound appreciation of the noble sentiment that you expressed 20 years ago, in a speech at Hyde Park—the sentiment that you quoted in the preface to the American edition of your book. In loftiness of ideal, I know of nothing that approaches it except a similar sentiment in " Progress and Poverty." And George's sentiment only approaches that to which you gave utterance—it does not reach it.

May you be spared many more years to work for the common good.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Allan L. Benson.

viii

1920.

HYNDMAN, VETERAN RADICAL.

By Charles J. Finger.

Talking of Hyndman, Eugene Debs, than whom no gentler, kindlier soul ever lived, said:

" He is the personification of energy and enthusiasm. He may not live to see his ideals accomplished, no man ever does, but in his sunset days he will be working as bravely as ever, cheered with the thought of progress made. And that's enough for any man."

That was in 1903 in El Paso. To-day, " Gene," as he was affectionately called by the railroad men for whom he fought so well and by whom he now seems neglected, is in prison with convictions unshaken, and his little eulogy of Henry Hyndman finds striking support in a recent letter written by the English Socialist leader. It reads in part thus:

" The last few years have been a period of even harder and more discouraging struggle than those earlier days. How the National Socialist Party, the lineal heir of old S.D.F. has got through it, we of the old guard of the S.D.F. scarcely know. We have done it, however, and now the tide is slowly but surely setting our way. The future is clearly to *us*. We deserve it. Without money, men—all our fellows, or nearly all, were at the front at the first—or outside support of any kind we kept the red flag waving and *Justice* going, against Pacifists, Defeatists and Bolshevists: through all that time. We even have six S.D.F. men in the House of Commons who are already beginning to assert themselves in the Labor Party. We recognize, nevertheless, that we have a terrible job ahead of us, and though we are confident of eventual success, many of us may go under in the conflict. For myself, I must say I never worked so hard, or did as much wholly gratuitous writing, organizing and counselling as I did between 1914 and 1918, and now I am just seventy-seven and doing pretty much the same."

In 1886 I came across Hyndman's fine translation of Kropotkin's " Aux Jeunes Gens." From the moment of reading I wanted to meet the author, for a more splendid evidence of whole-souled enthusiasm would be hard to find. The brochure exhaled optimism.

I saw Hyndman shortly afterwards, and there is offered in evidence, as the lawyers say, a page from a diary. It runs:

February 8, 1886.—I am glad I saw this. It may be the first battle in a world revolt. And again, it may be a fizzle. But the glorious incongruity of some of it! There were four men on the plinth of Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. Hyndman, in frock-coat and silk hat, bearded and handsome, a well set-up, medium-sized man, stood beside Jack Williams, a laborer, in corduroys and hob-nailed shoes—altogether an unprepossessing figure when one takes into account his thick lips and coarse features. Yet he was himself as Hyndman was himself. Then there was Champion, trim and soldierly, ex-artillery officer, nervously buttoning and unbuttoning his coat as he talked, bidding the unemployed to " Join the volunteers, learn how to drill, and get possession of a rifle." Beside him stood John Burns holding a red flag. The audience of unemployed seemed to be listening apathetically. How the mess started I don't know, but presently the crowd, all helter-skelter and confused, poured across the square towards Pall Mall. I saw the first overt act. It was before a club. Some young aristocrat at one of the upper windows mocked the marchers. That much was plain. The poor fellows were singing a marching song, one playing a tin whistle, and a man at an upper window waved his hand mockingly as though beating time. He was well dressed, a flower in his buttonhole, high collared, with mustache *à la* Churchill, and those below were ragged, cold and hungry doubtless. Then something was thrown from the club window. My sympathies went with the mob. A stone was cast and the jeerer promptly disappeared. Then came more stones, an irregular volley, and the crowd went mad. Policemen started clubbing men here and there and that turned the trick. Force begat force. Soon a window of a jewelry store was broken and a hundred hands went to work. Was sorely tempted to take something myself as a memento, but some inherent prejudice forbade. Had I seen anything that had been dropped I would have taken it without qualms of conscience. Tradesmen began locking doors and putting up shutters. Scared men—white faced. An ill advised coachman tried to drive through the crowd and some got busy and cut the traces. Then my silly sympathy jumped again and was with those in the carriage and against the crowd. Later I saw them raid a baker's place, eating as they marched. Then a clothing store was stormed, men dressed themselves in stolen clothing as they walked. My sympathies hopped again. . . . My landlady, poor, shabby thing, said this evening, " The poor's rose at last sir. I ses, ses I, to my 'usband, Lord knows we're poor, but you keep out of it. What with 'Indman breaking up the Government, and Bradlaugh breaking up churches; it's awful."

At eight met H.S. and went to theater. H.S. tells me that Hyndman and the rest were arrested. Coming out after the show, newsboys were yelling: " 'Orrible riots by Socialists. Four men hung. All about the 'anging." Buying an *Evening News*, found that the 'angin' had nothing to do with the riot, but related to the execution of four murderers at Carlisle. We walked along talking, and, getting into Whitechapel, wandered around until three a.m., and so, as old Pepys would have put it, " to bed with the milk maid," metaphorically speaking.

At the trial six weeks later the four were acquitted, and Hyndman, acting upon the advice of his friend, Sir Francis Jeune, not only conducted his own defence in a masterly manner, but succeeded in aiding Champion and Burns who were in parlous condition, they having made some injudicious speeches after the arrest and before the trial. The affair had the result of startling the apathetic folk, and a large sum of money was subscribed for the relief of the needy, and Government works were commenced to absorb the unemployed. Hyndman, after the trial, visited the Alhambra theater and received an ovation. I met him at an impromptu reception.

Hyndman was as inflexible as Giordano Bruno, as uncompromising as George Gissing. Cambridge graduate, scholar, thinker, author of a dozen valuable works, he might have entered Parliament. Had he chosen to mortgage himself, he might have gained Court favors, or he might have let the world " gang its ain gait " and achieved wealth, for his business acumen was well recognized in Lombard Street. He chose another way, the way of heroic self-sacrifice. Scornful of material luxury, he devoted his life to the study of a diseased society. He advocated Socialism. He started a weekly, *Justice*, that still lives. [I should think so! R. T. H.] He lectured incessantly. His purse aided, and his home sheltered, refugees from the world over. Ragged, threadbare poets, impecunious artists and musicians, Irish Fenians, Nihilists, laborers, strikers—he had a greeting for each and every one. He as well as Morris illustrated the fatuity of Schopenhauer's statement that a high degree of intellect tends to make a man unsocial. The reverse is the case. If a Socialist orator was arrested, he was at court the next day to pay the fine. Where a few were gathered together to discuss Socialism, there was Hyndman in the midst of them. Scornful of fame, of honors, of money, of public opinion, he wished only to understand the past and to chart as well as he knew how the future.

However much his opponents disagree with his belief or his acts, there was no question of his capacity. His essays and speeches on India, on Ireland, on finance, showed him to be a man of brilliant parts. His book on the " Historical Basis of Socialism in England," taken alone, would prove that. His welding of the unorganized workers, his efforts in the dock strike, his building up of the Social Democratic Federation—which while giving the common people a hope, attracted such well known men as Morris, Bax, Frank Harris, Cunningham Grahame, H. G. Wells, and such women as Eleanor Marx, Lady Warwick and Annie Besant—proved his administrative ability. He knit together disconnected efforts. His direction was towards unity. Where Parliamentarians wrapped up nothingness in fine, flowing phrases, he proposed remedies for present discontents in straightforward words that carried weight. Sometimes wittily satirical, at others with the intellectual courage of a Rabelais he exposed to the laughing scorn of the world the windy platitudes of elected persons. With his hands full of English affairs, between the time of his arrest in the riot case and his trial he published an essay on the condition of labor in the United States that showed a complete grasp of the situation. The pamphlet was in the hands of every member of Parliament. Its subject matter formed the text of hundreds of sermons.

Indeed his comprehension of labor conditions the world over was wonderful. Listening to him, it seemed as though, discarding all rhetoric, he held the world in his hand and read from the globe the history of the labor movement, as he turned it this way and that, dealing with every detail as well as the largest events. He pictured the growing labor struggle from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific as something that must grow and grow, and, by reason of trusts and combines and monopolies, daily making conditions more acute, at last reach a point where peaceable settlement would no longer be possible.

" The trouble is," he said, " that America will find no precedents that will hold water for direct interference when it comes to curbing the power of monopolists. Some day they'll corner the food market. Then where will you be? "

Some, both here and abroad, have condemned the stand Hyndman took at the outbreak of war. It seemed to them that his advocacy of internationalism taken together with his close connection with German Socialists should have caused him to oppose England's entrance into the war. Hyndman's viewpoint, like that of his friend Clemenceau, was that it was Prussian militarism and Junker arrogance that was dominating Germany. (See Hyndman's “ Clemenceau,” published by F. A. Stokes & Co.) Peace certainly was part of the Socialist creed, so also was disarmament. Anti-Socialists seized on this, and pointed with glee to the fact that German Socialists had flocked to the colors without protest. Then Hyndman, wrathful, arose. He pointed out that it was impossible for Social Democrats to check mobilization or to avert hostilities, and, at the best, they could do little more than enter a formal and vigorous protest—itself a very dangerous matter for the protestants in any country, be it Russia, Germany or the United States. Any definite refusal to obey the call to arms would be dealt with in summary fashion, and open resistance was out of the question. Had the Socialists been able to stop war, they would have been strong enough to take control in time of peace. Yet, as Hyndman with admirable fairness shows, German Socialists did what they could, even as far back as 1870, and denounced war upon France as a crime against civilisation, but their protest only resulted in the imprisonment of their leaders. Clearly then, the task nearest to hand was the destruction of the dominant militaristic power and there was no way out of it. “ Yet,” added Hyndman in his essay on Nationalism, “ in the trenches or out of them, men know that there is a war at home as well as abroad, and the antagonism that one lot of men entrenched against another may have is as nothing compared with the bitterness that both must feel against their respective masters at home! ”

Hyndman's insistence upon recognition of the enemy at home explains his objection to the League of Nations as being futile. In his “ Future of Democracy ” he set forth his belief that all talk of a board of international arbitration with an international police power to enforce its decisions, must be futile until nations themselves are ready to accept, and determined to uphold, such systems. The only possible league, in his opinion, will be formed when all nationalities are absorbed as separate entities into the great co-operative commonwealth of socialist humanity. The basic antagonisms to be resolved before this ideal of the future can be realized are the economic class struggles within each and every nation, mainly due to the system of production itself: not to the persistent efforts of each nation in turn for expansion, or domination at the expense of another nation. This evil corrected, man with widened horizon, his load lightened, will reach to heights undreamed of now, and not now to be conceived.

ix

October 9, 1919.

Dear Gould,

Thank you much for the paper and your very friendly references to my work for India in it.

You may be interested to know that my attention was first called to the seamy side of our rule in India by reading the pamphlet of the well-known Positivist, James Geddes, the hero of the Oriosa Famine, published in 1871, entitled "The Logic of Indian Deficit." Geddes gave evidence on the subject before one of the Indian Commissions or Committees. I formed then a very strong opinion as to the *economic* effects of our foreign domination. Not long afterwards my friend Tom Palmer of Hyderabad, whose mother was one of the Begums of the Imperial family of Delhi, asked me to look up the question of the annexation of the Berars from the Nizam by the British Government—this is the district or province in which Meadows Taylor did such fine work. I went through the documents and wrote a pamphlet (1874 I think) entitled "Indian Policy and English Justice," which had a share in the great effort made by Salar Inug to obtain the return of the Provinces to the Nizam. This was a most extraordinary business. The Queen wanted the Provinces ceded back; so did Lord Salisbury.

Then I went in for a thorough debauch of reading on India, and in 1876-77 gave some of the results of my reading in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then edited by my old friend Fred Greenwood, and a very different journal from what it is to-day. My letters were signed "H," an initial which had become very familiar to the readers of the *P.M.G.* on other subjects. One of my letters led to an appeal from Henry Fawcett, then Chairman of an Indian Committee of the House of Commons, that I should offer myself as a witness, "as evidently I knew much more of the matter than any of the witnesses they had heard." On Greenwood's advice I declined, foolishly as I now think. Then Sir James Knowles got me to write the "Bankruptcy of India" articles in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1878.

A curious thing happened to me about my first article. The thing was practically finished, but I was hunting all over the place for statistics in confirmation. The Indian Government statistics were then contemptible. I began to despair. One day at the end of August, I was in the shop of P. S. King, the Parliamentary Booksellers, then in King Street, Parliament Street, now demolished, where I often went for Indian books. I asked old King if he had any more Indian statistics. He said No, I had got all there were. Going out, my eye lit on a pamphlet with the cover stripped off, showing up vividly in large black letters "The Poverty of India." "What's that?" I cried. King did not know. I opened it; piles of statistics. They were the work of Dadabhai Naoroji, whom I did not know at that time. Just what I wanted! If the dark grey cover had not been stripped off I should never have noticed the booklet.

Yours very truly,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

X

REMARKS FROM AN HONEST OPPONENT.

The Morning Post,
346 Strand, W.C.,
March 25, 1915

Dear Mr Hyndman,

I do not really merit your kind note, for you deserve everything that we have said about you. I will always gladly bear witness to the fact that you alone among the Socialists and extreme Democrats saw perfectly clearly that this war was coming, and you alone lifted up your voice and prophesied war at a time when everybody was foolishly preaching peace. The least we can do is to pay you the tribute of foresight.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) H. A. Gwynne.

The Morning Post,
346 Strand, W.C.2,
October 20th, 1919.

Dear Mr Hyndman,

I have read your letter with very great interest, and I quite see and appreciate the point you make, that in increasing the rates on transport, you are, in a sense, lowering the value of production. But what do you want? You cannot have it both ways. My complaint against Socialists is that they will try to monkey with the laws of economics, which are very hard, but which are, at the same time, immutable, as the law of gravity. I saw the other day in one of the " stunt " papers that an American professor had got over the difficulty of gravity. Wells had a wonderful novel on the subject once, and if we could do the same with the laws of economics I would become a Socialist to-morrow. The fact is that we are building our political life on an error, and that is that all men are equal. You yourself are a blazing example of the contrary. To go deeper still into the causes of unrest. You will find that one of the chief is that you have taken away from the working man a belief in the future, and therefore he is determined to have as good a time as he can get in this world. And I am the last to blame him. But unfortunately Labour and Socialists will not wait. They are in such a desperate hurry. A speech cannot be effective which promises a heaven fifty years hence. But you and I know perfectly well that if we want to improve the lot of our fellow-creatures—and I am sure we both do—fifty years is a short time in which to effect a real improvement. Smillie and Thomas are trying to do it in one. How the gods must laugh! But you cannot have your cake and eat it. You yourself are an example of how little the proletariat realises that. Without flattery, I look upon you as a man with a consummate knowledge of economics, with a very sane judgment and a marvellous acquaintance with all the currents and tendencies of foreign politics. You should be at the head of the Socialist movement. But you are not. And that very fact to my mind condemns the movement. You will not promise them a new heaven to-morrow, or, as Mr Lloyd George says: "A new world the day after to-morrow." And because you won't promise it, they will not accept your leadership. Cleon did much better for a short time. But you are not Cleon, but a statesman, and because you are a statesman, they won't have you.

Yours with much respect,

H. A. Gwynne.

From *The Morning Post*, November 27, 1918.

WHY NOT MR HYNDMAN?

Now that the Labour Party have insisted on withdrawing their representatives from the Government, the Party will have no representative at the Peace Conference—a circumstance that is to be regretted. But we notice that a demand is put forward by the National Socialist Party that that veteran democrat and Socialist, Mr H. M. Hyndman, should be regarded as "a fit and proper person to act as a representative of Great Britain at the Peace Conference." The merits of this timely suggestion leap to the eye. From the Labour and Socialist point of view Mr Hyndman is unexceptionable. He has spent the best part of a long life in advocating the cause of Social Democracy. He was a member of the International Socialist Bureau for the first ten years of its existence; and even the most advanced advocate of the cause of "the people" will not venture to object that Mr Hyndman is not thorough-going. There is, indeed, no other man in the movement who can boast of such services as his. From the national point of view Mr Hyndman is equally unexceptionable by reason of qualifications which among the leaders of the British Labour movement are unique. He is a well-graced linguist to begin with. He knows at first hand France and Germany and their leading public men, as well as those of the smaller nationalities on the Continent. He could meet on equal terms the best-trained delegates of enemy countries, for he knows not only their characters and mentality but the history and the geography of the many complex international problems with which the Peace Conference will be faced. Without disparaging the men who to-day direct the British Labour movement, is it possible to deny that there is not one of them who is not handicapped by the limitations of extreme insularity, and who, faced with Continental problems and conditions, would not be liable to "the blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised"? Finally, Mr Hyndman has another qualification to which exception can be taken only by those who dare not take it. He is a sound patriot—an Englishman who does not allow his Socialism or his democratic passion to produce anti-nationalism. His attitude and influence during this war have deserved the fullest confidence of his countrymen, to whatever Party they belong, and his name would inspire an equal confidence among our Allies, if he were named one of the British delegates. We have always unflinchingly combated most of the articles of Mr Hyndman's political creed, but differences of opinion and faith have never obscured the fact that Mr Hyndman is a man whom the strongest opponents can both respect and trust, and for our part we believe that the Government could make no more acceptable decision than to invite him to a place at the Peace Table—especially if it were the place which report has reserved for Lord Reading.

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1921.

ENGLISH SOCIALISM OF TO-DAY.

A Brief Survey.

Addressed to the Social Democrats of Czecho-Slovakia.

1. The present position of Socialism in Great Britain is very difficult to explain. In all Continental countries, for example, the Labour Party is an avowed Socialist Party. There may be members of such a Party who do not accept Socialist theories entirely; but the Party as a whole directs its energies to the attainment of the full Socialist programme, while always ready to accept such democratic and social improvements, under Capitalism, as may increase the political strength of the workers and lessen the power of capital to exploit labour. Thus universal suffrage is advocated, with the abolition of all priviliged political Assemblies; the Referendum, the Initiative and Proportional Representation are demanded as means towards bringing about the social revolution by peaceful political force, and meanwhile enabling the people to understand, direct and administer their own affairs. In industrial and educational matters such reforms as an eight-hour or a six-hour law, better housing, municipalisation of essential supplies, thorough education of children in the schools, State hospitals and convalescent homes are demanded. But none of these ameliorative measures interfere with the continuous propaganda in favour of complete socialisation of the means of production and distribution. The existence of the class-war, under capitalism and wage-slavery, is universally acknowledged. Continental Labour Parties, therefore, are of necessity revolutionary parties, no matter how moderate their immediate pretensions may be. They keep a realisable ideal ever before them.

The Labour Party of this island is quite different. *It is not a definite Socialist Party.* Many of its recognised leaders, in and out of Parliament, continuously denounce the class-war as a false statement of the existing social system. There is, they declare, no inevitable antagonism between capital and labour, between employers and wage-earners, between the possessing few and the disinherited many. Capital and labour ought to work together in harmony! This, of course, is a terrible falling off from the declarations of the old Chartists seventy and eighty years ago. It is even an apparent back-sliding from the attitude taken up and the views expressed at the great Socialist and Trade Union International Congress of London in 1896. Yet it would be a great mistake to imagine that Socialism is not very much stronger in Great Britain to-day than it was 23 years ago.

We English are, as a nation, essentially illogical, unimaginative and densely "practical." That is to say, the great majority of our people, and especially the working-classes, never accept any ideas until they are forced upon the community by the inevitable course of events. As M. Clemenceau said to me a full generation ago, "The English working-class is a bourgeois class." So it still is, in its methods of thinking and acting. It accepted all the bourgeois doctrines of free-trade, freedom of the individual and other illusory freedoms under capitalism, disregarding the fact that there could be no economic liberty for the wage-slave class, so long as the capitalist system endured. But events have been stronger than even ignorance and prejudice.

This same Labour Party which embraces all sections of "Labour," from the reactionary conservative working-man to the raving Bolshevik, from the determined educated Marxist to the fantastic University crank—neither of whom ever did any productive labour in his life—has been *compelled by circumstances* to demand the nationalisation of all our industrial productive and distributive machinery, from the mines and railways in the company form, down to the land, which, although the people and the peasants have been entirely expropriated, still remains in the hands of individuals. *34,000 men own the whole of our island. 2,000 own one-half of it.* In any other country in the world but this, those figures, at this time of day, would provoke a violent revolution. Not so here. We are still in the argumentative stage. A few weeks ago the President of the most advanced Trade Union organisation in Great Britain, numbering many hundreds of thousands of unskilled working-men, declared that, for his part, he did not wish to "rob" any of this minority, who, as Socialists naturally argue, rob us all. This representative of the workers, who is a "Right Honourable Gentleman," a Member of Parliament and ex-Cabinet Minister, who did good work in his office, is a very decent fellow. He understands that a bitter class-war is going on just as well as I do. But he does not think it advisable or even prudent to put the matter in that way!

Now I utterly despair of being able to convince your Czech fellow-countrymen that, notwithstanding all this muddle, Socialism is making great progress in our island. I don't pretend to understand the position thoroughly myself. But it is the truth that Socialism is gaining ground here rapidly, in spite of the ignorance of the people and the wrong-headedness and compromising disposition of their working-class leaders. If they were well educated, and not so confoundedly good-natured, Socialism would be peacefully and practically realised here, while, very likely, the word Socialism itself would still be disowned by the majority. Events are moving fast. Minds, even uneducated minds, must and do follow events, whether they recognise where they are going or not. Unconscious Socialism, so far as the Labour Party is concerned, will develop, I hope rapidly, into conscious Socialism. It is the wrong way about and may be dangerous. But for the unfortunate and anti-patriotic policy of the Pacifist and Defeatist section, who intrigued themselves into dominance of the "machine" before the General Election, the Labour Party would have been much farther forward already. The bad effects of that suicidal policy are affecting us every day.

But, outside the Labour Party, organised Socialism and definite Socialist theories are affecting the minds of the more intelligent portions of the community. Were it not for flabby sentimentalism as represented by one section and Bolshevist anarchism as represented by another, Socialism would go ahead still faster. We of the National Socialist Party, who have been acting as propagandists of Marxist Socialism here for 38 years (having started the Socialist movement in England in January 1881 and founded our organ, *Justice*, in January, 1884) find that our views have been making way very much more rapidly during and since the war. The breakdown of capitalism in every direction during the period of hostilities and the hopeless incapacity of the Government to reorganise industry on the old profiteering lines are compelling men and women of capacity to think in *terms of wealth* instead of *terms of money*. Economics are beginning to tell their tale. We are not far from national bankruptcy. We can point out to our hearers that if Collectivism was essential to win the war, it is even more essential to win the peace. Also, we contend that Great Britain is now so placed, economically and socially, that we could, without reference to any other nation, establish a Co-operative Commonwealth for England, Wales and Scotland, making wealth as plentiful as water for all, and substituting collective and national for company and individual exchange. I wish we were going faster, of course. But when I reflect upon the difficulties we have had to encounter and overcome from the reactionaries and Imperialists on the one side and the sentimentalists, defeatists and Bolsheviks on the other, I am amazed that we have held our own so well as we have.

2. I take an unfavourable view of the International Socialist movement. The German Social Democrats destroyed the International of 1900 by their treachery in 1914, and they have done all the mischief they can by supporting pan-Germanism, atrocities, bestialities, and infamous devastations during the war. For my part, as, I think, the oldest and still one of the most active of the Social Democrats of Europe, I consider the attempts to re-organise the International on its old basis quite premature. It is evident that the Germans will have control as they had before. What happened at Berne and at Amsterdam proves that. This faked International will be run exclusively in the interests of the Germans. "Once bitten twice shy." For my part, having given the best years of my life to advocating Socialism, I have the right to say that I do not want to run the risk of being betrayed again by the German Social Democrats who betrayed us before. I shall take an opportunity of saying this more fully later. Meanwhile, I hope the pro-Ally Socialists in Great Britain, the United States and other countries will come to some definite understanding.*

3. Bolshevism in theory, Marxism in tactics, is Anarchism. It has to be fought down, as Anarchism was fought down, by argument and vigorous championship of a democratic, political, industrial and organised programme. I have no fear of Bolshevism whatever, if genuine revolutionary Socialists stick to their guns. The British Government is more responsible for the temporary success of Bolshevism in Russia than any other set of people in the world. Had our politicians supported the Constituent Assembly and the Provisional Government, by helping the Russians to keep themselves in the summer, autumn and winter of 1917—*without sending any British troops to Russia at all*—Bolshevism would never have been a danger to Russia and Europe. I had a long correspondence with the British War Cabinet at that time, advocating the democratic policy thus outlined. I may publish it one of these days. I consider that Bolshevism is tottering to its fall in Russia as elsewhere.

*This paragraph refers of course to the situation existing in 1921.
T. K.
A. H. M. R.

4. This depends upon the state of political, social, economic and industrial affairs in each separate country. *It is quite impossible to generalise.* That is the insuperable weakness of Internationalism. Every nation has its own historic growth and its own internal difficulties to reckon with. France, Great Britain, Germany, the United States, the new Slav States, the coming Powers of Asia! It is absurd to attempt to formulate a Socialist policy which will cover all these widely different peoples. The best any, or all, of us can do is to help one another in pressing forward, upwards and onwards from the stage of development each of us has reached to a higher plane of industry and custom. As is so well said in the famous old Communist Manifesto: Every nation, of course, has to work out its own conflict with its own bourgeoisie first. That is the view I have always taken and have acted upon. I intend to act upon it in the little of life that is left for me. It is my profound conviction that we Englishmen, owing to our geographical, social, economic and political situation, are nearer to the realisation of Social Democracy and the Co-operative Commonwealth than any other people in the World. As Karl Marx himself said to me nearly forty years ago, "England is the one country where a peaceful social revolution is possible, but—history does not tell us so." Well, I believe, in spite of our ignorance, our love of compromise, our distrust of ideas and ideals, history will tell our successors that this is precisely what we did. If a man cannot be an optimist at seventy-seven, he is of no use at all.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

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